TWOPENCE
Vol. LIII.
1397.

NEW £1 : 1 : 0 PRESENTATION INSIDE

JOHN BULL

When you simply cannot sleep

When you simply can't get to sleep, when you lie awake at night tossing and turning from side to side, it's nothing but nerves. You've been working too hard or letting the cares and troubles of daily life upset you too much.

You had better be careful! That way lie neurasthenia and complete breakdown.

Yet the remedy is simple enough, and the best one of all, the one that doctors have been recommending for more than fifty years is a very pleasant one.

Just take three glasses of Wincarnis a day; one at 11.30 in the morning, one in the afternoon and another before you go to bed.

The first thing you notice will be how much better you sleep. The very first night you'll sleep more soundly than you have for months. You will wake refreshed and reinvigorated, fit for a hard day's work.

Then you will find yourself getting stronger and stronger. You will tire less easily, have more zest for work and play, be more alert, more determined.

Remember, Wincarnis is not a drug or a medicine. It is simply the purest of wine, with all the valuable elements of 2½ lbs. of grapes in every bottle and the great added advantage of the highest-grade beef and guaranteed vitamin malt extracts. It is delicious to drink and its bouquet and aroma have an irresistible appeal.

For over 50 years Wincarnis has been tested and proved by the medical profession and we have actually over 20,000 recommendations from doctors who have proved its immense value in cases of neurasthenia, insomnia, anæmia, weakness, debility and all sorts of run-down conditions. It soothes troubled nerves, creates rich new blood, builds up and restores fresh vigour and vitality.

Try Wincarnis to-day. See how much better you feel after your very first glass. Any wine merchant, licensed grocer or chemist will tell you how good it is. 5/6 and 3/3 the bottle.

If you prefer to try a couple of glasses before you buy, send 4d. in stamps to cover postage to Coleman and Company, Ltd., Dept. 313, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

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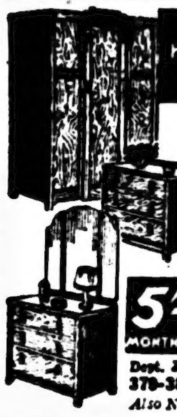
THE WINE OF LIFE

Obtainable from all Wine Merchants, Licensed Chemists and Licensed Grocers. Price 5/6 and 3/3.

Have you tried Wincarnis Wine Jelly? Ask your grocer. It's delicious!



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4 ft. Wardrobe fitted hat shelves and 2 rods with sliding hooks (centre revolving hook); 3 ft. Dressing Table with 3 frameless mirrors and 3 deep drawers; 3 ft. three-drawer Linen Chest, heavy construction: finished deep Brown. Usual price 17 gns. CASH OFFER PRICE 8½ GNS. Packed and sent Free to any address except I.F.S. Send p.c. for FREE Brochure of Furniture Bargains.

5/- MONTHLY

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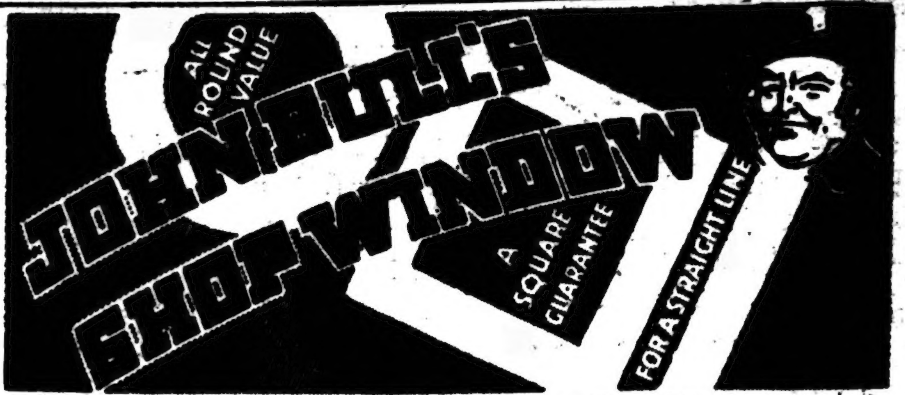
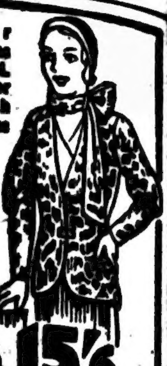
379-381, Brixton Road, Brixton, S.W.9
Also Newcastle-on-Tyne & Stockton-on-Tees



EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 14.



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Usual price 27/6. Sizes SW, W, WX. SILVER, GREY, NUT BROWN, LIGHT BEIGE, DARK BEIGE.

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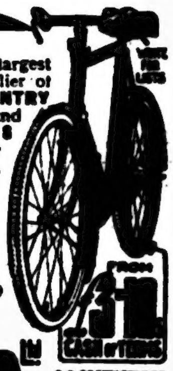

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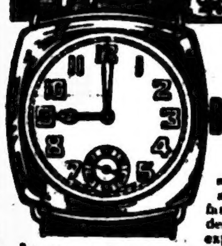

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same jewelled accurate movement as above. Dainty solid silver case and fancy dial on moire silk band. Wonderful value, 28/6. With solid silver expanding bracelet, 31/6. Special line only few left. 18 carat gold cased with moire band, 35/6.

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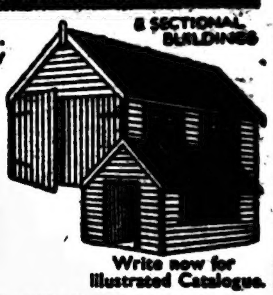

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10' x 7'	£4 5 6
14' x 8'	£6 5 0
HUTS.	
6' x 4'	£1 16 0
8' x 5'	£2 10 0
10' x 7'	£3 11 0

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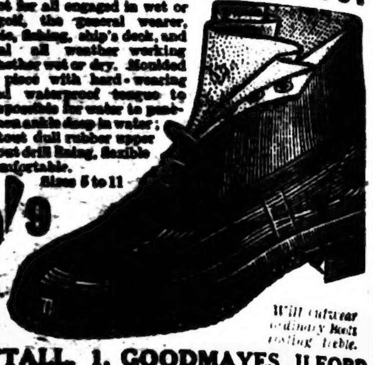
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Post 9d. or C.O.D.

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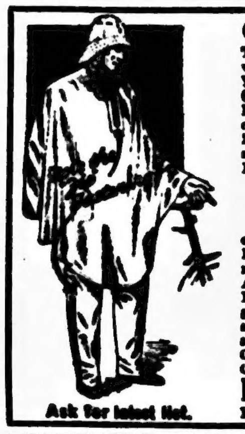

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These will protect you in all weathers. Buy now! YELLOW OILSKIN ZIP CAPE and LEGGINGS. Extra Quality. Cape fully cut as illustrated with 8 in. Zip fastener. Leggings fitting snugly around ankle with 15 in. grey Zip fastener.

CAPE AND LEGGINGS set post free 14/3

or Separately, Cape 7/9, Leggings 7/3. Sou'wester to match 1/9 post free.

As shown but selected PARA RUBBER in medium fawn good wearing quality, seams strongly taped. Set 9/11, or separately, Leggings 4/6, Cape 5/11. Buttons on Cape. Clips on Leggings.

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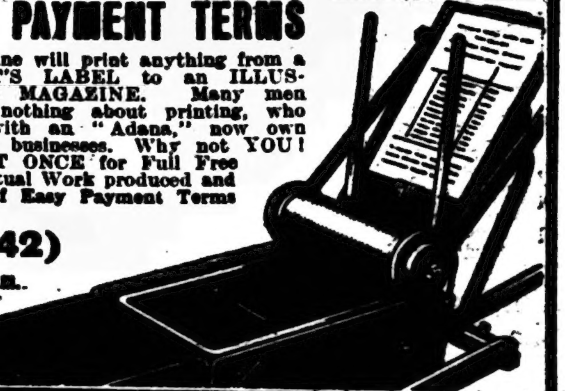

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Double Bed Size.

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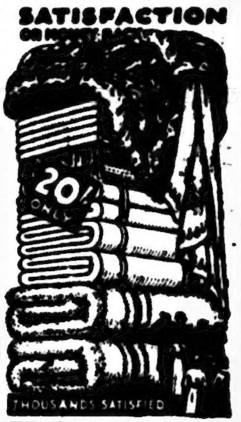

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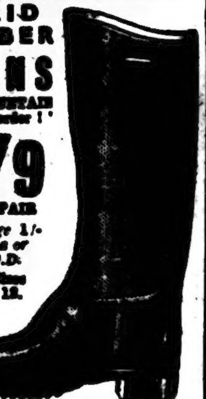
Postage 1/- extra or C.O.D.

All Sizes 3 to 12.



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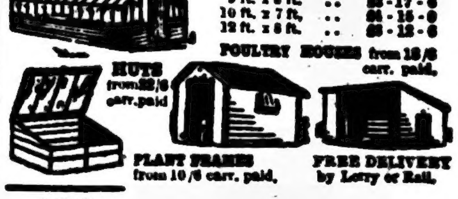

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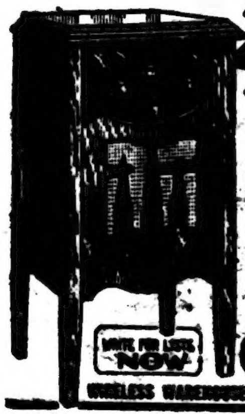

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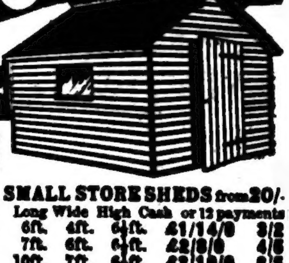

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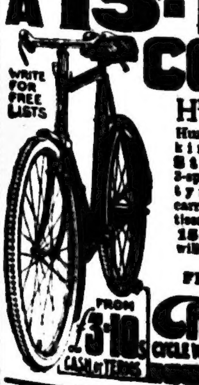

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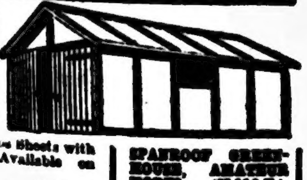

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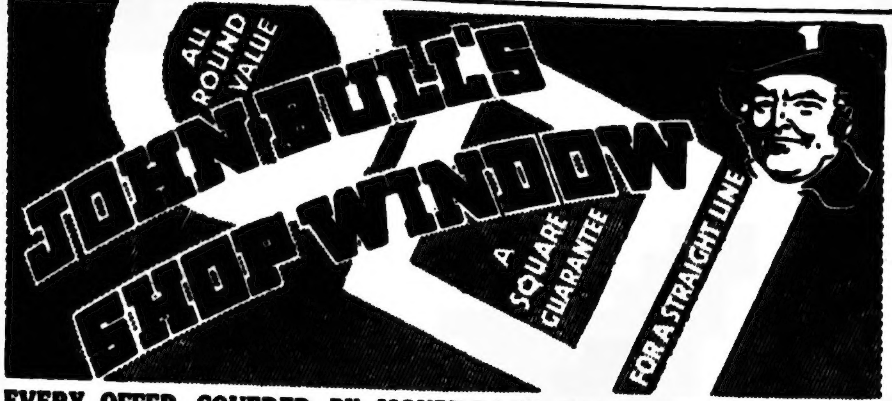

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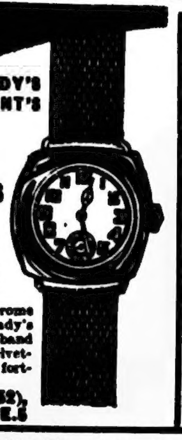
FREE APPROVAL We trust you

LADY'S or GENT'S WRIST WATCHES

£3.3.0 value for 22/6



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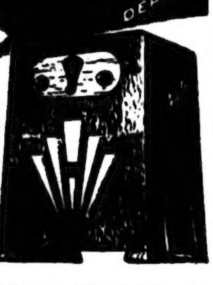

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TRIPLE WEAR IN EVERY PAIR

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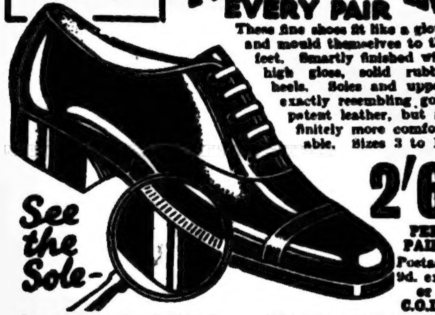

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See the Sole-

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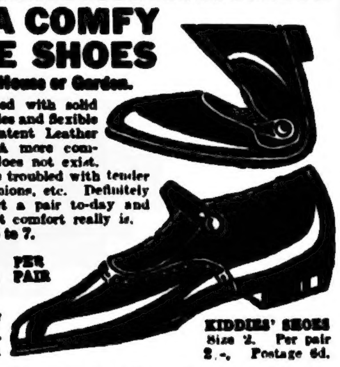
Ideal for House or Garden.



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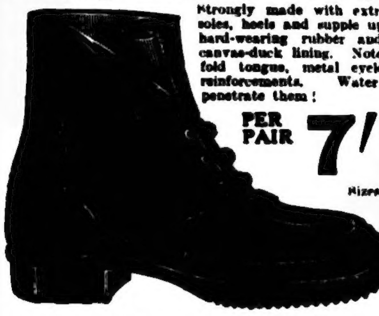
IDEAL SUBSTITUTE FOR WELLINGTONS

For Farming, Gardening, Policemen, Garages, etc.



Strongly made with extra stout soles, heels and supple uppers of hard-wearing rubber and warm canvas-duck lining. Note triple-fold tongue, metal eyelets and reinforcements. Water cannot penetrate them!

PER PAIR 7/9

Sizes 6 to 11. By post 9d. extra, or C.O.D. Worth 21/-.

WEAR FOR YEARS

EQUAL TO ANY SHOES AT 12/6.

Fine Willow Oxford Shoe, solid leather through middle sole, stitched for strength, with extra thick soles and heels of natural CREPE RUBBER. Extremely comfortable, well made, perfectly finished. An ideal shoe for Golf, Hiking, Sports and general wear. Outlast 3 pairs at double the price! BLACK OR BROWN.

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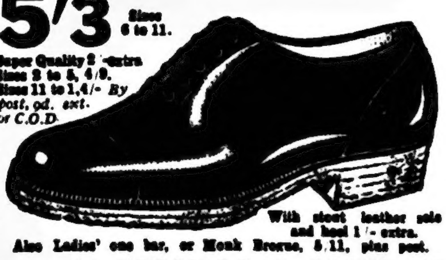

Super Quality 2/- extra. Sizes 2 to 5, 4/9. Sizes 11 to 1, 4/- *By post, 9d. ext. or C.O.D.*

With stout leather sole and heel 1/- extra.

Also Ladies' one bar, or Monk Brogue, 5/11, plus post.

J. B. CROYDON STORES, *Footwear Specialists.* **2/b, DERBY ROAD, CROYDON.**

ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S

6/11

IRISH LINEN OVERALLS

Lot 62. 40 dozen Irish Linen Overalls. Pale Cream colour, fine texture but substantial weight. Wrapover style, no collar, two pockets, tie belt. S.W., 46in., W., 49in. Sale Price, each **6/11** Postage 6d.

COLOURED DRESS LINEN "Banmore." A very popular, medium weight Linen in a wide range of fast colours. Very suitable for all kinds of ladies' and children's wear. 36in. wide. Price, per yd. **1/6**

Patterns sent free.

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"READICUT" RUG WOOL

CUT INTO LENGTHS READY FOR USE

£100 IN PRIZES FOR RUG MAKERS

(or in hanks if desired) Super qualities Cable and 6 fold in Black and 100 Shades. FROM **1/-** PER LB.

FREE RUG BOOK Containing 33 designs, Samples of Wool and details of Competition. Sent post free. Send p.c. (1d. stamp) to:—

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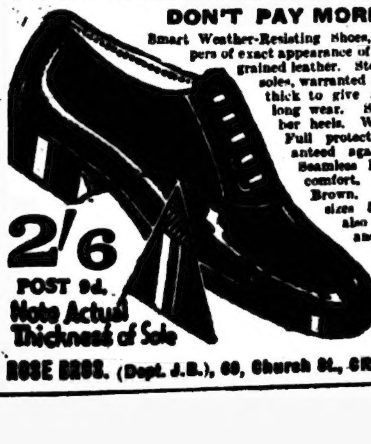

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2/6 POST 9d.

Note Actual Thickness of Sole

Satisfaction or Money Back.

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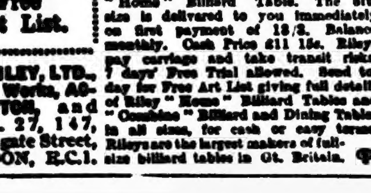
ROSE BROS. (Dept. J.B.), 69, Church St., CROYDON

RILEYS HOME BILLIARDS 13/3 DOWN



Write for Free Art List.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Anson Works, ACCRINGTON, and Dept. 27, 147, Aldersgate Street, LONDON, E.C.1.

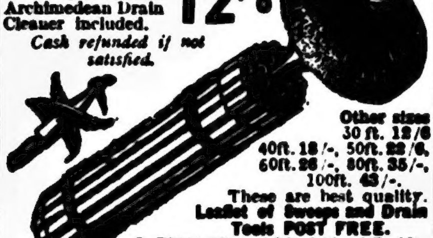
All the family will find endless pleasure during leisure hours with a Riley "Home" Billiard Table. The 6ft. size is delivered to you immediately on first payment of 13/3. Balance monthly. Cash Price £11 15s. Rileys pay carriage and take transit risks. 7 days' Free Trial allowed. Send to-day for Free Art List giving full details of Riley "Home" Billiard Tables and "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables in all sizes, for cash or easy terms. Rileys are the largest makers of full-size billiard tables in Gt. Britain.

SPECIAL OFFER CHIMNEY SWEEPING

and Drain Cleaning Machines. 30 ft. Finest Quality Canes, fitted best brass screws and sockets. 18 in. bass chimney brush. Carriage 1/6. **12/6**

Archimedean Drain Cleaner included.

Cash refunded if not satisfied.



Other sizes 30 ft. 12/6
40ft. 18/-, 50ft. 22/6,
60ft. 26/-, 80ft. 35/-,
100ft. 43/-.

These are best quality. Leaflet of Sweeps and Drain Tools POST FREE.

S. TYZACK & SON, Ltd. (J.B. 19),
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BABY-CLOTHES 30/-

MODERN SHORT LENGTHS, or USUAL LONG-CLOTHES

Guaranteed as sold for 50/-

(No Free Gifts, Everything Included.) 75 beautiful garments (for Summer or Winter Baby), Silk and Wool Shawl, Emb. Robes, Lawn or Wincey, Day Gowns, L'cloth, Flan. or Wincey Nighties, Wrapper Vests, Back Flannels, Hand-knitted Wool Matinee Coats, Binders, Feeders, Large Turk Napkins, etc.

A "JOHN BULL" READER WRITES:—"Several purchasers of your excellent bargain recommended it as a genuine and the best Layette obtainable."

SEND **2/-** FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL (Cash or Terms). Mrs. J. B. Howard, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

WEAR this BELT and keep SLIM

AVOID doubtful medicines, pills, etc., for reducing weight. Wear the Beasley Reducing Belt-Supporter, and get slim quickly and safely. Slips over hips, instantly adjusting itself to your figure. No straps, lacing or fasteners. Excellent as a general purpose belt for

MEN OR WOMEN

this garment is made from strong woven Elastic webbing. Women's model has four suspenders.

9 ins. deep, **4/11** 11 ins. deep, **5/11**

Add 2/- for sizes 38 ins. to 44 ins. waist. Super Quality 8/11d. Fine Silk Elastic, 14 ins. deep, 12/11d. O.S. 3/- extra. Postage on all models 3d. extra.

Belt exchanged or money refunded if not approved. Send P.O. to:—

BEASLEY BELT Dept. 208A
26, CHARING CROSS RD., LONDON, W.C.2

Write for free list of Belts for Men and Women.

Tributes in Type

"Thank you for Luxoleum. I like it very much."—N.W., Norwich

"The Lino is most Satisfactory in everyway."—R.L.S., Godmanchester

Originals can be seen.

These few words speak for themselves! You can't help but like Luxoleum. The lino that is damp and rot-proof and in patterns suitable for any floor . . . and it's *marvellous* for floor covering! What BIG VALUE at such a small price! SEND NOW FOR BIG RANGE OF FREE SAMPLES!

90 Sq. Feet 15/- Carriage paid England & Wales

HALL'S LUXOLEUM

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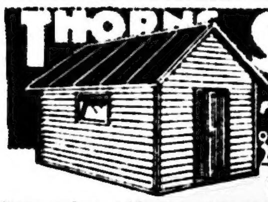
THORNS SALE



GARDEN SHEDS FROM 2/6 DOWN OR 26/- CASH CARR PD

A NOVICE CAN ERECT.

Sent carriage paid. Complete ready for use. 6 sections to bolt together. ⅝-in. planed moulded weatherboards. Planed framing. Roofing felt. Useful for storage, cycles, workshops, etc. Prompt dispatch on first payment. Balance monthly if satisfied.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Sale Price.			
6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£1.17.0	or	3/2	Monthly.
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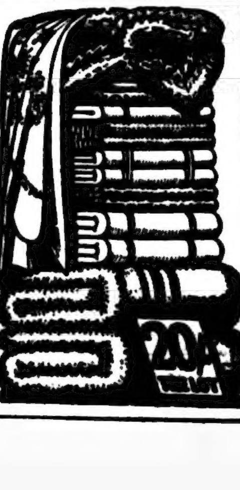
Carr. paid. **Send for Special Sale Catalogue No. 66** of Sheds 26/-, Garages 70/-, Army Huts, etc. Huge reductions. 1,500 sizes and designs. Delivery to door arranged anywhere.

J. THORN & SONS, Ltd. (Box 40) Brampton Rd., Bexleyheath, Kent.

THE WONDER BALE!



20/- VALUE

Carriage Free **20/-** *Cash or C.O.D.*

2	Woolly Blankets	80 x 70
2	Good Bolton Sheets	90 x 70
2	White Pillow Slips	30 x 18
1	White Bolster Case	56 x 20
1	Willow Patt. Bedspread.	
4	- piece Willow Pattern Duchess Set to match.	
2	Coloured Turkish Towels.	
1	Pair Art. Silk Hose.	
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3	Dainty Handkerchiefs.	
1	Twill Kitchen Cloth.	

Wadded Down Quilt free, also (if cash with order) Choice of White Damask Table Cloth or Lady's Printed Overall.

Satisfaction or money back.

STANDARD (MURRAY), Ltd. Dept. J.B., 101, Princess Street, Manchester.

It's easy to be well dressed FREE . . when you smoke Black Cat

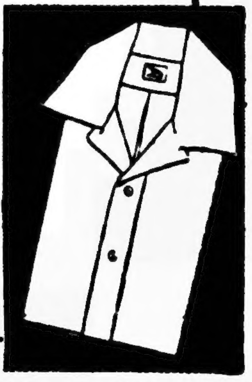
TENNIS SHIRT

A 'Cambridge Quality' Production

Sports neck model. From Horrockes Mercerised cream poplin.

Sizes: Neckband: — 14, 14½, 15, 15½, 16, 16½. Please state neckband required.

FREE for smoking only 40 packets of Black Cat Red Band 20's = 200 coupons



FLANNEL TROUSERS

A 'Cambridge Quality' Production

British-made. Fully cut on best West End principal. Obtainable in 39 fittings. NOW INCLUDING YOUTHS. Be sure to state whether FASHIONABLE SILVER or MEDIUM GREY shade required, and give WAIST and INSIDE LEG measurements.

Inside Leg	Waist								
25 ins.	26	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
26 ins.	26"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
27 ins.	26"	28"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
28 ins.	—	28"	30"	32"	34"	36"	38"	40"	42"
29 ins.	—	28"	30"	32"	34"	36"	38"	40"	42"
30 ins.	—	—	30"	32"	34"	36"	38"	40"	42"
31 ins.	—	—	30"	32"	34"	36"	38"	40"	42"
32 ins.	—	—	30"	32"	34"	36"	38"	—	—

Youths' Sizes (shown in light figures above) now available.

FREE for smoking only 40 packets of Black Cat Red Band 20's=200 coupons . .

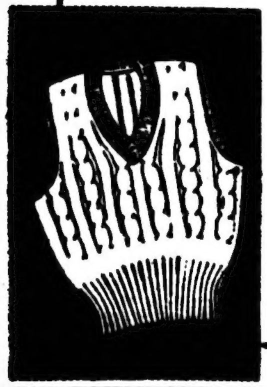
We strive to achieve a happy balance of sound value — good cigarettes and good gifts. For twenty-eight years our policy has been value to the public and this policy has stood the test of public approval.

MEN'S CABLE STITCH WOOLLEN SLIP-OVER

A 'Cambridge' Quality Production

Conforms to the latest idea in Sports Wear. It leaves the arms free and is a great favourite with Sportsmen. In grey and maroon. In sizes — Chest 34", 36", 38", 40". Please state chest measurement over waistcoat. Please state colour and size required.

FREE for smoking only 55 packets of Black Cat Red Band 20's = 275 coupons



SINGLE-BREASTED SPORTS JACKET

A 'Cambridge Quality' Production

Button three, D.B. lapels. Outside breast-pocket. Seam back, no vent. EXCLUSIVE patterns in BROWN check or GREY check.

Chest measurements: 32", 34", 35", 36", 37", 38", 39", 40", 42".

(Chest measurements must be taken OVER waistcoat and not over jacket). Please state size and shade required.

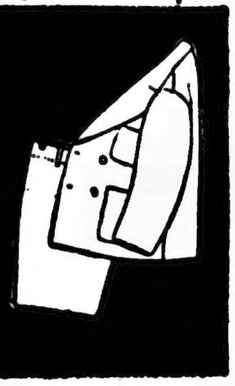
FREE for smoking only 120 packets of Black Cat Red Band 20's=600 coupons . .

FLANNEL SUIT For Boys . . .

A 'Cambridge Quality' Production

Well cut jacket and double seated shorts, in medium grey flannel, sizes 000 to 9. State size required and chest measurement.

FREE for smoking only 60 packets of Black Cat Red Band 20's = 300 coupons.

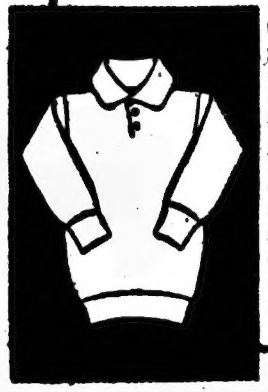


BOYS' WOOLLEN JERSEY . .

A 'Cambridge Quality' Production

Specially knitted to fit. In grey, brown, saxe blue or scarlet. Available in sizes: 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. Please state colour and size required.

FREE for smoking only 30 packets of Black Cat Red Band 20's = 150 coupons.



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for the finest gifts!

Write for Gift Book and a 'start-off' of 5 FREE coupons to: Black Cat 'Gifts Dept.' 8, Arcadia Works, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.1.

REMEMBER THERE ARE 5 FULL VALUE COUPONS IN EVERY 20 PACKET BLACK CAT RED BAND!

"John Bull," 23/3/33.

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY,

for week ending Saturday, March 25, 1933. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 2468.

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New Poison Peril

Without Fear or Favour

A NEW dope peril more insidious and widespread than any we have known so far has arisen in r midst.

And it is all the more ngerous to those it is ily getting in its grip for e very reason that the ugs concerned are, unlike caine, heroin and morphia, known as "safe" ugs, though addiction to them can have the ost deadly results.

This was made clear by the inquest the other y on the famous actress, Anny Ahlers, when e coroner stated that she had evidently been king drugs other than prescribed by the doctor.

Like thousands of other people to-day, she d taken these drugs to induce sleep. There was idence that some of the drugs came from ermany.

A whole legion of "safe" dope-takers like nny Ahlers has grown up in the last few years, d her tragic case should be a timely warning to em and to those who may be tempted to become e them.

One of the drugs taken by Anny Ahlers was a eparation called quadronox, described by the roner as "very dangerous"—one of the large oup known as "hypnotics."

Nearly all of them are of recent invention, d hardly any are on the Dangerous Drugs list. t they are now being manufactured in huge antities, mostly abroad, and are sold in this untry across chemists' counters with scarcely y formality whatever.

HEY are commonly described by their manufacturers as being "non-toxic and non-habit forming," the dose being sometimes dicated on the package, and sometimes not. ey are made up in packages ranging from a zen tablets to as many as 500.

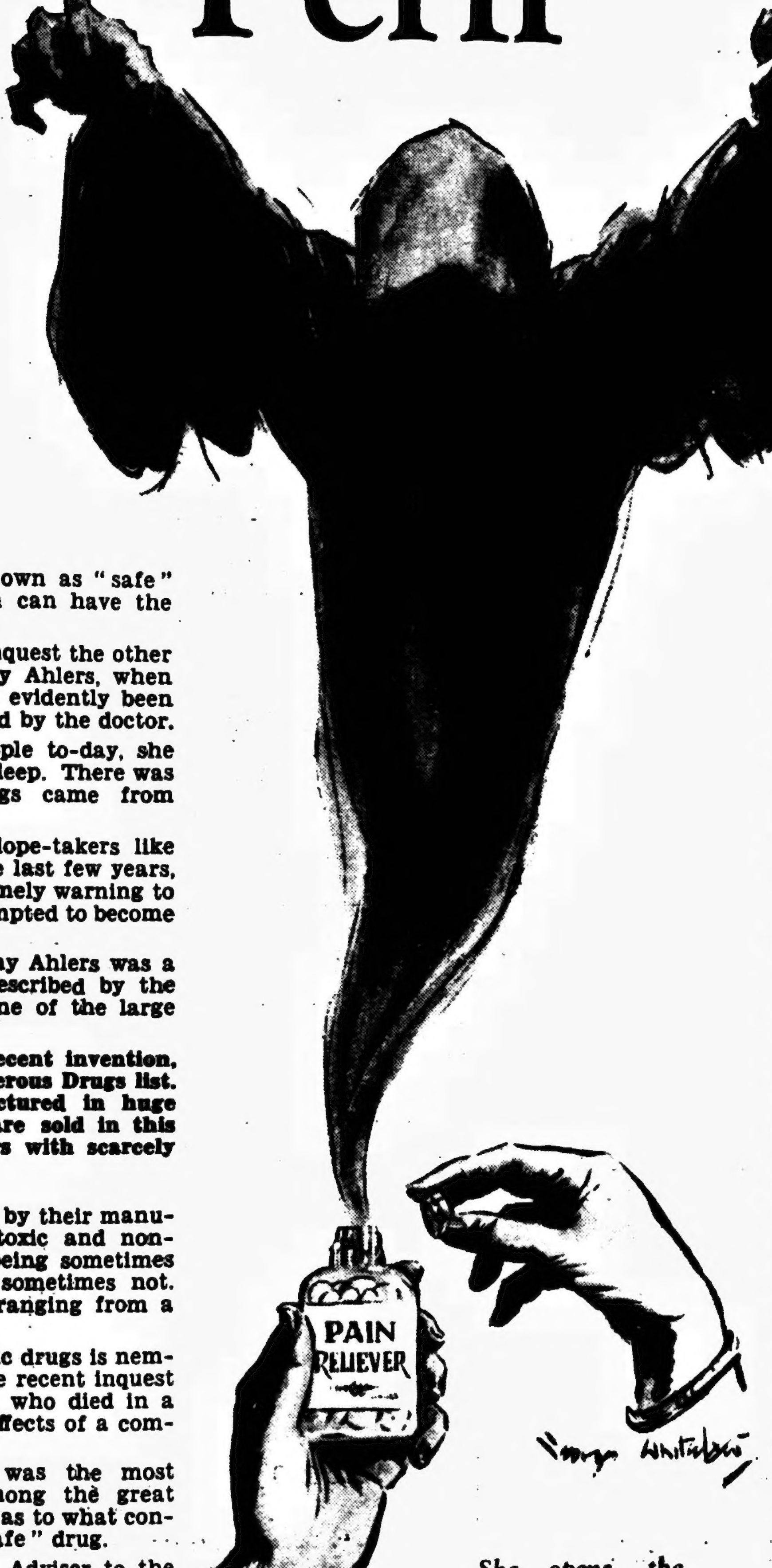
Another of these new hypnotic drugs is nemol, which figured largely in the recent inquest Mrs. Frances Caroline Beech, who died in a ndon nursing home from the effects of a comation of "hypnotics."

At the Beech inquest there was the most mplete disagreement even among the great ay of expert medical witnesses as to what contuted a "safe dose" of this "safe" drug.

Sir William Willcox, Medical Adviser to the me Office, declining to give an opinion, dered: "I think, in the present state of our knowge, that it is very difficult to say what is the ecise dose." He had had far too great an uaintance with the fatal results from the nemtol group of drugs to do so. Other experts e Dr. Roche Lynch, Home Office Analyst, and Bernard Spilsbury gave similar evidence.

Yet this mysterious drug, about whose effects e greatest medical talent in the land is in ubt, can be purchased almost as easily as a be of toothpaste. The utmost that is required an "insufficient" medical prescription—that one which does not state the maximum amount to be supplied. This prescription, too, is returned to the customer and can be used over and over again.

What is more, many chemists will supply the drug at their "discretion," without even the formality of a prescription. Others, a little more careful, will do so if the customer goes through the empty ceremonial of signing the poison book



She opens the bottle. . . . But it may be death that comes out

There is, in fact, nothing to prevent a chemist selling these hypnotic drugs to anybody within these easily evaded "safeguards."

Among these drugs, besides nembutol, are luminal, hypnogen, medinal, mallonal, veronal, allonal and veramon—to name only a few. There are scores of others, chiefly of French, Swiss and German origin. Almost every week produces a new one, which is at once given publicity and "put over" in huge circularising campaigns.

Some are sold as simple pain relievers, made up in combination with aspirin and dumped on the market by astute foreign manufacturers under special names.

We say that every tube of these "hypnotics" sold so freely is helping to make a drug addict of the buyer.

Already, it is estimated, over 30,000,000 doses of these drugs are sold annually in Great Britain. Nearly a million doses of one alone, allonal, were sold last year at a value of over £8,000.

AT an inquest at Birmingham on an Erdington woman, Mrs. Mary West, who died through taking an overdose of this drug, it was disclosed that she had been supplied with 3,716 tablets in the course of a year. She had an account for them with a chemist, and used to order them in bottles of twelve tablets, each secured on a single prescription bearing a fictitious name.

Such instances as this could be multiplied by hundreds.

In 1906, when the first of these drugs came on the market, there was one death. In 1927, when the last estimate was made, they had directly caused 317 deaths, and the number is increasing at the rate of between thirty and forty a year. In addition, there have been numerous other deaths from "natural causes," which, as Sir William Willcox has indicated, are attributable to these deadly hypnotics.

What is to be done about it? At the very least, the whole assortment of these lethal dopes should be brought immediately within the scope and restrictions of the Dangerous Drugs Act.

IT is six years since the late Lord Brentford (then Home Secretary) promised to deal with the matter immediately the Committee on the Poisons and Pharmacy Bill had reported. That Committee has made its report, and the Bill itself passed its second reading in the House of Lords a few days ago.

But there is no word in its provisions which will help to control this deadly trade in hypnotic drugs, though it has been debated while inquests were actually being held on victims of this new dope menace.

We say unhesitatingly that it should not be allowed to become law until it contains provision to check what has become a national danger.

And we look to every Member of Parliament to rectify this grievous omission without further delay

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

A Law that Insults Destitute Fathers

EVERY fair-minded person must have been staggered by the latest and cruellest indignity yet imposed on the great army of the destitute.

It is the decision, on a point of law, by Mr. Harold McKenna, the Lambeth magistrate, that an unemployed father must go into the workhouse before his wife and family can get poor law relief.

If he refuses, he must go to jail.

The victim

Mr. McKenna had before him a young man summoned for neglecting his two children, though it was admitted that they were well cared-for by relatives.

His real offence was that he had been out of work for two years and had refused the offer of out-relief for his wife and youngsters because a public assistance committee made a condition that he should enter an institution.

He would not go. Instead, he has now gone to prison for seven days—with hard labour!

Good law, bad sense

We don't blame Mr. McKenna. His decision may be good law, but it isn't good sense.

If that young man had gone into the workhouse he would probably have cost the ratepayers more than if out-relief had been granted to his family in the usual way.

And he will certainly cost them something in prison.

We say a law that compels a man to choose between a workhouse and a jail should be wiped off the Statute Book without any loss of time.

Monstrous

And while talking of poor relief we have something to say to Cardiff Public Assistance Committee.

This body runs a labour yard to provide test work for men drawing relief.

One man of sixty recently employed there formerly owned a good business, and had to obtain relief through no fault of his own. He is also a cripple. Yet, despite his infirmity, he was made to saw huge blocks of timber.

Well, this, to us, sounds more like torture than test work.

At last!

We've had to wait a long time, but the Government has at last promised to deal with one of the gravest evils of the road.

Those employers who force their lorry drivers to work unreasonably long hours have often been denounced in JOHN BULL. We have as often called for greater protection for such drivers.

That protection is now to be given in a new Bill. We hope it is not delayed.

Grafters Now on the Run

Graft on the run

Officialdom, awakened at last from its lethargy by JOHN BULL's long campaign against the grafters, is now hot on the scent of these grasping gentry.

Following the appointment of a judicial enquiry into the alleged corruption in Glasgow's civic affairs comes the news that Bristol City Council has set up a committee to investigate a big contract passed by its education committee.

Moreover, other councils are discussing the undesirable practice of giving municipal contracts to firms in which councillors are interested.

Minister acts

Sir Hilton Young, the Minister of Health, has had his attention drawn to cases in which council officials have received substantial "Christmas presents" from firms who tender for council contracts.

He has given orders that officials must not accept such gifts, and has suggested that councils should consider whether to ban the firms concerned from future contracts.

He is, moreover, pushing a Bill through Parliament which will compel all local councils to have their accounts audited by qualified auditors.

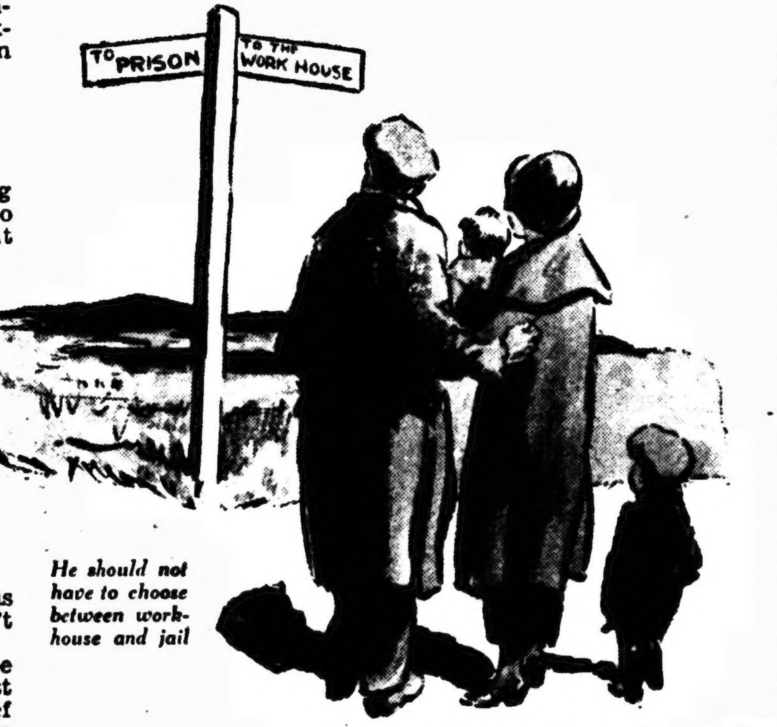
We shall watch

So now let's hope something will be done.

Until it is JOHN BULL will not cease its watch on the grafters.

Local government must be purged once and for all of their malpractices.

Mayor Who is a Hero, Too



He should not have to choose between workhouse and jail

Happy ending

It will be a long time before the people of Deal forget their mayor, Alderman Cavell.

He was on his way to the Guildhall to distribute bread to the poor when he saw clouds of smoke pouring from a house and heard the screams of panic-stricken children.

He dashed through the open doorway but was beaten back. Then, with another man, he fought his way through and rescued three infants. That done, he cycled to the fire-station and fetched the brigade.

We know you'll join us in congratulating him.

Sacrifice

We only wish another heroic story of the week had ended so happily.

But, as you have probably read, the young rowing-master of St. Paul's School, Mr. D. H. Sconce, lost his life in trying to save four boys from drowning when their boat sank in the Thames.

Had he not stayed by the boat to help the youngest boy he might have reached the bank.

Greater sacrifice——

Whitehall whitewash

JOHN BULL isn't satisfied with the Ministry of Health's report on the Yorkshire typhoid epidemic, which shows that the local council failed to provide a wholesome supply of water.

It may be true that the water supply was to blame. But we should like to know to what extent Government "economy" and even the Ministry itself were responsible.

A strange story

We don't ask you to believe the following story. We merely say that it's the strangest we have heard for years.

A policeman was returning home at night when a street lamp flickered strangely. Its flickers spelt in Morse "S O S. S O S."

He rushed home, twenty minutes earlier than usual, and found his wife lying on the floor, terribly ill. She was taken to hospital and recovered, though the doctor said that if help had been delayed for twenty minutes longer it would have been too late.

The story is told in a police journal by "a rational, prosaic policeman."

Tragedy with a moral

There is a moral in the terrible tragedy that has befallen a family at Swadlincote, Leicestershire.

A little boy hid under a table to surprise his father, who was returning home after hospital treatment for war injuries. When the boy dashed out he struck his head on the table and later died from meningitis.

Terrible enough, but worse followed.

What others bear

The mother fell seriously ill from shock. She died after giving birth to a son, who died on the day she was buried.

The father caught a chill when attending the funeral of the first boy, and was soon dangerously ill with pneumonia, unaware that his wife and baby were dead.

The moral of it all is this. Some of us think our own misfortunes are too great to bear. But do we ever think how much greater the sufferings of others sometimes are?

Man's ingratitude

If this should meet the eye of the Irishman who lost £29 on a Derbyshire road last July, we should like him to know that we just can't print what we think of him.

The money was found by a West Ham man, Alfred Preice, who was then on tramp. He handed the money to the Burton police, and they, we are glad to say, rejected the Irishman's offer of a reward of 2s. 6d.

Luckily, Preice has now received £3 from sympathisers, but as for that Irishman——

Sentence of death

You must have been shocked by the formal sentence of death passed at Birmingham on the eighteen-year-old mother who drowned her child.

Evidence was given of her delusions after the crime, and a mental expert said she did not know that what she had done was wrong. There was insanity, too, in her father's family.

Surely the curtain should fall on the farce of passing capital sentences that will never be executed.

Paying the piper

Glasgow has always had a terrible record of child neglect, and last year it was still more serious, according to the figures just published by the R.S.P.C.C.

And the reason? "Long continued unemployment is often found to have a demoralising effect on parents," says a report. Yes, and the slums of Glasgow are probably the worst in the kingdom.

Avoid them

We are receiving many letters about insurance companies and brokers who offer cheap rates for motor-cycles and third-party risks.

However attractive these propositions may appear, they should be avoided.

It is better to pay the normal rate with a recognised company with large resources and so be sure that any possible big claim would be met.

He's gone

Has anybody seen Gregory?

He was the man we exposed a few weeks ago in connection with the British Wireless Maintenance Association, of City Road, London. Since then he has disappeared, and now the police are looking for him.

We are glad our warning proved successful.

What's the remedy?

A young miner was charged at Derby with stealing sixpence. He had a long list of convictions, and now he has gone to jail for three months.

What is the remedy for such cases? They certainly haven't got it at Derby.

As our prison system has failed, why not try medical treatment, as the experts suggest?

Sweet harmony

Let us introduce you to Mr. William Mallinson. He is a magistrate at Stratford, East London, and he knows how to solve the differences of married couples who come before him.

He invited one old couple to "talk things over" in the friendly atmosphere of his own home. When he left the court he found them awaiting him—with the news that his sympathy had already induced them to come to a settlement.

Good for them—and for Mr. Mallinson.

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THIS week, JOHN BULL is able to reveal the great secret surprise which it has long been planning for every one of its readers.

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It is a priceless volume that the grown-ups will enjoy reading as well as the children. Now—parents, uncles and aunts—elder brothers and sisters—here is your big opportunity—turn to the four centre pages now!

CHAMBERLAIN —What will he do?

IN the springtime each year the Chancellor of the Exchequer is very much in the public eye. Every taxpayer, in the weeks before Budget Day, is anxiously wondering whether the Chancellor will make another raid upon his pocket, or relieve him of the intolerable weight of taxation he now bears.

The public is always interested in the personality of a prominent figure. It likes to know what sort of a man he is; whether he is subject to ordinary human frailties, or is a sort of god living on Olympian heights.

I have known Mr. Neville Chamberlain for about twenty years. We first became acquainted as members of the Liquor Control Board—a body set up in the early days of the War to regulate the sale of intoxicating liquors with the object of maintaining the efficient output of munitions.

Mr. Lloyd George appointed Mr. Chamberlain a member of this Board on his record as an administrator on the Birmingham City Council. He, like his illustrious father, had taken up municipal work, and had won a local reputation for his progressive ideas about municipal government.

He established the Birmingham Municipal Savings Bank. As he once told me, he was not deterred from extending municipal enterprise because some people called it Socialism.

HE did not enter the House of Commons until after the War. He came there with the great advantage of a name distinguished in Parliamentary history.

From the first he was marked out for office in a Conservative administration. Mr. Bonar Law appointed him Minister of Health—a post for which his experience and his well-known interest in public health questions seemed to fit him.

Shortly afterwards, when Mr. Baldwin had succeeded to the Premiership on the death of Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Chamberlain went to the second highest post in the Ministry—that of Chancellor of the Exchequer. This was remarkably rapid promotion for a man comparatively new to the House of Commons, and who up to then had shown no exceptional promise.

The Baldwin Ministry fell before Mr. Chamberlain had an opportunity of presenting a Budget.

When Mr. Baldwin returned to office in 1924, to everybody's surprise Mr. Chamberlain went back to the Ministry of Health, and the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer was given to the peripatetic Winston Churchill.

It is told that Mr. Chamberlain's reappointment as Minister of Health was made at his own request to enable him to resume work in which he was deeply interested.

During the next five years he had an opportunity of showing his administrative capacity and his Parliamentary gifts; and he was admittedly one of the few successes of Mr. Baldwin's Ministry.

In this period he was responsible for several very important pieces of legislation — the Widows and Orphans Pensions Act, the reorganisation of the Local Valuation System, the Derating Act and a Housing Act.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, moved by his irresistible ambition to be in the limelight, announced in Budget speeches the Widows and Orphans Pensions Bill and the Derating Scheme, and then left Mr. Chamberlain to do the difficult work of carrying these measures through Committee.

Mr. Chamberlain's conduct of these Bills, through long and often acrimonious debates in Committee, won universal admiration. For the first time he showed great Parliamentary skill and unusual debating qualities. His mastery of every detail of a highly complicated Bill has seldom, in my Parliamentary experience, been surpassed.

He has what is called "a good House of Commons manner." He speaks with ease, without passion or rhetoric, stating his case with clearness, precision and conviction. Like Mr. Bonar Law, he does not use extensive notes. He has thoroughly mastered his case, and can, therefore, rely with confidence on being able to state it without hampering references to a brief.

There are times, however, when he imports bitterness into his speeches—when he has been stung by an attack. He has never been able to hide his dislike of the Liberals, and they have often been the target for his venomous arrows.

But he can be chivalrous to an opponent. I remember an occasion when I had made a strong attack on his De-rating Bill, and he passed a note across the table offering "warm congratulations on a powerful speech."

Mr. Chamberlain is without doubt the ablest debater on the Front Government Bench. He reminds one as a speaker of his distinguished father, although he does not, like his father, give the impression of great power held under strong restraint.

The position of Chancellor of the Exchequer places him very often in conflict with his colleagues when matters of departmental expenditure are involved.

Mr. Gladstone once said that a Chancellor of the Exchequer should always carry his resignation in his pocket and produce it when all other efforts had failed to enforce economy on colleagues who were prone to extravagance.

Mr. Chamberlain has inherited from his father a genuine desire for social reform, the expression of which is restrained, in the position he now holds, by considerations of national finance. It was a natural ambition for the son of Joseph Chamberlain to realise his father's dream of a general scheme of protective duties, and of an Empire bonded together by reciprocal tariff preferences. Mr. Neville Chamberlain had the greatest disillusion in his life at the Ottawa Conference.

The Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain in his robes as Chancellor of the Exchequer

by VISCOUNT SNOWDEN

He has said that he had never dreamed that the bonds of Empire had worn so thin as he found to be the case when he came in contact with the Dominion statesmen. Instead of finding the men from the Dominions imbued with Imperial sentiment, he found them actuated only by a desire to promote their own interests at the expense of other parts of the Empire.

His experience at Ottawa, and the tragic consequences of world tariffs and other forms of trade restrictions, have clearly modified his views on the general question of Protection.

Like Mr. Baldwin, he no longer argues Protection as a means of solving our industrial and economic difficulties. He has already got so far as to denounce high tariffs, though, for the time being, still adhering to a reasonable tariff—whatever that may mean. He has not far to travel until he abandons Protection altogether.

The acid test of Mr. Chamberlain's firmness will come within the next month. In order to reduce taxation, he is being pressed by his Party to adopt measures in the coming Budget which cannot be defended on sound financial grounds.

He may be faced in framing the Budget with a financial situation which will not permit any reduction of taxation. If he surrenders to the demands to reduce taxation at the expense of an unbalanced Budget he will show a lack of courage to do the right thing in the face of Party opposition. If, on the contrary, he resists the pressure he will incur temporary unpopularity in his Party; but he will have established his position as a statesman of courage and determination.

The Estimates for next year, which have just been issued, show that Mr. Chamberlain has been beaten in the annual contest which takes place between the Chancellor and the Departments. This displays a lack of firmness on his part in circumstances which needed it.

He is a strong Party man, and a loyal colleague. He is personally popular with and trusted by his colleagues. His cold and austere manner hides a tenderness and sympathy which is appreciated by those who know him intimately.

Mr. Chamberlain has two recreations—fishing and music. In the Parliamentary recess he goes away to the Highlands to indulge in his outdoor pastime; and in winter, when he can steal an evening from the House of Commons, he may be seen at a Queen's Hall concert.

AS to the future of Mr. Chamberlain. The Conservative Party is not rich in men of outstanding political qualities. Mr. Churchill is not popular in the Party, and unless circumstances arise which cannot now be foreseen he appears to be destined to spend the remainder of his political life as an independent Member, serving the purpose of a thorn in the flesh of the Tory leaders.

So when Mr. Baldwin gets thoroughly disgusted with politics, and retires to the more congenial occupation of farming, there is, in my opinion, only one possible successor, and that is Mr. Neville Chamberlain.

Racing's YEAR

By virtue of their office, these Stewards of the Jockey Club have to be the closest observers of racing. Have they yet seen the danger light?

WHEN a white flag fell at Lincoln this week it had much more significance than that of announcing the start of the Flat-racing season

It meant that the British Turf had entered the greatest testing time in its history.

For, if racing is ever to prosper again, it will depend on the extent to which its governors and managers come to realise in the next eight months that the public is no longer tolerant of the conditions under which the sport is conducted.

Nobody knows where the racing authorities stand or what they propose to do—if anything. For a quarter of a century they have been like men who have locked themselves in the highest room of a castle and thrown the key out of the window.

There is evidence, however, that at last the rulers of racing are awakening to the fact that their castle is on shifting sand and are devising means to abandon their high remoteness from realities. We wish them a safe—and speedy—descent. And that should not be difficult if they only recognise the means of effecting it and then act boldly. Our purpose here is to point out the means.

On 98 per cent. of our racecourses the quality of the entertainment could be immeasurably improved if the executives displayed imagination and showmanship in the use of the splendid material available.

A theatre manager would soon be the laughing stock of his profession if he opened a season by putting on plays which were proved box-office failures.

Yet that is what has been happening for years in racing. It happened again this week when the curtain was raised at Lincoln.

A false start

Why Lincoln? A more cheerless racecourse could not be imagined for the opening of the season of a sport with nearly 6,000 performers worth at least £3,000,000, and upon the upkeep of which in all its departments more than £3,000,000 is spent yearly—apart, of course, from betting turnover.

If any entertainment should open with flourish and spectacle, surely it is racing. Yet this week the season opened as usual in the bleak remoteness of Lincoln.

Even bookmakers do not go there in any numbers. They make their profits beforehand by ante-post betting on the Lincolnshire Handicap, a race which has been given a wholly artificial importance.

"But," say the racing chiefs, "the season has always begun at Lincoln; for that reason it always will begin there."

But why? And here is another innovation they might consider—why not in this, its time of crisis, allow women a share in the control of racing?

In the inner councils of the government and administration of the sport there is room and need for them. They would not for long suffer the stodgy conditions under which racing is still carried on.

The fact has to be faced that women have become a powerful force in racing, and will be still more so this season. Between 300 and 400 of them are in the field of ownership already, and every week sees new colours being registered in women's names.

It is not their number, however, which is giving them eminence. They have shown that there are no wiser or more businesslike heads than theirs in the successful pursuit of the sport for pleasure and profit combined.

Woman's way

Women have always had an ardent and sincere love of the horse—perhaps only because it is a horse. But now that they have entered so enthusiastically into the racing game they have revealed another instinct—the ability to buy the best at the cheapest possible price and to place their horses only in races which they *can win*. They make their racing pay.

And how racegoers cheer when women win, as they do so often nowadays! Backers know that with women's horses they can always count upon getting a run for their money. Not once has there been a murmur of suspicion against any one of them. All are triers.

Very few of these racing women are really rich. The Hon. Dorothy Paget, Lord Queenborough's daughter, is an exception, but even she sees no reason why an unnecessary shilling should be squandered in the buying or running of her horses and she never allows any animal in her team to take a chance unless it has such a reasonable prospect of success that she would back it substantially herself.

Beating the book

No more courageous gesture has ever been made in racing than that of Miss Paget in throwing down the gauntlet to all-comers with her young and heavily-burdened horse, Golden Miller, in the Grand National this week.

Bookmakers should be sure judges of racing, but so far they have gone far astray, to their cost, in the matter of women owners, who swept the board in the important handicaps last season.

They began one day by winning five races out of six, next day won four, and then on three successive days, to the delight of holiday crowds, returned thirty-three winners!

That, the bookmakers declared, was a freak. It could not continue by the law of averages. But on it went, week after week, even into the jumping season now ending.

So far, it is true, the winning of the Derby has eluded all women owners. But sixteen of them have entries for the classic this year, though the public, preferring so far Lord Derby's Hyperion and Lord Woolavington's Mannamead, apparently do not believe that women will on this occasion break their "duck."

All the same, the women owners—whether one of them wins the Derby or not—have by their knowledge and discretion definitely established themselves on the Turf. Will this season see them joined in the management of its affairs and reform?

Few racegoers realise that the standard of racing which they have been accustomed to see in this country has been made possible only by the dependence of the breeders on their profits from the exportation of bloodstock to the rest of the world. It is here the hardest and most unexpected blow has been struck. These markets are now closed.

Every breeder of thoroughbreds is in sore plight to-day and all are carrying on in an atmosphere of complete uncertainty. That, it will be found, is the pivot of the 1933 crisis of the Turf.

It would indeed in the end be best for racing if a number of studs in this country, even some with past high reputations, were broken up.

A beginning ought to be made with the National Stud in Ireland, owned by the British Government. This stud has for the third successive year just recorded a fresh loss of more than £20,000 and in respect of breeding results has become unworthy of its name.

But before the National Stud disappears there is one item of news the racegoing public would dearly like to learn. This is the reason why the phenomenal three-year-old filly Myrobella, which belongs to the Stud, should not be running in the colours of the King. She is leased for her racing career to Lord Lonsdale.

What bewilders racing folk is the com-

# of CRISIS

WARNING to the JOCKEY CLUB

Both in the types of races and in making the sport cheaper for the public there is need for reform

plete lack of imagination on the part of the Turf authorities to foresee the tremendous fillip which would have been given to the sport in its most critical period if it had been arranged that the superlative Myrobella, which, after all, is the property of the nation, should run in the name of His Majesty.

The crowd loves a Royal victory at any time. Elation would have been boundless if Myrobella could have appeared "in the purple" in the One Thousand Guineas next month and brought the first classic win to the Sovereign.

As a two-year-old last season, Myrobella, a powerfully made, grey-coated daughter of the famous Tetratema, was not only the best filly, but was officially rated far ahead of the best colts. In the first half of her races she completely outclassed opponents by her speed and, with light and graceful action, went on always to win at leisure, never causing a moment of anxiety to her legion of backers.

And if this is a year of crisis for the breeders, it is one for the owners as well.

Until now—when there are about 500 fewer horses in training than would have been normally expected—the owners themselves in entry fees and forfeits have contributed more than 60 per cent of the stakes to be won.

Now, with the owners having fewer horses in their names and making fewer entries and incurring less in forfeits, as is the general intention this season, they cannot possibly maintain the 60 per cent. contribution

They must not expect the difference to be made up by further impositions on the racegoing public, who already pay very dearly in their patronage of the sport.

If the owners mean to co-operate in restoring racing to its old prosperity and prestige they will have to be satisfied with much lower rewards. In four years the aggregate prize fund has fallen from £744,500 to £695,800. It must come down for the time being at least to the £500,000 mark, where it stood in the last full year of racing before the Great War.

Some leaders of the Turf believe that a measure of help will soon be available from the State, and there will be reason for their faith if the Government accepts certain proposals which, John Bull learns, are now being pressed upon it by its expert advisers.

It is proposed to continue to forbid the frequenting of bookmakers' premises for betting and the collection of bets in the streets, but to allow the posting of cash with bets to bookmakers paying a special licensing tax.

The estimate of the number of bookmakers who would participate is 20,000. They would pay a graduated tax yielding a minimum of £5,000,000 yearly.

Untapped source

Neither credit nor ready-money betting away from the course has hitherto ever contributed a penny directly or indirectly to the unkeep of racing. But if the Government, as now seems certain, regularises it for revenue purposes, a portion of the proceeds should be devoted to the benefit of the sport which makes such taxation possible.

Meanwhile every branch of racing has abandoned all hope of obtaining any help from the totalisator for at least ten years

The tote, which came into operation about the time the general trade depression started, and has been rigidly boycotted by substantial backers, would indeed have been out of existence by now but for the assistance of a private company, which collects bets for it away from the course. This company is to open seventeen branches throughout the country this season.

Again, if the tide of racing is to turn, the stewards of the Jockey Club must do something towards centralising the sport. We believe that a pronouncement of policy for this purpose will be made before the 1933 season has gone far.

The scrapping or merging of a few unimportant and out-of-the-way meetings will not fill the bill The only hope is for the licences of some of the existing tracks to be transferred to new or much enlarged racecourses laid out on the best lines in or near London and, eventually, Birmingham and Manchester, where racing of the highest class could take place on one Saturday each month from March to November.'

And even if this reform and the others we have suggested are put into operation, there is need of still another —the most important of all.

It is this: the racecourse owners must make the sport cheaper and more spectacular and provide it under better conditions As it is, the loyalty of the racegoing public has reached breaking-point.

Once and for all, the racecourse executives must abandon the fiction that racing is conducted by a club for the benefit of its members and that any facilities allowed to the public are a mere appendage.

Almost every racecourse company would now be insolvent and out of business but for the receipts lately obtained by quadrupling the admission charge to bookmakers and the admission money paid by the public in the cheapest enclosures.

It is true that the attendance in Tattersall's Ring has remained good, but this is largely window-dressing. A theatrical manager would be astounded to learn the extent to which the principal rings at racecourses are filled by the distribution of complimentary tickets.

Even those who do pay have, on the majority of courses, to watch the racing under conditions which the patrons of no other form of entertainment would tolerate twice

The crowds in the cheapest enclosures on the open side of the courses do not even have stand accommodation for their three shillings entry money. Colonial and foreign visitors to our racecourses are astonished when they see such conditions—so vastly different from anything overseas, where racing is cheap to all and provided in comfort to its humblest patrons

The "outcasts"

Almost every six-shilling or "public" ring in the country requires to be demolished and rebuilt. In some there are still no totalisator facilities and most of them are nothing more than dust-holes with primitive toilet accommodation and dirty barns for refreshment rooms.

The patrons of the "silver ring" are not allowed to visit the paddocks, and now the racing authorities have even denied them the parade of horses in front of the stands before important events, which was the only opportunity they had to scrutinise the horses in which they were interested.

"On the Turf or under it all men are equal." it is said. This is not true so far as the patrons of the public rings, who form the bulk of paying racegoers, are concerned. They are treated as outcasts.

Racing would obtain its greatest revenue if the present admission charges to Tattersall's Ring were reduced by one half

The type of programme presented to racegoers also needs drastic revision, particularly in the direction of introducing new and more long-distance events, as these always have the biggest entries and are most popular with the spectators

The outward complacency of those who control racing to-day is a mask. We know that in truth they are gravely disturbed They know that trouble is brewing Their inaction is, therefore, the more perplexing.

We ask them to shed their conservatism and to believe that if they decide on a clear line of action to improve the sport and follow it vigorously, they will find such encouragement that the present time of trial will become a triumphant chapter in the history of the Turf.

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Although Bourn-vita tastes so good, none of its ingredients is included just for flavour. They are all necessary to Bourn-vita's purpose—which is to make you sleep soundly and wake like a giant refreshed. You can make a breakfast cup full of Bourn-vita at *full strength* with only *two teaspoonfuls* of the crisp granules added to hot milk. *Bourn-vita goes further.*

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194 TOOTHPASTES REJECTED

BUT THE 195th . . .!

Every year—you might almost say **every month—that goes by** brings us **some new record of scientific** achievement. **Somebody travels faster** or flies **higher than man has ever gone** before. **Somebody invents something** that makes **our cars or telephones or radio** sets more **efficient. Somebody discovers** something **which will add a little more** to our comfort **or well-being on this earth.**

It has happened again within the last **few weeks—with the bringing** to perfection **of the new Milton toothpaste. Here was** a **firm already famous for having produced** a **harmless and yet immensely powerful** antiseptic **fluid—known as Milton.** Having provided **the wearer of false teeth** with a **long-needed, scientific and simple** way of **cleansing them, the proprietors** of Milton **have now produced for the** owners of **natural teeth a greatly superior** toothpaste.

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Will you try Milton toothpaste? You **will not only like it—its fine** fresh, delicious **taste—but you will be grateful for the wonders it works with** your teeth.

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HATS OFF to the I.C.I.

by A. G. GARDINER

GOOD news is so rare in these days that when it comes the least we can do is to greet it with a cheer. For this reason I venture to say "Hats off to the I.C.I.!" Whether it has sent up a solitary rocket into the dark sky or whether it has announced the dawn remains to be seen. I think it is the latter, for reasons which will appear.

But first let us look the I.C.I.'s splendid gift horse in the mouth, for, unlike most gift horses, the more it is looked at the better it seems. It takes the form of the restoration of the wage "cuts" made in the panic of 1931. It affects 25,000 workers in that great combine, Imperial Chemical Industries, of which the late Lord Melchett was the founder, and represents a gain to the workers of about £180,000 a year.

Now this is good news in two respects. It could not have been done if there had not been the means to do it with. But the means are there. This great industry has weathered the storm, and during 1932 increased its income by the sum of £1,320,782—a cheering symptom that in one direction at least trade is not dead and revival has begun.

This is gratifying in itself; but it is not for this reason that I say "Hats off to the I.C.I.!" The significance of the incident is that it is the first striking indication that sanity is coming back to the world of industry. It is a repudiation of the panic policy which set in so violently in 1931.

A sin to buy

When the blizzard of that year descended there was a universal helter-skelter for safety. "Economy" was the magic specific that was to see us through the storm. Enterprises were shut down, staffs were reduced, the circulation of money was frozen in its channels, and in every direction wages were cut down. A wave of parsimony succeeded the waste and prodigality of the war and the post-war years. From one wild extreme we lurched almost in a day to the other wild extreme.

For years we had been spending like a Jubilee Juggins. Then in the twinkling of an eye, when the bubble of a wholly artificial prosperity had burst, we began saving with a maniacal fury.

We were like "Plug" Pulteney, the miser, who was so rich that he could not afford pocket handkerchiefs. It was almost a sin to buy anything, and if we employed an odd man about the garden it was a patriotic duty to get rid of him, regardless of the fact that in doing so we put him on the rates and taxes.

If you had money it had to be locked up in the bank, and the Government took care that you should not put it into circulation by imposing an embargo on loans and issues of industrial enterprises. Wages were "axed" in all directions and the standard of life was lowered for nine-tenths of the people.

Vicious sequence

What was the effect of all this? I am not suggesting that wise economy was not necessary. It was, and is. But this was not wise economy—it was panic-stricken folly. It did not cure the disease. It aggravated it tenfold.

How could it be otherwise? Money is not a blessing in itself. America knows this now. It has mountains of money and morasses of destitution. Money is a blessing only while it is in circulation and while it is keeping the wheels of trade revolving at their maximum speed. Currency deposited in a cellar is no more valuable than bricks deposited in a cellar.

The panic of 1931 set in motion a vicious sequence that has almost brought the activities of civilised society to a standstill. If wages are cut down and the hoarding of money is encouraged, consumption is reduced. Take away the people's power to buy and you take away the power of the trader to sell. Commerce is slackened, unemployment is increased, more and more the burden of keeping the idle alive falls on taxation, and since the only ultimate source of taxes is industry, the power of taxation to carry the burden finally collapses. And then chaos.

Sir Harry McGowan, President and Chairman of the Imperial Chemical Industries

It is because the action of the I.C.I. is the first great gesture in the world of industry against one phase of this vicious circle that it is so important and so exhilarating. I do not suggest that it is in the power of industries which are running at a loss to pay out money they haven't got.

But at least the action of the I.C.I. is a declaration against the fatuous notion that it is a good thing to have low wages. Sir Harry McGowan, the combine's chairman, has shown that he realises that the first duty of a business which has had the good fortune to make money is to share its good fortune with its workpeople.

He does not do this because he is a philanthropist. He does it because he is a good business man. He knows that in voluntarily recognising the first claims of labour to a share in the prosperity of industry he is sweetening the atmosphere and promoting the interests of his own business.

Incidentally, also, he is doing good business for the country. That £180,000 will go into immediate circulation in the most profitable of all ways. It will increase consumption, and in increasing consumption it will promote trade and give a fillip to employment. The workers will be better off, the tradesmen will be better off, and the public will be better off.

That is as good and simple an illustration as we could have of the importance of reversing the disastrous policy of the last two years. By all means let us have wise economy wherever it can be exercised, but it is not by saving, but by wise spending, that trade will be revived.

This truth, happily, is beginning to be realised. The cult of economy—excellent within its right limits, deadly beyond those limits—is giving place to the doctrine that to spend is to employ. Hoarded money employs nobody. Every pound that is put into circulation increases to that extent the total employment, the measure of consumption and the volume of trade.

Draining "dole"

I offer no opinion here of the policy which Mr. Keynes, the economist, has been propounding in the columns of the *Times*, but I do not think it can be doubted that the way to recovery is by spending rather than by hoarding—by creating wages rather than by increasing the "dole." Wages feed the capital of the country; the "dole" drains away the capital of the country.

I saw on the screen the other day a film showing men engaged in emptying sacks of coffee on to burning heaps of coffee. Ton loads of coffee were being destroyed—not because people did not want it, but because they could not afford to buy it. And what is happening in regard to coffee is happening also in regard to wheat and other commodities.

And all this waste on one hand and impoverishment on the other are going on while hundreds of millions of money are lying in our banks rusting unused.

There are practical and reproductive uses for that money—the vast business of rehousing the millions of slum dwellers in our land, for example. Our business is to release the hoarded wealth, and to send it flowing through the land to irrigate industry, stimulate enterprise and turn the "dole"-receiver into a wage-earner. More wages and better wages are the cure for our common ills. And so, once more, "Hats off to the I.C.I.!"

Not from the B.B.C.—Mrs. Don McCorkindale Favours—

FAMILY Fisticuffs

WHEN Donald McCorkindale fights,
Then all the McCorkindale clan,
With hints anents "left hooks" and "rights,"
Is there to a woman and man;
And every man-Jack (and each Jill)
Applauds to a mister and miss,
And if nasty fight fans jeer him,
Then his wife is there to cheer him
With a kiss.

And all his "in-laws" take a hand,
Regardless of age and of sex;
They tell him just where he should land
His blows if his foeman he'd vex.
His maiden aunts all do their bit,
For each has some part in the strife,
With his sisters and his cousins,
Whom he numbers by the dozens—
And his wife!

Whoever wrote the Ballad of a Boxer, which I have just recited, no doubt thinks himself screamingly funny, but his poem is plain bunk.

It is tommyrot to suggest that Don had a charabanc-load of cousins and a string of aunts to help him against Walter Neusel in his Albert Hall fight—and I insist upon calling it a fight, even though some reporters called it a farce and others a pantomime.

There is even a silly yarn going round that Don's great-grandfather and his grandmother-in-law were brought to the Albert Hall in wheel chairs, and that a very young relative assisted him with shrewd advice from a bassinet by the ringside!

The plain facts are that Don's mother-in-law was heard urging him to "use your left," his sister-in-law also offered a few hints his father-in-law acted as his principal second, and I went up to his corner and kissed him—while a flash-light was duly taken.

I fail to see what there is to object to in a family gathering of this kind, and I should like to have the name and address of the cynic who was heard muttering that the proceedings began with kiss-in-the-ring and the fight was conducted on similar lines.

Certainly we can treat with contempt the suggestion that if Don had had the advice and assistance of his old nurse, the family cat and a couple of cousins german he might have been able to knock-out his German opponent.

Before the fight it was stated that I was going to act as Don's second, and I only wish that this could have been arranged. I am satisfied I would have made a good job of it; though I don't agree with those who sarcastically allege that the fight might have been less like a pantomime if I had taken Don's place and he had acted as *my* second.

All the same, I am strongly of opinion that now that we have got rid of the ridiculous notion that woman's place is the home, a wife should help her husband in his business or profession, whatever it may be.

I am quite aware that when Don announced, "With this ring I thee wed," he did not mean the ring at the Albert Hall; but, seeing that so many married couples fight one another in private, I don't see why we should not fight together in public.

Douglas Fairbanks and his Mary on the screen,
Jessie Matthews and her Sonnie on the stage,
And that other happy pair,
Jim and Amy, in the air,
In double-harness ventures all engage.

So why should Don McCorkindale stand up
Alone to be belaboured in the ring,
When his wife is well and fit
And could surely do her bit
With a dainty left that has a vicious swing?

If wives and husbands ventured through the ropes
Together, each prepared to dare and do,
Then, instead of one by one,
As is now so often done,
Our White Hopes could be knocked out two by two!

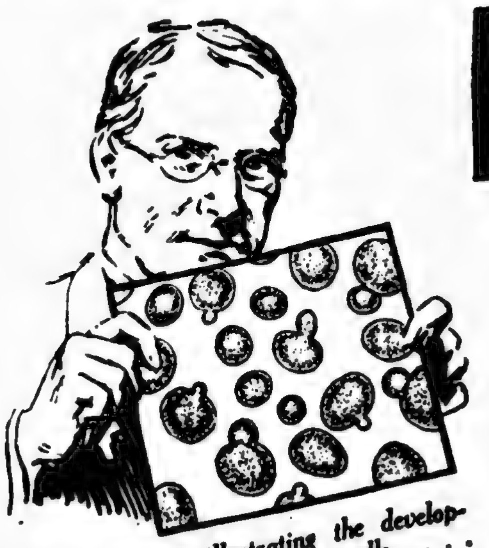


Diagram illustrating the development of Live Yeast cells which are endowed with IMMENSE VITAL ENERGY

Phillips Yeast IS LIVE Yeast

a marvellous remedy...

Pure Live Yeast has long been known to Doctors as Nature's most effective remedy for many complaints.

and now—with the great advance of scientific knowledge, its marvellous efficacy in so many serious affections is fully explained. We know to-day that Live Yeast contains a series of Enzymes, that it is rich in Organic Phosphorus, and the most abundant vegetable source of Nuclein and the B Vitamins. The wonderful remedial effects of Live Yeast are due to the combined action of these powerful but harmless constituents.

ITS ACTION IN THE DIGESTIVE SYSTEM . . .

The primary action of PHILLIPS Live Yeast is to *regulate the whole process of digestion*, and this is the basis of all its marvellous effects. Taken as it should be, at the beginning of a meal, it suppresses nausea, heartburn and discomfort, and immediately stimulates the appetite. *It is an invaluable remedy for all who suffer from indigestion in any form;* frequently it gives immediate relief in stomach troubles that have persisted for years. PHILLIPS Live Yeast prevents the formation of toxins (the poisons that pass into the blood and give rise to auto-intoxication), sick headaches, sleepiness after meals and a host of other troubles. By correcting these irregularities, PHILLIPS Live Yeast *removes* the *causes of Inflammation* in the digestive tract, and is *a most effective non-irritant remedy for faulty elimination.*

LIVE YEAST MUST BE PURE—PHILLIPS Live Yeast, owing to the care and skill exercised in its preparation, is ABSOLUTELY PURE.

With its wonderful power of promoting formation of healthy body substance, PHILLIPS Live Yeast is the surest corrective of *general debility* and by far the most valuable restorative during convalescence, when the tissues are wasted and the strength is lost. Exceptionally rich in the B vitamins, it rapidly stimulates the development of backward, undergrown children, and provides a sustaining and invigorating tonic for all who suffer from the lassitude of body and mind which results from overstrain.

ITS WONDERFUL TONIC EFFECTS . . .

The regulation of digestion goes far to explain the powerful tonic influence of PHILLIPS Live Yeast. **Perfect assimilation follows perfect digestion; all the nutrient elements of food pass into the blood; and the Yeast vitamins which control assimilation, build them up into rich blood and sound nerve tissue.**

By the great improvement which it effects in the constitution of the blood, PHILLIPS Live Yeast checks the formation of *uric acid*, and is undoubtedly a most reliable and effective remedy for *Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago*, and all allied affections.

ITS ACTION ON THE BLOOD

As a blood purifier PHILLIPS Live Yeast is without an equal. The scientific explanation of its wonderful efficacy in this respect is that the Yeast nuclein activates the white corpuscles—the natural protective agencies of the body—*to destroy disease germs and to eliminate all impurities from the blood.* By stimulating this natural action, PHILLIPS Live Yeast speedily disperses *Boils and Abscesses and subdues inflammation with gnawing pain in the deeper tissues;* it clears up Acne and Skin blemishes, leaving the skin surface fresh and healthy, thus ensuring a *good complexion.*

WHATEVER AILMENT YOU SUFFER FROM . . . TAKE PHILLIPS LIVE YEAST . .

It alleviates most complaints; it always strengthens the system and braces up the nerves. It increases the energy and vitality of the body and its resistance to disease.

PHILLIPS YEAST IS QUITE HARMLESS. To ensure the fullest benefit it should be taken *actually with food* during the first half of the meal. The dose is quite small (just enough to cover a sixpence) and a good plan is to *sprinkle it on the food* . . . it is a WONDERFUL DIGESTIVE.

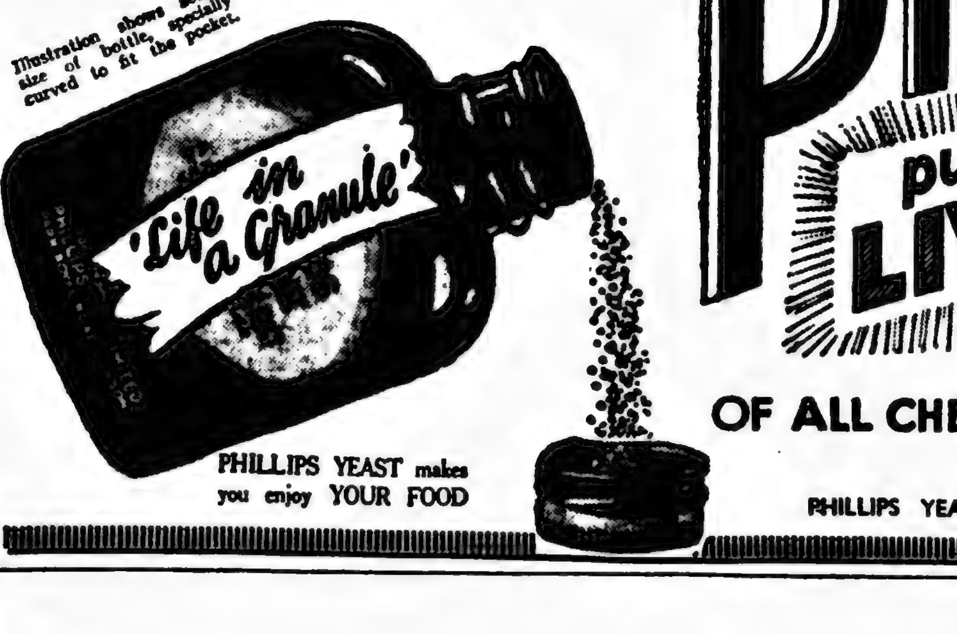


Illustration shows actual size of bottle, specially curved to fit the pocket.

PHILLIPS YEAST makes you enjoy YOUR FOOD

Phillips pure LIVE yeast

costs only a penny a day...

15 days supply for 1/3

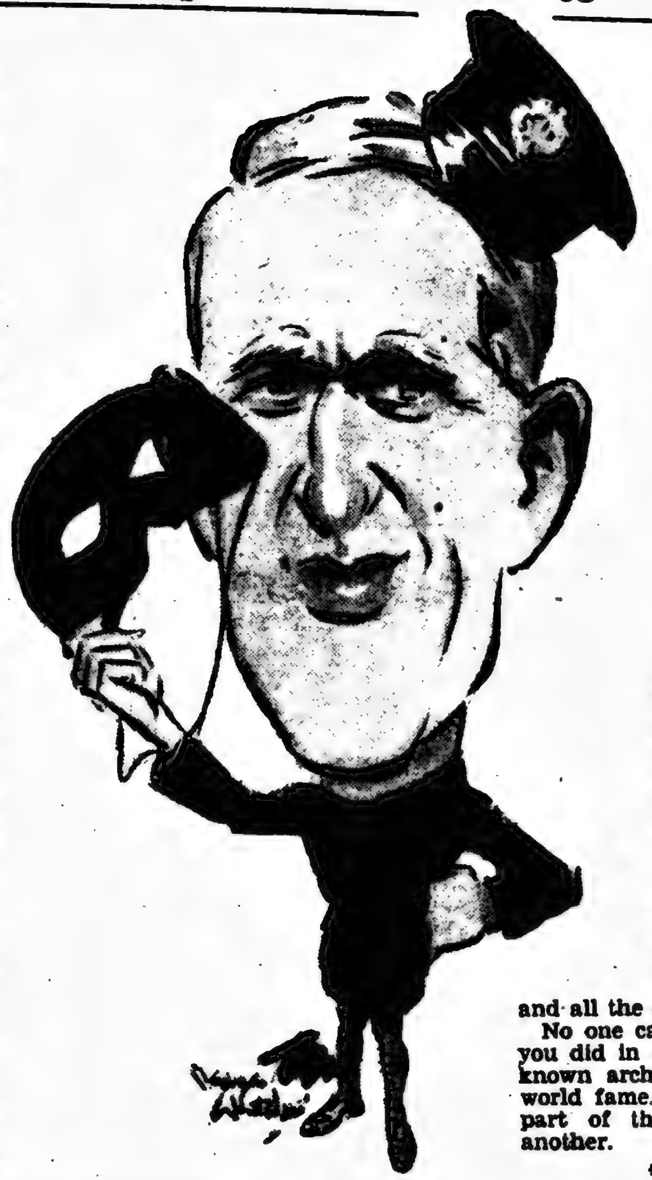
Also 'FAMILY SIZE' containing treble quantity 3/-

OF ALL CHEMISTS . . . *Ask for 'PHILLIPS' Yeast*

Write for interesting BOOKLET telling how PHILLIPS YEAST will benefit you!

PHILLIPS YEAST PRODUCTS LTD., (Dept. 24), Park Royal Road, London, N.W. 10

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to "LAWRENCE of ARABIA"



Your MYSTERY is a MOCK

MY DEAR LAWRENCE,—So they say that you are leaving the Royal Air Force.

It would be nice to know that Disarmament had come true, if only to that extent. For, like many other people, I am utterly sick of reading in the newspapers about your latest "secrecy.

Never was the mysterious so public as in your case. Although it is not your fault, I am sure, your modesty has become a form of blatancy.

You were "Colonel Lawrence." You were "The Uncrowned King of Arabia." And now you are "Aircraftman Shaw." How silly!

After being the hero of scores of thrilling exploits in the desert, after brilliant work in the war, after being praised, or blamed, for a score of plots and schemes for this, or against that, you changed your name and hid yourself in a humble uniform in the Royal Air Force, because you wanted peace and quiet, they said, for the great task of translating the Odyssey!

Then it was not for that reason. It was because your doctor had warned you that you had only eighteen months to live. Well, it is a new one on me that dying men are allowed to enlist in the Fighting Services. Of course, I do not believe a word of it, and I do not believe anybody believes a word of it. But they kept on printing it.

* * *

Well, anyway, "Aircraftman Shaw" was cheaper, I am certain, than "Colonel Lawrence." We all know you are a hero, a chivalrous gentleman, a scholar, a Paladin. We know that millions of Arabs trusted you when they would trust no one else.

But I have just returned from that part of the world where you made such a great reputation. And, frankly, my own idea is that adventures such as yours merely cost the country a great deal of money and, in the end, lead to nothing

You see the trouble about you was that you were so utterly unselfish, so far beyond suspicion. When other Englishmen have gone abroad, they have sometimes grabbed large tracts of territory, or been the nominees of some plundering commercial enterprise.

When you advised some new diplomatic move, Governments listened to you because you were so utterly unselfish about it all. And, quite frankly, between you and me, diplomacy, to-day, has been proved to be just the bunk.

I was in Syria a few weeks ago. Now it was with your aid that the Emir Feisul became King of Syria. This was hailed as "the culminating step in the working out of the British policy in the Near East." Where is it?

When I was in Damascus, there wasn't any Emir Feisul there. He had aloped off somewhere else to found another kingdom, or to start some new trouble by his own aggrandisement. Somebody had told him to get out of Syria, or else he had merely run away on his own.

And there were the unfortunate Syrians being tyrannised over by the French.

Your great plan does not seem to have come to much. Yet it must have cost the British Government something, which means that it cost me something, yes, and all the other readers of JOHN BULL.

No one can minimise the great work you did in the war. You were an unknown archæologist. You sprang into world fame. What Allenby did in one part of the Near East, you did in another.

* * *

But even that did not justify the craze for the few volumes that were published of your writings. Why, at one time, a copy of "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," written by you, was said to be worth £400! People spoke of it with awe. I met a man who actually said to me, one day, "I have held 'Seven Pillars of Wisdom' in my hands!"

This sort of hero-worship is a public menace. It is encouraged by all sorts of silly newspapers which, for the sake of a cheap sensation, boost somebody, invent mysteries about him, screech and are "able to reveal."

"My name is Mr. Smith," you said to a reporter who, in London, saw you dressed in R.A.F. uniform. Even as "Aircraftman Shaw" you could hide your face behind your hands, dash into a block of flats and slam the door. And, as "Aircraftman Shaw," you cannot go careering all over the Near East, trying to get this for that Arab or that for another Arab, and nothing for yourself.

Frankly, we have lost faith in all this sort of stuff. It has all failed, you see. The great diplomats are all exposed. The world's great "mysteries" are all "revealed."

We realise that we have been kidded for years. All the wise people like you have failed; whether, in the desert, they have dressed like Arabs, or whether, on their way to the Foreign Office, they wore tall hats in Bond Street, we do not believe it any more. The whole world is seeking freedom. And yet the whole world is clubbed by tyrants. The tumult and the shouting has died . . . or was it only just starting? It isn't your fault. You are just the goat, like everybody else.

Hannen Swaffer

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Rt. Hon. WALTER ELLIOT,
Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—I am glad you have stopped musk rat farming in Britain. The rat menace is serious enough without the havoc caused by the importation of this foreign rodent for fur-breeding.

But that havoc would never have been caused had the Government taken my advice when, so long ago as June, 1931, I stressed the danger of allowing musk rats to be kept in Britain.

JOHN BULL.

Alderman W. B. PINCHING,
Southgate, Middlesex

DEAR SIR,—The new elementary schools at Southgate, you say, are "probably the finest in the country."

As they include a domestic training centre with gas-cookers and electric points, as well as a wonderfully equipped laboratory for junior science work, it is plain that your committee has sound ideas about education.

You should turn out some very useful citizens.

JOHN BULL.

THE CHAIRMAN,
Hull Libraries Committee

DEAR SIR,—The ban on the Bishop of Birmingham's latest book has rightly been reversed.

You explain that it was not bought for the public libraries for reasons of economy. Perhaps so, but I should be interested to hear how many less important books you have bought since that "economy" stunt was started.

JOHN BULL.

JOHN HARRIS,
Ashton Gate, Bristol

CAD,—Though the people with whom you lodged had been extremely kind to you, you robbed them.

Robbed them of small sums, certainly —amounting only to 6s. 9d.—but you stole it from their child's money-box.

"A mean thing," said the chairman of the Bench, and he was right. But I think he was decidedly wrong in merely binding you over.

JOHN BULL.

Alderman G. F. WILSON,
Ossett, Yorkshire

DEAR ALDERMAN,—You think the unemployed of your town should be commended for their public spirit. So do I.

Many of them who were recently employed on snow shifting owed corporation and water rates.

Naturally, the work did not last long, but without any pressure being put on them the men agreed to pay a little of what they owed from their meagre earnings.

This, you say, shows their interest in the borough.

Yes—and their self-respect.

JOHN BULL.

Lieut. A. C. C. MIERS, R.N.,
Portsmouth

DEAR MIERS,—I am pleased to see that you have been appointed to H.M.S. *Champion*. For recently you were dismissed your ship for attempting to strike a stoker.

A serious offence, certainly, but it seems that the incident arose from an argument about football, and would never have been known had you not reported it yourself.

You are a well-known Rugby player, and—apart from that one lapse—you have certainly played the game.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. ELIZABETH SLOAN CHESSER,
London, W.

DEAR DOCTOR,—Modern education, you say, makes girls antagonistic to men because "they still have to take a back seat and be content with the second best." So they protest by trying to beat men at their own game.

At the same time you demand an education that will make girls "willing to accept a feminine rôle and live their lives as the partners, and not the rivals, of men."

You can't have it both ways.

JOHN BULL.

Sir WILLIAM JOWITT, K.C.,
Upper Brook Street, London, W.

HEROIC SIR,—I really must congratulate you on your great feat of endurance.

For eighteen days you addressed the Court of Appeal. More than 500,000 words flowed from your eloquent lips—one of the longest speeches on record.

How some of your late Parliamentary colleagues must envy you!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JUSTICE McCARDIE,
London, S.W.

MY LORD,—Your outspoken comments on the way in which farmers are being hit by auction "rings" show that your general knowledge extends far beyond questions of divorce and birth control.

Despite recent legislation, mock auctions and "tied" bidding are more common now than at any time during the last fifty years.

I am sure you support my demand for more stringent regulations.

JOHN BULL.

Sir OSWALD MOSLEY: Your allegation that Fascist meeting at Manchester was broken up by the police, who supported the Communists, just amuses me. For the Communists allege that their meetings are broken up by the police, who support the Fascists! —JOHN BULL.

Mrs. E. DAY,
Hampstead Road, London

DEAR MADAM,—You have my sympathy. You are only twenty, your husband is out of work, and you had no money to buy food for your very young and sick baby, so you stole three bottles of milk.

Very wrong of you, I know, but I am glad the magistrate only bound you over.

JOHN BULL.

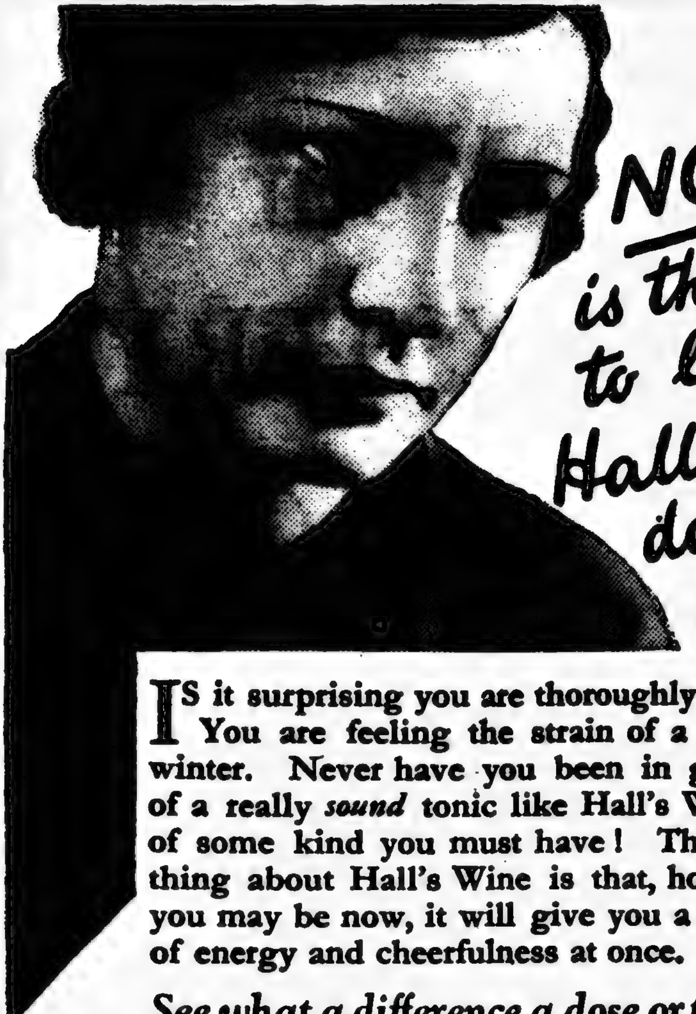
SAMUEL DICKINSON,
Chesterton, Staffs

BRUTE,—You were not ashamed when you were accused of throwing a dog down a disused pit-shaft, but admitted that a few more had gone the same way.

"Disgusting and inhuman," said the magistrates, telling you that you were unfit to be in charge of animals.

Then why on earth did they let you off with a fine?

JOHN BULL.



NOW is the time to let Hall's Wine do you good!

Is it surprising you are thoroughly run-down? You are feeling the strain of a very trying winter. Never have you been in greater need of a really *sound* tonic like Hall's Wine. Help of some kind you must have! The wonderful thing about Hall's Wine is that, however weak you may be now, it will give you a new feeling of energy and cheerfulness at once.

See what a difference a dose or two makes

But that is only the beginning. With every dose you feel real benefit. You never go back to that old, depressed state, but daily the splendid tonic properties of Hall's Wine work in your blood, building up strength and giving you renewed vitality. Very soon you feel so fit that it seems hardly possible you were badly run-down so recently.

Ask your doctor—he will tell you that you are doing the wisest thing in taking Hall's Wine now. But this is a critical period. Every day matters if you want to be well and strong to enjoy the brighter days. Remember—get a bottle to-day. The benefits of Hall's Wine are immediate and lasting. It provides the most easily and rapidly assimilated source of energy.

HALL'S WINE
QUICKLY BUILDS YOU UP

Large Bottle 5/6 *Of Wine Merchants and Grocers and Chemists with Wine Licences* Smaller Size 3/3

Hall's Wine is Recommended and Approved by the British Analytical Control.

STEPHEN SMITH & COMPANY LTD., BOW, LONDON, E.3.

Children love the joy-making GIBBS Ivory Castle Game

Happy hours they will never forget. Gibbs Ivory Castle Game teaches them the value of sound teeth kept safely clean. And how the children revel in the delights of Gibbs Dentifrice. They enjoy every moment of their tooth-cleansing routine. Twice daily, the joy of fragrant antiseptic foam sweeping away everything that could cause decay—gentle polishing making unscratched enamel pearly white. Take them to see the Dentist twice a year. He will approve their use of Gibbs Dentifrice.

In neat aluminium cases: Popular size 7½d; Large 1/-; De Luxe 1/6; Refills 11d. For those who prefer a paste there is Gibbs Dental Cream in tubes 6d and 1/-.

FREE! From your Retailer with your purchase of any Gibbs product of a minimum value of 6d.

Your teeth are Ivory Castles—defend them with

Gibbs Dentifrice
BRITISH MADE GD47S

EMERGENCY COUPON

If your Retailer is out of stock of Gibbs Ivory Castle Games, simply buy any one of Gibbs products (minimum value of 6d.) cut off the Hygiene Certificate which you will find on the leaflet with the goods, attach it to this coupon, and send to Messrs. D. & W. Gibbs, Ltd. (Dept. 47 V), London, E.1, and you will be sent an Ivory Castle Game by return post free of charge.

Name ....

Address ....

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GRAVES QUALITY

B.1 C.1

Keen Prices & Easy Terms enable you to dress smartly & well on trifling outlay.
WRITE FOR PATTERNS
Send to-day for Graves Fashion Display, Post Free. Costumes, Frocks, Furs, Underwear, Coats, &c., all in the newest styles. State type of garment required and full range of Patterns with self measurement form & all particulars will be sent per return.

B.1 Tailored Costume in All Wool Fancy Worsted. Rust, Brown, Lido, Navy, Grey, and Black. Busts: 32, 34, 36, 38in. Skirt Lengths: 25 to 36in. 6/- MONTHLY. 39/11

C.1 Leatherette Coat D.B. Style, with apron front. Jacquard fleecy lining. Shades: Black, Brown, Green, Navy. Busts, 32 to 38in. Lengths: 42 to 48in. 3/- MONTHLY. 21/-

6/- NOW 3/- NOW

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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All goods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull", and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "John Bull."

£1,450 Won in Crossword No. 203.

In the above Competition correct solutions were received from the following eighteen competitors, who share the £1,250 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £69 8s. 11d. will be sent.

Mrs. A. Ackerley, 30, Mornington Crescent, Fallowfield, Manchester; F. Ball, St. Andrews, Kiln Rd., Fareham, Hants; J. Baxendale, 36, Rhyl St., Bolton; C. H. Burge, 4, Mersey View, Wallasey; Mrs. G. M. Cardell, Lancaster House, Kersal, Manchester; Mrs. I. G. Foyle, 30, Canadian Av., Salisbury; W. Gunn, 26, Berridge Av., Hyson Green, Nottingham; Mrs. A. E. McDonald, 236, Stockport Road, Denton, M/c.; Mrs. Madden, 28, Plummer Street, Pennywell Rd., Bristol; J. L. Palmer, 3, Monkton Terr., Jarrow; Mrs. H. Radcliffe, 40, Hicklehurst Rd., Manley, Lancs.; R. W. Roberts, 32, James St., Barrow-in-Furness; E. Smith, 2, Upper End, Peak Dale, via Stockport; W. A. Sullivan, Holmwood, Sutton's Gardens, Hornchurch, Essex; Mrs. N. E. Tasker, 66, Bag Lane, Atherton, Lancs; A. Whalley, 12, Torrington St., Edgeley, Stockport; T. Williams, Workmen's Club, Briton Ferry, Neath; J. Young, 49, Gordon Square, Wallsend-on-Tyne.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, April 4th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 144 competitors, from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive 13s. 11d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 201. 151 competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered in this contest and payments of 13s. 3d. each will be despatched accordingly.

CORRECTION, COMPETITION No. 201.—In the list of Runners-up with two errors for this contest, the name of Mr. George Dillingham, The Willows, Biddenham, Bedford, was included in error. His entry contained one error only and accordingly he shares the First Prize of £1,250 with the 31 competitors already announced, each share being £39 1s. 3d.

Another Splendid X-Word with a First Prize of a Life Pension of £100 a Year and £500 cash and prizes for runners-up appears on Page 46. Try your skill now!

FREE MAPS

Ask any Dealer for the Rudge Whitworth Catalogue with maps.

Britains Best Bicycle £4 19 6 Easy Payments

RUDGE-WHITWORTH COVENTRY

Weekly Informations from Maj-Gen. Sir Wyndham CHILDS

4,000 LONELY WOMEN Duped

Murray House, Westminster, London, the principal building erected by this ill-fated association. Inset: Mr. Justice Bennett "sanctioned the reorganisation scheme with hesitation . . ."

FOR a long time past I have felt very strongly about a matter that not only affects some thousands of people tragically, but is also of grave national importance.

Yet because an official investigation has been in progress I have been obliged to refrain ere this from making any public comment.

Readers will doubtless recall my disclosures of a year ago regarding the tangled affairs of the United Women's Homes Association, Ltd., in which the predominant figure was one Alban Gordon, B.Sc., and barrister-at-law.

The United Women's Homes Association came into being in 1925. Its laudable object was to provide self-supporting women, or lonely women of moderate means, with little homes of their own in both London and the provinces.

Colourful and appealing printed matter was circulated, telling of charming and commodious flats at the lowest possible rentals, with every convenience and excellent social conditions.

Regular dividends, too, would be assured for everyone who invested £25 upwards.

From time to time several eminent people acted as directors—amongst them Lady Hall, Lady Emmott, Surgeon Rear-Admiral R. A. Ross, M.D., and Mrs. St. Loe Strachey.

For these reasons and as a result of its misleading pamphlets and literature, the scheme won widespread support.

It was well boosted, too, in a publication entitled *Feminine Life*, edited by Gordon, and at that time the official organ of an insurance society of which he was secretary.

Each £25 investor was entitled to qualify for a cheap flat, and so impressive was the propaganda that I am now able to say the association raised £29,000 from 1,273 members within the first few months.

Overdue

People were next brazenly informed that by taking their money from the savings bank, where they drew only 6d. in the £ interest, they could double this return by reinvesting in the United Women's Homes Association which, with its £300,000 assets, offered a safe bricks-and-mortar investment.

Thousands of pounds were thus drawn in as time went on, but instead of the promised developments, members were met with repeated disappointments.

Dividends became overdue; numerous flats promised were not available, and many members who had invested for the purpose of securing a home were rebuffed with flimsy excuses.

Even some fortunate enough to get flats were not all satisfied. There were bitter complaints to the effect that the actual buildings bore little comparison with the sketches that had graced the association's literature or, indeed, with the beautiful model which had been displayed at a famous Olympia exhibition.

It was only when some of the members realised that things were not as they should be that I was asked, last year, to intervene. Not having any official powers to inspect the association's books or files, I was naturally unable to delve very deeply into its affairs, but I discovered enough to call for an enquiry.

I am glad I did so.

The Registrar of Friendly Societies set up a full enquiry into the United Women's Homes Association, which to-day has over 4,000 disillusioned members.

The Registrar's report is before me and it denounces Gordon's policy as one "to get money by hook or by crook and leave the future to work itself out."

It is now clear that, through the medium of unjustified propaganda, the association has obtained £116,000 from women mostly anxious for flats, and some £102,500 by various other means.

And the Registrar states that one of his greatest difficulties has been to understand the meaning of some of the association's financial transactions.

The "red flag"

So involved were its affairs and those of interlocked concerns mainly under Gordon's administration that "at one time he must have had virtually in his pocket a dozen or more cheque books of different concerns, drawing cheques one on another for inter-borrowing and inter-investment."

Although so much money has been raised the formation of the association is officially held to have been badly conceived. There was nothing more tangible than just a "vague notion" that it could ever be a success.

With the exception of an architect none of the directors had any experience of property construction or management.

Where the capital was to come from, apart from share contributions, was not, apparently, even known!

"It was thought," is the Registrar's apt comment, "that philanthropy might find it"!

The investigation has revealed that only nine months after the association was launched the "red flag" was flying. Why didn't Mr. Gordon and his colleagues heed its signal of danger?

They just blundered on.

Having found a scheme to outrival the Post Office Savings Bank, it was now decided to compete with National Savings Certificate issues.

They sold "Thrift Notes," which were an imitation of the National Savings Certificates, and were to be payable on demand. But to-day they are unredeemable, though interest on them, as on the "loans," is long overdue.

Like most of the disastrous transactions entered into by this association, the Thrift-Note scheme was suggested by Mr. Gordon, it is now admitted, to "tap hitherto untouched sources"!

What have the members got out of it all? Having spent nearly half a million pounds, the association has provided accommodation for only about 1,200 members—less than the number on its books in 1925! At least 2,000 members are to-day still waiting for flats for which the first brick has yet to be laid.

Nevertheless, despite the shaky condition of the association's finances, dividends were paid during the first year or so.

How, in the circumstances here revealed, were they paid?

Mr. Gordon provided them, I find, by using some of the association's money, not for its stipulated purpose of building flats, but for speculative investment in the shares of other companies.

Nor were some of these remarkable transactions for investment purposes only.

It has come to light that money was sunk in one company to gain its control; in another instance shares were passed to and fro in order that Gordon and a colleague could keep control of what was then to them a very useful advertising medium—*Feminine Life*.

In yet a further instance the association's money was actually used in a separate company, of which Gordon was a director, because it could be so advanced without security!

And the poor women investors were left completely in the dark about all this.

Can it be wondered at that £97,000 was invested in what I shall call the "Gordon group" of companies, the script of which is to-day practically worthless?

Heavy mortgages

The more deeply one probes the more evidence of Gordon's daring is revealed. His self-confidence is such that he even rejected the skilled judgment of experts concerning some of the unwarranted investment transactions to which I have referred. Some of the shares he bought have been denounced as sheer rubbish.

The day came when the main assets of the association—its chief buildings—were mortgaged to Barclays Bank in order to raise money that was desperately needed.

Even the association's solicitors had expressed the view that such a step would mean that the investors would be left entirely without security—and this prophecy has now been dismally fulfilled.

Grave comment is made by the Registrar concerning the auditors of the association and the fact that they signed balance-sheets which concealed the true facts.

This is a very serious matter, for had the truth not been concealed from investors they could have taken some action to prevent the further losses since sustained.

In one case a heavy outstanding bank overdraft was actually converted for the time being into "loans" and gave the balance-sheet a better impression.

Among other transactions there is the question of £46,000 invested in the shares of another Gordon concern.

Disaster

These were listed in the balance-sheets as a valuable asset at their par value, when they were unmarketable.

Nor is that the worst. When one balance-sheet was signed the company in which the money was invested was about to be wound up, a fact of which Gordon could hardly be ignorant since he was one of its directors!

I agree with the Registrar when he says that the representations which were made to attract capital, the desperate efforts to pay dividends, and the manner in which the accounts were presented have been certainly not honourable.

And as a result a very large number of women, most of them in poor circumstances, have parted with all their money and received nothing in return.

That Gordon was at all times the leading figure in this scheme cannot be denied. He was its originator and his intentions were good. But he let his optimism run riot and the disaster he beholds to-day should indeed be a lasting lesson to him.

What is the position to-day?

A few weeks ago Mr. Justice Bennett, at the High Court, was asked to set aside a petition for a winding-up order and to sanction a scheme of arrangement to keep the association from becoming a complete wreck.

He denounced the aims of the association as being "wholly illustory," and pointed out that, even if he sanctioned the proposal under which the old directors would be swept completely out of the association's future affairs, there was but a faint hope that the shareholders would see any return for their money.

People who manage associations of this kind, his lordship added, and obtain savings upon such statements as given above, are under a very grave responsibility.

Judge's wisdom

Meanwhile, I ought to say here that if the reorganisation scheme does eventually achieve anything, it will be thanks to the splendid and tireless efforts of Mr. K. A. Layton-Bennett, F.C.A., the famous accountant, who was appointed receiver for the debenture holders.

It was on his advice that the debenture holders and other preferential creditors refrained from seizing the association's properties—a course which would have ended once and for all the shareholders' chances of gaining any redress.

As, under this new scheme, a business man of Mr. Layton-Bennett's capabilities will be in charge, it is, in my opinion, the duty of all concerned to give him the fullest opportunity of endeavouring to achieve the difficult task of salving something from this sorry wreck

Nevertheless, when Mr. Justice Bennett sanctioned the reorganisation scheme he did so with hesitation, being in some doubt as to whether it was not in the interests of the public that a winding-up order should be made and its affairs thoroughly investigated by the court.

As it was he passed some very pertinent criticisms and made it clear that if claims could be made against any of the persons responsible for past management the sanctioning of the reorganisation scheme would not free them from responsibility.

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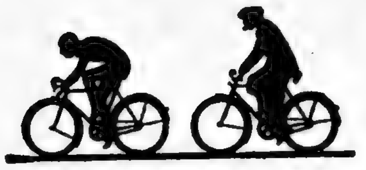

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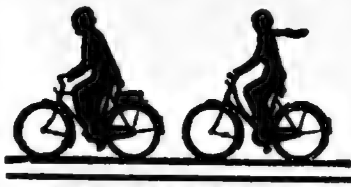

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400 GOLDEN Sovereigns and Half-Sovereigns are being given away in connection with "Green Label" Chutney. If any difficulty in obtaining partics. from your usual grocer, write at once to "Sovereigns" Dept., Sharwoods, Offley Road, London, S.W.9, and mention *John Bull* when writing. See advt. on p. 20.

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A DARK Don Juan

A SOUTH AFRICAN rogue who rejoices in the name of Christopher Stanicliffe Bernard Humphrey Reeves is at present favouring this country with a visit, and numerous people are suffering in consequence.

He is a quick-fire crook of astonishing accomplishments. He thinks, walks, talks and acts with such speed that his dupes are literally carried away, and when we say that they include astute business men, bank managers and solicitors, his prowess will be understood.

Dark and handsome, with frank, open features and large, spell-binding eyes, he exercises a peculiar fascination over women, upon whom he imposes with ruthless regularity.

A gifted linguist, he can converse in German, Dutch and French as readily and as fluently as he can in English, and he invariably creates a good impression at the fashionable hotels and restaurants which he makes a practice of frequenting.

Though he keeps on the move, he knows the value of a good address, and recently he maintained an expensive flat in Richmond, Surrey, where he was assumed to be a wealthy South African with vast estates in Natal.

Gay deceiver

In his ever-widening circle of acquaintances he did everything he could to foster this idea and let it be known that he was very proud of his name, Christopher Stanicliffe Bernard Humphrey Reeves, which was well known in the Pietermaritzburg district of South Africa.

His first name, Christopher, he would confide laughingly, had been bestowed upon him by his fond parents because he had chanced to be born on Christmas Day in 1897.

If anything, he looks older than his age, and he carries himself with such dignity that no one ever suspects him of being a gay deceiver, bent only upon getting as many of the good things in life as he can at other people's expense.

Among his various victims is a woman to whom he was introduced by a friend some time ago. She was greatly impressed by him and he gained her confidence skilfully and gave her no cause to suppose that he had previously made discreet enquiries about herself and had ascertained that she had money of her own.

When the friendship had been allowed to ripen he began to make love to her, spent money freely in her presence and spoke casually of his many company interests.

He was most generous in bestowing presents upon her and could well afford to be, since he was all this time obtaining everything by fraud.

Cheque trick

By the time that he proposed marriage, indeed, complaints were rife about his unpaid accounts, and innumerable cheques had been dishonoured.

Meanwhile, with masterly artifice, he had induced her to transfer her money from deposit to a current account. In fact, they drove to the bank in his car to make this arrangement and, obtaining possession of his fiancée's cheque book, he privately dissipated her money and then left her to her own resources. Even after this, he caused the unhappy woman still greater pain by continuing to issue cheques from her book to further his various frauds.

Other women have been treated just as callously by this super-criminal, but let us for the present leave this side of his activities and consider some of his stupendous business schemes by which he has robbed the public.

Huge bluff

A few months ago, when staying at a London hotel, he floated a concern called C. S. Reeves and Co., Ltd., which was ostensibly interested in marketing a new type of surgical footwear, the patents for which he claimed to have acquired.

Though virtually without any cash resources, he contrived, with his usual bluff, to open up several branches, stocked them with goods and spoke confidently to everyone he met about the immense volume of business he soon hoped to command.

He certainly did a very profitable trade in inducing people to sink sums of £200 or so in his new venture, and managers whom he appointed to control his many branches were likewise fleeced of substantial deposits.

He also acquired a smart new car in keeping with his exalted station as managing director of such a flourishing enterprise, entertained royally, and took large parties of friends to race meetings in great style.

But all this was built on nothing more substantial than bluff: there were no patents, no special footwear or surgical appliances and nothing in the nature of good will.

Such a colossal sham could not last, and within a few weeks his shops were in a bankrupt state.

Gone!

Nevertheless, while it lasted, he was able to keep afloat on this impudent bubble of deceit, piling up debts everywhere, obtaining money and property by fraud and lining his own pockets with the proceeds.

When creditors were pressing from all sides he suddenly closed his flat and disappeared, leaving many of his victims penniless.

Among his dupes was a bank official who had been completely deceived and who received the shock of his life when he learnt the truth.

A formidable list of charges is accumulating against this man to-day, and a graphic instance of his audacity is provided in the story of how he duped one famous firm of motor salesmen.

Arriving at the firm's headquarters with a fashionably dressed young woman, whom he introduced as his fiancée, he took virtual control of the showroom and demanded to be shown the best cars in the place!

As he made his tour of inspection he confided that he wished to present the car of his choice to the girl of his choice and, as usual, made a great impression upon the salesman by sheer force of personality.

At last, selecting a model priced at nearly £900, he wrote out a cheque in full settlement.

Superintendent Hambrook (right), of the Yard's Big Five, whose men are on this rogue's trail

Then, when he had given some business particulars of himself and told the salesman that he was managing director of a certain firm, he negotiated a second cheque for £50 and departed with the cash.

Both his cheques were worthless.

On another occasion, though he has a wife in Jersey, where he is well known as a clever adventurer, he actually signed a false declaration at a Durham register office for the purpose of procuring a marriage licence. This he did to win the love of yet another woman victim and to aid his fraudulent operations.

Forger, too

Even while he was conducting his bogus surgical-footwear frauds he was actively cultivating the friendship of a young woman and worming his way into her family circle.

Reeves is also adept at cheque frauds and forgery. During his brief reign as managing director of C. S. Reeves and Co., Ltd., he brought off one truly amazing coup in this respect.

Obtaining a blank cheque on a London bank, he filled it in, forged it in his favour, opened an account with it and actually drew against it before the bank officials realised how impudently they had been deceived.

Our readers will not be surprised to learn that Christopher Stanicliffe Bernard Humphrey Reeves is not this scoundrel's real name. He is of Dutch origin and was christened as Henry William Van Gelder, but the underworld knows him chiefly as plain "Bernard Grey."

His rôles are endless and include those of bogus military officer, company promoter, millionaire and bookmaker.

Arrest him!

His victims include bookmakers, fashion houses, jewellers, hotel proprietors, car dealers, shareholders, flat-owners, investor-employees and countless disappointed fiancées!

He ought to have been arrested long ago, and perhaps this publicity will succeed where other methods of locating him have so far failed.

GIFT SCHEME CROOK

A CROOK who misuses the names of many of the leading tobacco manufacturers is at present conducting an impudent campaign of fraud.

One of the latest complaints about him comes from Manchester, where he called upon a shopkeeper with literature which purported to show that he was the accredited "area representative" for a Blackpool advertising agency.

This agency, he declared, was organising a big scheme to popularise a new brand of cigarettes being manufactured by the Imperial Tobacco Company.

Details of the scheme were unfolded for the benefit of the shopkeeper, who was invited to co-operate by displaying literature and prizes in his window.

* * *

The first customer in that area to collect a certain number of coupons would qualify for a handsome wireless set, which would be sent to the shopkeeper for display in his window while the campaign was in progress.

The caller gave his own name as Mr. Percy H. Toms, and his credentials seemed to be perfectly satisfactory.

In accordance with the terms and conditions, he paid a cash deposit of £3 against the valuable goods that would be loaned to him for display, a printed receipt being given on behalf of the advertising agency concerned.

He has heard nothing further from Mr. Toms, and now learns that he is but one of a number of shopkeepers who have thus parted with deposits to this travelling rogue.

* * *

The names of several famous tobacco firms have been impudently misused; but Toms has not confined his attention to shopkeepers.

On occasion he has visited kinemas and other places of entertainment, and, posing as the representative of famous confectionery firms, has obtained deposits against special showcases for displaying a new brand of chocolates.

Among the many aliases in which he has lately passed are F. Watson, R. Thornton and G. Wilkinson, and he has sometimes had the effrontery to suggest that the local police have granted special facilities for the scheme to be advertised on public notice boards!

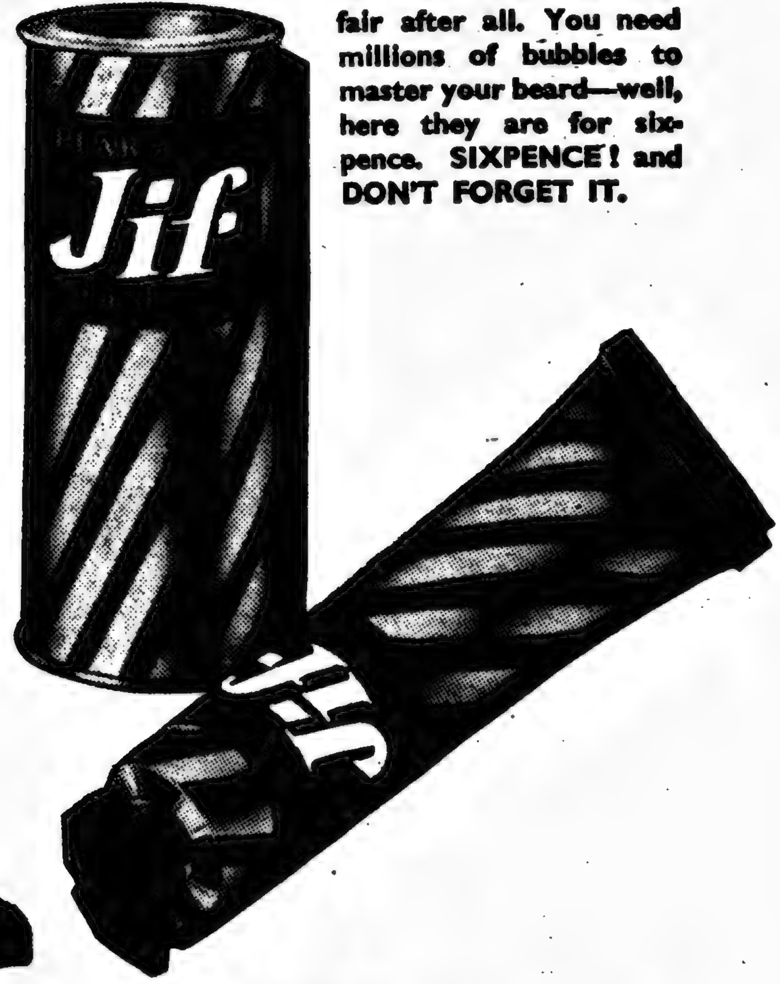
News of his whereabouts would be welcomed by his countless dupes.

6d

(U.K. only)

miles of lather for sixpence...

● If you have a chin that goes down into space like the peninsula of Cornwall, the cost of covering it every morning with lather is a serious one. Think of the income tax and the rates: you've simply got to save. JIF—stick or cream—is made specially to give you a chance against the man with no chin. Life must be fair after all. You need millions of bubbles to master your beard—well, here they are for sixpence. SIXPENCE! and DON'T FORGET IT.



PEARS

Jif for Shaving

STICK OR CREAM

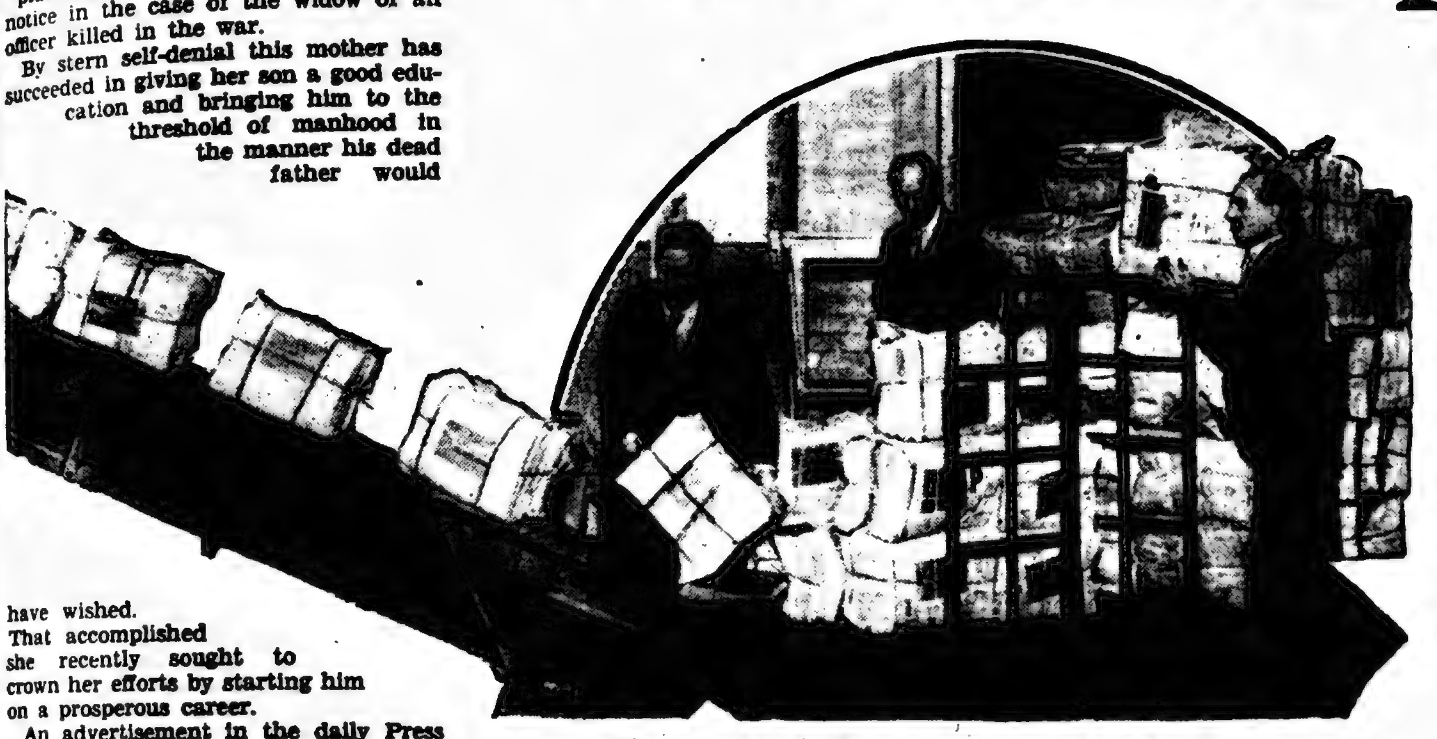
sixpence

Made by Pears, the makers of Pears Soap

THE SHAVE THAT SAVES THE SHEKELS!

PJ/3/33

A Trap for Parents Exposed



The investors in the Ocean companies were led to believe that their money would enable their sons to enter a flourishing publishing concern like this. But they were very soon disillusioned.

THE underworld has its own term for those who fleece parents under the pretext of training or finding jobs for their sons. They are called "pluckers."

Invariably they batten on parents in the distressed middle-classes who, anxious to give their sons a good start in life, are often prepared to risk practically all their savings.

A particularly heartless instance of "plucking" has just come to our notice in the case of the widow of an officer killed in the war.

By stern self-denial this mother has succeeded in giving her son a good education and bringing him to the threshold of manhood in the manner his dead father would have wished.

That accomplished she recently sought to crown her efforts by starting him on a prosperous career.

An advertisement in the daily Press attracted her attention, and her enquiries brought a reply from Ocean Advertisers, Ltd., 35, Great James Street, Bedford Row, London, W.C.

This firm, she learnt, was "prepared to engage a young man, keen, ambitious, of some literary knowledge" and one who would "interest himself in publishing as assistant."

The duties would be varied, and would consist of assisting the directors generally, "dealing with manuscripts under a certain amount of supervision, writing synopses of published works, correcting and arranging printers' proofs, and general secretarial duties."

The concern, it was pointed out, owned and controlled another venture called the Ocean Publishing Company, and it had recently increased its capital, commensurate with an increase of business.

All its employees were investors, the mother was told, so that she should be prepared to invest £150 in the £1 shares of the company.

Impressive documents

Her boy would receive a commencing salary of £150 a year, with periodical increases, and would have splendid opportunities for learning the business.

After an interview, it was decided to accept these terms, but before buying the shares the lad's mother asked for further details of the company's affairs.

The fact that it was sound financially was impressed upon her in a letter which stated that no mortgages or debentures had been issued, and that the company was "well-known and respected in the publishing trade."

This communication also gave extracts from a trial balance-sheet which purported to show the value of the stock, and gave a rosy picture of the company's position.

"Actually," it was said, "the figures are now somewhat better, as more books have been produced, and more accounts opened from time to time with booksellers."

We can only say that this boy's mother has been most cruelly deceived.

Our investigations reveal that the true position was vastly different. On the very date that the letter was written saying that "no debentures have been issued," a debenture for £200 was in fact in existence.

All unknowingly the young man's mother accepted the letter in good faith and a few days later the £150 was paid over and the youth started on what he fondly hoped was the beginning of a career as a publisher.

Disillusionment has now come swiftly.

Although he had been urged to commence work immediately because the firm was supposed to be very shorthanded, he soon found that there was little work to do, and that that was mostly such as an office-boy could perform.

In the same boat

After a few days he discovered that four other young men were placed very similarly to himself. Investment had been made in each case, and all had been promised rosy futures.

Almost from the first there were difficulties about paying the salaries, and these five young men were frequently left sitting idle in an icy office because they could not afford a shilling for the gas-meter.

At the end of a few weeks one of their number attempted to get his money returned; but, in the meantime, the debenture-holder, who had also been an investing employee, appointed a receiver to cover *his investment.*

Thus these young men now find themselves with their promised careers shattered and their investments gone!

What, then, is the real standing of Ocean Advertisers, Ltd., which is said to be so "well-known and respected in the publishing trade"?

The directors are given as L. Curtiss and Beatrice Inez Lisette Holden, and the secretary is Wilfred H. Holden.

Crook sponsor

We find that most of the shares are held by a concern known as the Enterprise Trust Co.

It is housed in the same office. L. Curtiss and W. H. Holden are also its directors!

The Enterprise Trust, it is boasted, was originally formed in regard to a £50,000 flotation. This refers to a concern called the Rankin Dairy Farms, Ltd., which aimed at revolutionising dairy and poultry farming.

It only succeeded, however, in going into liquidation after obtaining £13,500 from the investing public.

One of its chief sponsors was a notorious individual named T. Hertford Williams, who is well known to the police as "The Plucker"—a nickname he earned because he has long been adept at the art of seeking prey among wealthy young people.

The bulk of the £13,500 was paid for the purchase of a farm from a small company of which three of the directors of Rankin Dairy Farms, including W. H. Holden, were the shareholders. On the Rankin Dairy Farm's prospectus W. H. Holden is described as an agriculturist, so apparently it is not a far cry from poultry to publishing!

Although the Enterprise Trust Co. describes its business as that of "investment bankers and underwriters," we happen to know that it has not scrupled to accept such humble investments as £10 from those it has appointed as local agents.

To-day it is embarking upon a still further enterprise, for with barefaced audacity it is still advertising for employee-investors.

"Invest £200 to £300, fully secured, returnable, bankers', trade and solicitors' references, and secure a salary of £5 a week."

This is the burden of one of its latest advertisements, while another one offers "Capital available. No result, no fee."

Self-praise

It would be extremely interesting to know what bankers or solicitors would furnish references for the financial dealings of the Enterprise Trust Co., and it is nothing short of a scandal that a concern with such a record should be allowed to continue imposing upon the public in this impudent fashion.

The audacity of these latest advertisements is only equalled by the letters describing Ocean Advertising, Ltd., as "well-known and respected in the publishing trade."

And the tragic experiences of those young men whose parents have been lured into investing their slender resources by glowing promises of good careers in the publishing world should serve as a warning to others.

Homely Wisdom—by

Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

The Helpers

THE present state of Germany is exciting some amount of alarm among her neighbours. She appears to be reverting to the militarist ideals that characterised her previous to 1914, and which were the prime cause of the horror and devastation of the world war. We are watching with anxiety the outcome of her present tendencies.

But not all Germany is of this type; there are many thousands of her citizens who are utter disbelievers in the use of armed force as a means of settling disputes between nation and nation or man and man, and some of the noblest thought of our time is proceeding from the ranks of German youth.

Let me tell you the story of one German still in the prime of life who has won the respect and admiration of tens of thousands of the best men and women of Europe and America.

Some months ago I happened to be staying with a friend in Canterbury who put to me this question: "What person would you say is setting the finest example and doing the most self-sacrificing work in the world to-day?"

I answered that I could name several to whom the description would apply, all the more so perhaps because the world knows nothing of them; they are deliberately labouring in obscure places, with brave, unselfish purpose, putting away from them all desire for recognition or reward.

I know one man, for instance, who was marked out for the highest offices in the State. He is one of the most brilliant men of this or any other age, and yet he has chosen to devote his talents to the poorest of the poor in one of our great slum areas. He will never be heard of outside the small circle that knows and loves him now, but he does not care a fig for that; he is quite content.

My friend rejoined: "Yes, but more magnificent still is the action of that wonderful German scholar, Albert Schweitzer."

I agree. Out of the very heart of militarist Germany in the days preceding the war went forth this quiet young man on a mission to tropical Africa, involving a self-giving as complete as that of Father Damien when he went to the lepers at Molokai.

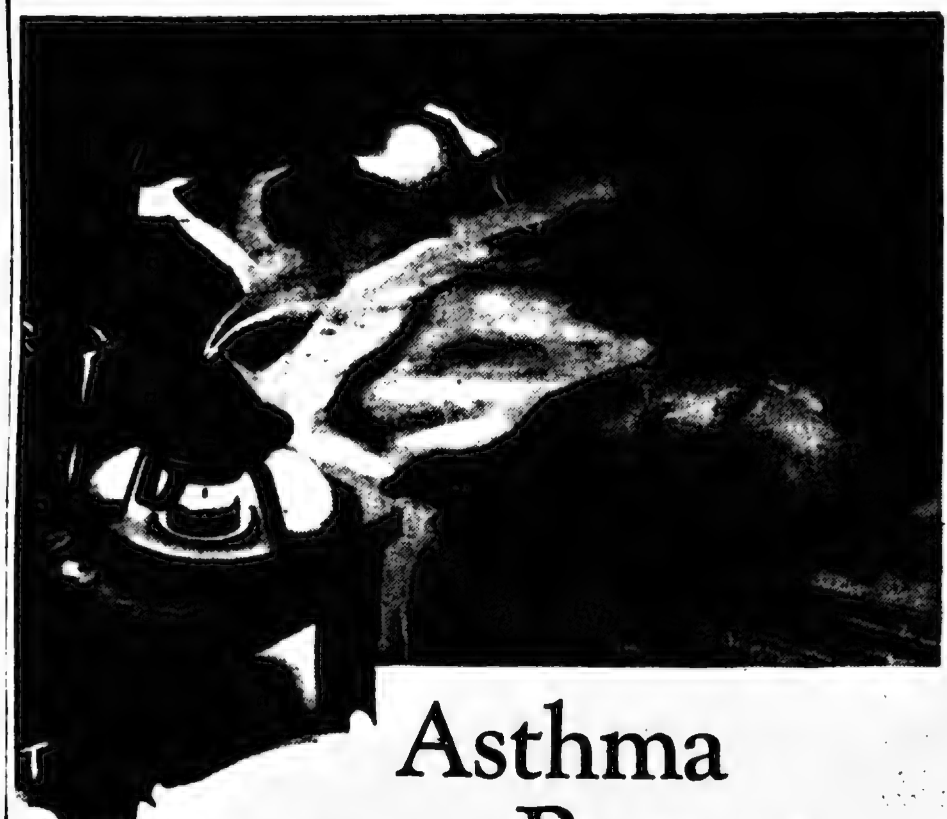
Schweitzer might have been anything he liked in the world of art and learning. At a comparatively early age he had achieved an international reputation in two quite different spheres, scholarship and music.

He stood at the very pinnacle of success and honour; he was a genius, a man of refined and cultivated taste, a lover of books and of all manner of beautiful things.

Yet he deliberately gave up all this, had himself trained as a doctor and went out to a steamy fever jungle in Africa, and has been devoting himself ever since to the task of fighting the loathsome diseases to which the ignorant natives of that district are subject.

It was an amazing step to take. Why did he do it? He has recently given his reason. It was that in a world so full of suffering he could not be at peace with his conscience unless he were doing something at home or abroad to share the burden and lighten the lot of those less privileged than himself.

There is no better principle on which to direct one's life It matters little where you are or what your position is so long as you never try to avoid taking your full part in fighting the evil that darkens the path of your fellow-men.



Asthma Burner Sets Room ABLAZE

THE sufferer was asleep. On the bedside table stood the asthma burner which had completed its soothing work. Moving uneasily, the sleeper flung out his arm and overturned the burner on to the table-cloth. Soon the room was ablaze.

Ever waiting to seize and devour, fire threatens your safety. Fire is your deadliest enemy. It respects nothing. Your most precious possessions may be consumed almost in less time than it takes to read these words.

Is your house protected against fire and other disasters? Have you yet registered for JOHN BULL's great free family insurance gift? If not, do so without delay.

Remember, JOHN BULL is the ONLY paper to cover your home against FIRE, just as it is the only paper to pay STORM, FLOOD AND SICKNESS benefits.

Register now on the forms below!

AGAINST FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT & BURGLARY—"John Bull" covers you free!

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) ....

Address ....

....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature..

Address ....

....

.... Date..........................

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 25/3/33.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

....

Reader's Signature.

Age..........................

Address ....

....

....

Name and Address of Newsagent. ....

....

.... Date..........................

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**

J.B. 25/3/33.

HALIFAX

The World's Largest BUILDING SOCIETY

RECORD INCREASE OF BUSINESS

TOTAL ASSETS EXCEED £88,000,000.

REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS

to be presented to the Shareholders at the Annual General Meeting of the Society, to be held at Halifax, on Monday, the 27th March, 1933.

The Directors have great pleasure in submitting to the Members the Annual Statement of Accounts, shewing the operations of the Society during the 80th financial year ended the 31st January, 1933.

They are glad to be able to report that the business of the Society in all departments for the past year has been eminently satisfactory. Notwithstanding the unfavourable financial and industrial conditions which have prevailed during the period under review, there have been new record increases in the Total Assets, Invested Funds, and the total number of Shareholders' and Depositors' Accounts.

The following statement of the business at the end of the year, compared with the corresponding figures for the year ended 31st January, 1928, is a striking indication of the enormous expansion of the business of the Society during the last five years, viz.:

	Number of Open Accounts.	Invested Funds.	Assets.	Reserve Funds.
Jan. 31st, 1933	530,476	£85,661,300	£88,676,292	£3,014,991
Jan. 31st, 1928	329,224	£45,520,281	£46,981,482	£1,461,200
Increase in 5 years	201,252	£40,141,019	£41,694,810	£1,553,791

ASSETS. The Total Assets at the end of the year amounted to £88,676,292, being a record increase of £10,725,939.

RESERVE FUNDS. The Reserve Funds, after providing for all interest and bonus allotted up to the date of the account, stand at £3,014,991.

INCOME. The income for the year, exclusive of investments realised was £37,885,954, an increase of £4,426,084.

MORTGAGES. The demand for loans upon mortgage of property during the year was exceedingly satisfactory, and the total amount advanced was £16,618,117. The number of new borrowers was 31,044, compared with 30,383 in the previous year, and the average amount advanced on each mortgage was £535. The total amount owing upon mortgage at the end of the year was £64,606,428, an increase of £4,830,765, during the year, and the total number of borrowers was 166,459, or 14,424 more than the previous year. Of this number no less than 77 per cent. are in respect of mortgages where the debt does not exceed £500, and the average amount owing on all the Society's mortgages is only £388 each.

SHARE AND DEPOSIT FUNDS. The amount standing to the credit of Investing Shareholders and Depositors was £85,661,300, being a record increase of £10,524,089 during the year.

PROFITS. The net profit of the year, after payment of all expenses and income tax, and after providing for all interest due to Depositors and Shareholders, up to the date of the account was £410,146.

The Directors recommend that there shall be distributed in addition to the interest of £3 10s. 0d. per cent., a bonus of £1 0s. 0d. per cent. upon the sum standing to the credit of Paid-up Shareholders, Class 1; and in addition to the interest of £3 10s. 0d. per cent. a bonus of £1 0s. 0d. per cent. to the Subscription Investing Shareholders upon the total amount paid by them up to the end of the preceding year.

As indicated in the Report of the Directors last year, it has been necessary to provide the sum of £444,268, as compared with £250,312, to free the Members of the Society from liability for Income Tax upon interest credited, and this large increase has affected the balance of profit available for distribution as bonuses to Investing Shareholders.

ACCOUNTS. The number of new Shareholders' and Depositors' Accounts opened during the year was 110,275, and the total number of open accounts in all departments at the end of the year was 530,476, making an unprecedented increase of 53,872 accounts.

The Society has further strengthened its distinguished position as by far the largest Building Society in the world, and its Assets now amount to more than one-sixth of the total assets of the whole of the Building Societies in the Kingdom.

ENOCH HILL, *President and Managing Director.*

New Balance Sheet and Full Information Free on Application.

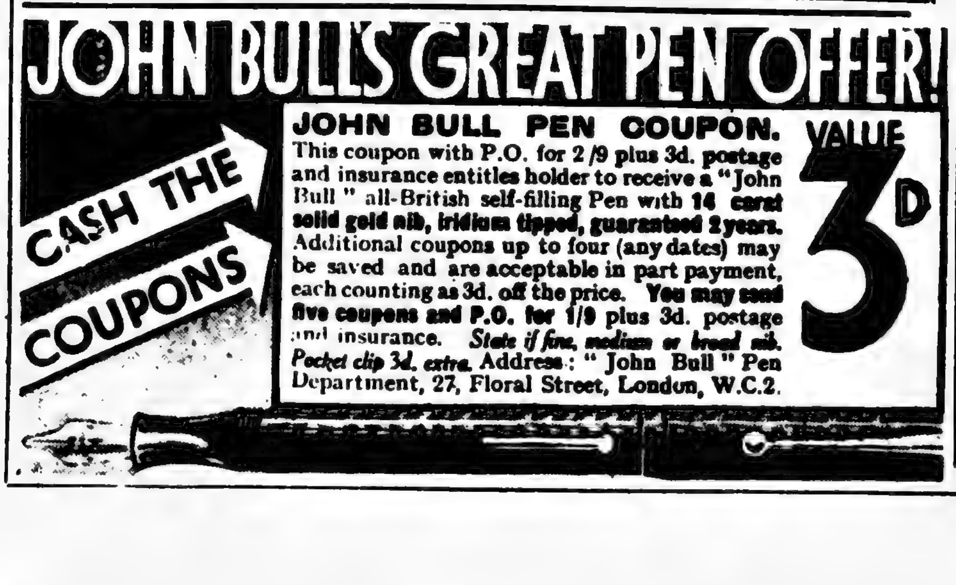
HEAD OFFICE: PERMANENT BUILDINGS, HALIFAX.

CHIEF BRANCH OFFICES:

MANCHESTER: 130, Deansgate.
LIVERPOOL: 37, Dale Street.
BIRMINGHAM: 111, Colmore Row.
GLASGOW: 110, St. Vincent Street.
EDINBURGH: 75, George Street.
BELFAST: 14, Donegall Square West.

London District Office: 124, Charing Cross Road, W.C.2.

Over 370 Branches and Agencies throughout the Country.



JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER!

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. VALUE 3D

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage** and insurance. ***State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.*** Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

LADIES LOOK! are you trying to win some of the 400 GOLDEN SOVEREIGNS and HALF SOVEREIGNS

248 prizes,—**ALL** paid in **GOLD**—just for writing a few words on a Card about "green label" Chutney. The cards are **FREE**. Just a few words may win twenty golden sovereigns (value 28/7 each,—or more). Why not try. Anyhow get the Simple **CONDITIONS** Sheet, complete **LIST OF PRIZES** and **FOUR CARDS, FREE**, from your **USUAL GROCER** or **STORES**.

Shew him this advert. If any difficulty send at once to:—**SOVEREIGNS** Dept., **SHARWOODS**, Offley Rd., **LONDON, S.W.9.**

"green label" Indian Mango Chutney is really a better pickle, sauce and relish ALL-IN-ONE. You will like it with all hot dishes—and no cold meat, fish or cheese is complete without it. **AS** nice as a **SALAD**; needs no preparing. **The tender and luscious Golden Slices of the Apoos (Alphonso) Indian Mango and the fruity juice give zest to appetite and aid digestion. Always ready to serve.** "green label" Chutney enhances the flavour of Fish, Flesh and Fowl. Try it at **BREAKFAST** with the Bacon or Fish. At **LUNCH** with Cold Meat, Chop, Steak or a Grill. At **DINNER** with Hot or Cold Joints, Poultry and Game. Completes a Curry. Delicious with Vegetarian Dishes. The flavour is so enticing and "moreish."

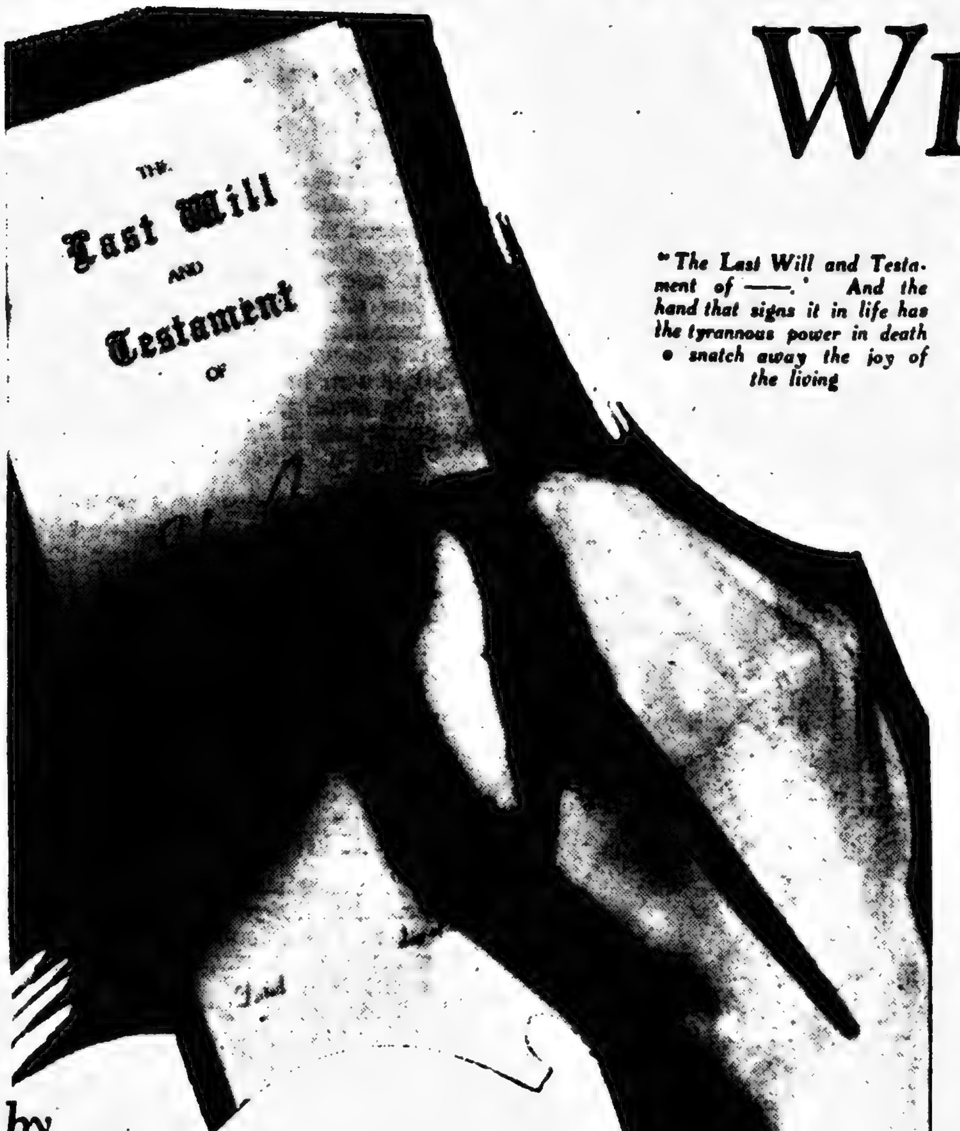
SIZES TO SUIT ALL PURSES.

'green label' chutney

INDIAN MANGO

Make as many attempts as you like. You don't have to send any money. Simply use the cards from your Grocer.

Wronged Widows of the WILLS



"The Last Will and Testament of ——.' And the hand that signs it in life has the tyrannous power in death [illegible] snatch away the joy of the living

by Eleanor F. RATHBONE, M.P.

THERE is one blot on English law which I would spare no efforts to eradicate. I refer to the scandal of unjust wills.

Ours is almost the only country in the civilised world which permits a man to leave a loyal wife destitute by willing his possessions to a mistress, a distant relative or a charity.

The enormity of it makes one's blood boil. A man may marry a woman when she is young and earning a good salary and repudiate all her claims upon him after she has served him faithfully as wife, mother and housekeeper for the best part of her life.

In Scotland and the majority of European countries a widow and her children are entitled to a fixed portion of the husband's estate, unless, of course, some equivalent provision has been made during his lifetime.

In several of the British Dominions there is no fixed legal right, but if a man's dependants are aggrieved by his will they can make appeal to the courts, which can order reasonable provision to be made.

Pigeon-holed

Usually the courts do not intervene unless the grievance is a very real one, and this is sufficiently well known to prevent unnecessary litigation.

Over a year ago I took the opportunity afforded me by good luck in the ballot for Private Members' Bills to introduce a measure based mainly on Scottish law.

This was backed by members of all political Parties and, after a successful second reading, it was referred to a Select Committee of both Houses.

This Committee was impressed by the need for legislation, but preferred the Dominion plan of allowing appeal to the courts.

No progress was made, however, because the Government took all the time usually available for Private Members' Bills.

But at the first opportunity I hope to introduce a Bill on the lines recommended by the Committee.

Meanwhile, I am continually receiving letters which show how anxiously many are awaiting legislation as their only hope of relief from an intolerable position.

The commonest cases are those of widows or elderly daughters whose lives have been given up to housekeeping or perhaps nursing an ungrateful husband or father.

One daughter tells me that she and her mother were deserted by the father after forty years of married life. He made a small weekly allowance that was out of all proportion to his means, but sufficient to keep him within the law.

In a will, altered a few weeks before his death, this man left everything to his housekeeper, a young woman who had been with him for barely four years.

In another case I know of, a woman served her husband loyally for thirty years, though he was an habitual drunkard and treated her with great cruelty.

Then she could endure the misery and humiliation no longer and sought a separation. In revenge the husband willed his money to a relative. But for the widow's pension this woman would now be penniless.

Then there is the sad case of a woman deserted by her husband, who left her with four children, the youngest being a baby a few weeks old.

Though a man of wealth, he made her a very meagre allowance during the rest of his lifetime, and on his death made no mention in his will of the woman he had so grievously wronged.

A solicitor once told me of a wicked injustice to a woman with three children who had remained with her husband in exile abroad for eighteen years. Then she returned to England to devote herself to completing the education of her children.

As she had private means she gradually applied her small fortune for the benefit of these children, expecting her husband to recompense her for this sacrifice from the ample gratuity and pension he was to draw on retirement.

But he died on the voyage home, and maliciously cut his wife and children out of his will, leaving everything to a former mistress.

Only the generosity of this second woman saved the widow and her children from penury.

Deserted family

One of the worst cases—and I have known some that are appalling in their unfairness—concerns a manufacturer of considerable means.

He married a young girl, and, just before a baby was born, bluntly confided that his sole object in marrying was to have sons.

The child was a daughter, and from that time onward the husband made his young wife's life miserable by his studied cruelty.

Two more children were born, both daughters. And when the man died he left his family utterly unprovided for, everything going to his brother.

Homeless and destitute, the widow was forced to resort to moneylenders and to endure terrible privations in struggling to fend for her three daughters.

Her brother-in-law, though fully aware of her plight, lives in luxury, wintering in the South of France and retaining the home which had belonged to the widow.

There are various ways in which a deserving dependant can be cut out of a will. But they all react cruelly upon innocent people.

Consider the plight of a widow who married a man some years her senior. She made him a devoted wife and stood by him staunchly in his declining years when he required careful nursing and endless attention.

On his death he repaid her loving helpfulness by leaving everything of value to two children of a former marriage, while the widow's legacy consisted of a few tumble-down cottages which cost more to maintain than they brought in.

Then there is a woman who relinquished a very good post on her marriage and helped her husband to build up a successful business from very small beginnings.

Then, when affluence came, this man selfishly decided to "live his own life." The wife who helped him up the ladder of success knows that she can expect nothing from him when he dies, for though he is now living in luxury, he apparently has no thought of how she or her children fare.

Sons betrayed

Often it is children who suffer as a result of unjust wills. I know of a woman whose life was one long round of sacrifice in her service of her father. She worshipped him and thought it a privilege to devote herself to the task of making him comfortable in his old age.

But on his death she was cruelly repaid for all her toil and sacrifice, for she was left with the trifling annuity of £100 out of an estate that was worth something like £32,000.

I know, too, of a farmer whose three sons spent all their lives in working for him.

He was one of the old-fashioned type of parent who believed that the boys were only performing their duty in helping him.

It never occurred to him that they had a right to careers of their own. He was a hard taskmaster and rarely allowed them a holiday.

Towards the close of his life he engaged a housekeeper—a widow with a large family—and within a few months married her.

From the moment she was installed she began to make so much mischief that the two younger brothers were obliged to leave home.

Everything was left to this second wife on the farmer's death, and to add to the sons' disgust the farm, which they had helped by their industry to build into a flourishing concern, was allowed to deteriorate and eventually had to be sold up.

Or take this case of a widow, left penniless at fifty because her husband decided to cut her out of his will.

Cynical bequest

In his lifetime she stood by him faithfully and helped him actively in his business, working by his side and steadily building up a fair-sized fortune. But when his will was read it was found that everything had been left to a barmaid. Out of an estate of £10,000 the widow got nothing.

And who could feel anything but indignation at the plight of a woman whose husband died worth £12,000, but left her exactly £100 with which to face the world alone?

All the rest of the fortune went to nephews and nieces, a brother and a small charity.

Unjust wills are not always malicious, of course. Forgetfulness often plays a part in robbing rightful claimants of their just dues.

This was the case in one instance I know of where a retired tradesman, with an income of £1,000 a year, married late in life.

Many years before he had made a will in favour of a nephew. This will was put away and presumably forgotten.

Doubtless he intended to make another, but with a carelessness especially common in old people he put it off until he died suddenly and his wife could claim nothing at all.

Finally, let me conclude with a thought for the other side of this all-important question.

Some people definitely fear new legislation. A typical example of this is provided by the plaint of a loyal husband whose wife turned out to be a dissolute woman and ran away, leaving him to struggle on alone and rear their three children.

He very naturally does not wish such an undeserving woman to have control of his estate when his end comes, nor does he wish her to have any say in the future of the children she abandoned so callously. He wishes to use his own discretion in leaving them properly provided for.

People in such predicaments need not worry if my projected Bill becomes law. It is framed as far as possible to anticipate all reasonable contingencies. Its keynote is justice.

A SCHEM

The ex-Empress Zita. She has pledged her life—and risked death—to realise her great ambition

THE world's most scheming mother, the woman who has herself refused a throne, who for fifteen years has plotted in secret to restore a fallen dynasty and more than once driven two nations to the brink of civil war, is again pulling the strings of intrigue behind the scenes.

That is why there are to-day ominous rumblings in two Central European capitals of a coming coup that will put a boy king on both the lost throne of republican Austria and the empty throne of monarchist Hungary.

Who is this amazing mother?

She is the ex-Empress Zita of Austria, who has devoted the last fifteen years of her life, and even risked death itself, in order to win a crown for her eldest son, Otto.

Not even the knowledge that she is defying different peace treaties made since the War, including one to which our own country is a signatory, and which say unequivocally that the Hapsburg dynasty must never be restored, has made her hesitate for a moment in pursuing her plans.

Yet, if you met her, you would never imagine that she is the most intriguing mother in the world. You would never suspect that she is forty-one, the widowed mother of eight children.

She has a girlish figure, slender almost to the point of frailness, raven hair and darting brown eyes that help to give her the vivacity of a *débutante*, and a high, pleasing musical voice. Nothing to suggest on a first acquaintance that she has suffered imprisonment, exile, poverty, semi-starvation and the grossest indignity in her determination to put "the heir to the Cæsars," as she calls her eldest son, on a throne.

Yet what a story she could tell—a story of intrigues evolved in her own cunning and ambitious brain, and conceived with such daring and aiming at such audacious coups that it is difficult to believe they could be the work of a woman.

Love's strategy

Those monarchists of Austria and Hungary who have from time to time travelled to Italy, France, Switzerland, or Belgium to meet her in her exile, and have then gone back home to do her bidding, know that story. Or rather, they know the one side of it. For they do not trust each other. The Hungarians among them do not see why Otto should want the throne of Austria, the Austrians why he should want that of Hungary.

But with a woman's cunning Zita keeps them apart, encouraging those of one country to believe that those of the other do not really matter very much—in the manner of a woman handling two equally attractive suitors.

The only difference is that Zita is not going to make her choice in the end. She is far too ambitious for that. She is, so she says, going to get not one but two thrones for young Otto.

In fact, he might have been sitting on one of them to-day, that of Hungary, had his mother not been determined that he should be declared monarch of both countries on November 20, 1930, the day he came of age under the Hapsburg family law which lays down that a male reaches seniority at eighteen.

Zita wrote out that declaration in her own hand, and then summoned the leading monarchists of the two countries to meet her at her Belgian home of exile in Louvain on "the Day."

The Day came, and with it two princes, two archdukes, two bishops, five counts and an arch-duchess turned up at her command. But the Day had come too soon.

The Hungarian Legitimists demanded that her declaration should be scrapped and replaced with a manifesto declaring Otto to be King of Hungary only. Zita insisted that he should be Emperor of Austria as well.

Empty throne

The Austrian monarchists were firm that the young prince should be set on the throne of their country—whatever he might decide to do about Hungary.

Then, worst blow of all, the Hungarians laid it down that they could not agree to a Hapsburg restoration that would revive the union with Austria, because it would mean the domination of their country from Vienna.

A final and insuperable difficulty? Not to a woman like Zita. She was not going to throw away all the scheming and dreaming of fifteen years for nothing. Why not Otto for Hungary, and his next brother, Felix, for Austria, she reasoned?

The Hungarians examined the offer. They saw it as a patched-up solution, and knew that Zita was not the type of woman to be content for long with partial victory. They guessed, undoubtedly rightly, that she simply intended to wait until the chances favoured making Otto king of Austria as well.

And so they made their final demand. Either Zita would confine herself to a simple declaration that Otto was king of Hungary and nowhere else, or——

She answered "No" so firmly that there was no doubt that she meant "No."

So "the Day" passed without a declaration of any kind, and to-day Hungary is still a monarchist country with an empty throne—a sovereign state which, ever since the day in 1921 when the Allies told her a return of the Hapsburgs could not be entertained, has had a Regent "to keep the throne warm."

No compromise!

Otto could be put on the throne to-morrow without any such constitutional change as would be necessary to restore the monarchy in Austria.

There might be international complications, of course. But such things as that are regarded lightly by a super-ambitious woman like Zita.

She is not interested in the good will of the world in general. Her sole concern is to see the Hapsburgs a ruling power in the world again. And she wants the son on whom she dotes to be the instrument by which that is brought about.

Zita's oath

She prided herself that she was holding a future emperor in her arms when she nursed him as a baby nineteen years ago. She took the oath that the crown of St. Stephen would one day rest on his head when her husband died in exile in 1922.

Yes, whatever the world may think of this arch-plotter, the tragic story of her life is a wonderful lesson in mother-love.

She was a nineteen-year-old girl of dazzling beauty when she married the late ex-Emperor Karl. She spent most of the War years in the nursery, among her ever-growing little family, hating, like her brother Prince Sixte de Bourbon, the anti-British fever of the Court in which she had to live.

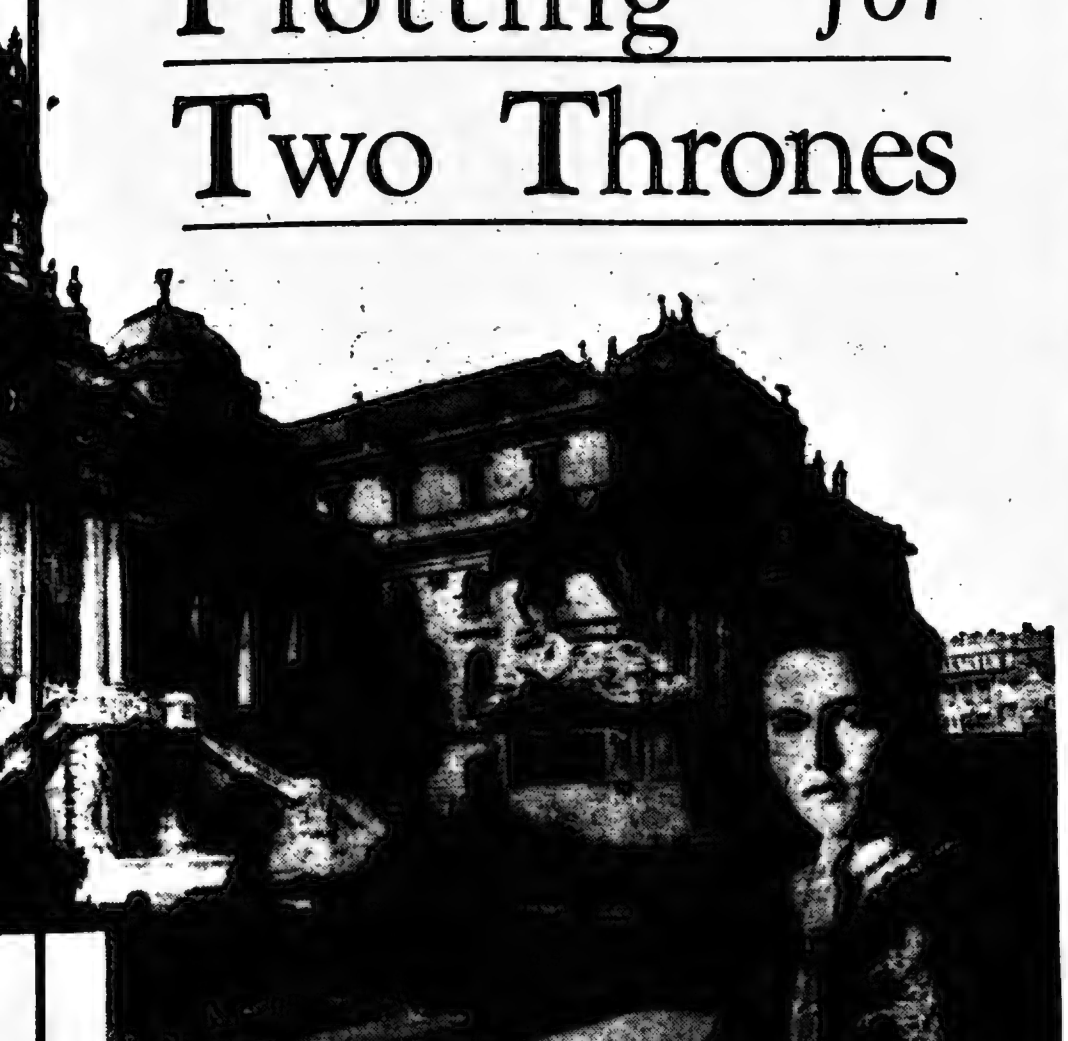
It was from him, perhaps, that she got her first lesson in intrigue, for he tried by secret diplomacy to make a separate peace with Britain during the War, and all but succeeded.

But whatever Zita's feeling for the Allies, it was of little avail to her when the crash came. On November 11, 1918, Emperor Karl was deposed from the throne of Austria and six days later from the Hungarian throne, too; and Zita had to accompany him into exile.

The future seemed safe enough

MING QUEEN

Fifteen Years Plotting *for* Two Thrones



Hungary's royal palace where Zita could have reigned as Queen. But the most scheming mother desired another throne — she wanted two crowns to place on Otto's head to make him King and Emperor...

"She told Otto that he was a king who could not go to his own country"

for them as they crept with their brood of seven children into Switzerland—for they had £10,000,000 worth of historic Hapsburg Crown jewels with them. But they were stolen from Karl and put out of his reach. And so the royal exiles fell from splendour to tragic poverty.

Karl might have given up the fight, if only for want of money. But Zita was made of sterner stuff. By day and night she plotted for their return, often spending the last penny of some remittance received from royal relatives or sympathisers to keep open the road back home.

In 1919 she was offered the crown of Austria for herself. Poverty—or a Crown?

She chose poverty—and it is not hard to understand why when you understand the woman. Such a way out would not be a real restoration of Hapsburgs. It would make it harder, not easier, to ensure that some day the crown would rest on the head of little Otto.

So she waited—waited for the chance she thought had come in March, 1919, when she caused Karl to make a foolish bid for the throne of Hungary, only to be hustled out of the country.

Death's threat

Still Zita was undaunted. Within seven months she was helping him in a new attempt—and this time the result was worse. She was thrown into prison for her part in the attempt; treated as the chief conspirator.

She was hustled from one jail to another, often believing that she was doomed to die at the hands of an executioner.

Then, at last, she was sent into exile in Italy, and the family was reunited—in poverty.

Within a week she was plotting again—for a whole-hog restoration if possible, even though she had little more money than was necessary for a small home and food for her children, and not enough for a decent education for them. Another baby, too, was coming. But she kept on fighting.

Then came the death of Karl, but that didn't weaken her resolve. She would still live to see the day when both crowns were her son's.

At one moment she was fighting Austria through the Allied Ambassadors' Conference, striving might and main to get allowances from her sequestered estates.

Still plotting

At another she was fighting for permission to live in Hungary, to settle with her family in one of their confiscated castles. Czecho-Slovakia and South Slavia said that would entail her crossing their borders, and they wouldn't allow it. "We'll see about that," retorted Zita scornfully.

She retaliated by persuading her blood-cousin, King Alfonso, to commission a Spanish ex-Premier, Count Romanones, to go to Hungary and fight her battles for her. And not even when he failed dismally did she give up hope.

She moved to a tiny home in Paris, then to stay as the guest of friends in Zurich, then to a small house at Lequeitio, in Spain—always with the eight children, the last of whom had been born two months after her husband died.

It meant that the Austrian and Hungarian high officials and officers who were keeping the Hapsburg cause alive in their countries had to travel greater distances to conspire with her—but the plot still went on.

For a moment Zita showed her first signs of tiring of it all. But there came a present of £20,000, subscribed by royalists, both rich and poor, in the countries from which she was exiled. It set her ambition ablaze once again.

And what of Otto, the boy to whom she was devoting her life, during all this time?

All through those early years of hardship he was so sheltered by his adoring mother that he never heard a whisper of what was happening. He reached the age of fourteen without ever meeting a playmate outside his own family. Priests and governesses formed his circle, and garden walls were the outskirts of his little world.

Secret meeting

Yet his mother called him "King." Brothers and sisters had to "Your Majesty" him. Secretarial workers whom the family could hardly afford to pay, and whose clothes were frayed and age-glossed in consequence, were known by such titles as Lord Chamberlain and Controller of the Household.

So poor, in fact, did Zita become that on one occasion when she came to England for a few weeks' holiday neighbours in Norfolk, where she stayed, saw her hanging out the family washing!

It was not until little Otto was fifteen that his mother took him fully into her confidence, and told him he was a king who could not go to his own country. She told him, too, of her intrigues, and more and more he became her co-partner in them.

The family left Spain for Belgium, so that the young prince could study at Louvain University, and as his eighteenth birthday approached left Belgium with his mother in June, 1930, for a meeting with all his Hungarian adherents on the French Riviera. What plans were made at that conference can only be guessed at. Next month Otto paid a visit under a different name to Geneva, where he secretly met his Austrian supporters.

Will she win?

He must have learnt a lot from his mother, for he told the Hungarians nothing of the forthcoming meeting with the Austrians, and the Austrians little of the previous meeting with the Hungarians.

Within a few weeks the Hungarian Government announced "that it would deal severely with anyone threatening the peace of the country," in the hope of putting an end to all the preparation it knew was going on for "the Day."

Then came the coming-of-age birthday of Otto, and Zita's first real failure as a conspirator.

But she has not yet given up hope. She has paid a mysterious visit to a village ten miles from the summer residence of the King of Italy. She has been received by the Pope. She has read in Mussolini's mouthpiece, *La Tribuna*, references to a German-Austro customs union that certainly seems to favour her cause. She has seen to it that the return of the Hapsburgs is an election issue in every Austrian and Hungarian election.

It may be that the most scheming mother in the world will yet have her way.

"ONE BOTTLE CURED my COUGH"

Writes M.J. (London).

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I Shield A MURDERER

—for a GOOD Reason

"JOHN BULL" Readers' Stories

- 28 -

ONCE I helped a murderer to escape. Looking back over the years to that experience, I cannot say that I am sorry or weighted down with a sense of guilt.

I don't know whether other readers will feel the same about it. Perhaps, if they had been in my shoes they would have acted differently. Anyway, here is the story.

As a youngster I cut myself loose and shipped off to Canada, steerage. When I landed in Calgary, Alberta, I had exactly $7 to my name. It was late November. The glass registered nearly 50 deg. of frost. I had not even a fur coat!

Be prepared to do anything, I told myself, pulling in my belt. But after a heartbreaking week it began to look bad with me. I could find nothing.

Before my luck turned I had become familiar with two unpleasant realities—perpetual cold and gnawing hunger. If I stress these points it is because they have a bearing upon what follows. Maybe they will help the reader to understand.

The job I eventually got was that of "newsy" on the Canadian Pacific Railway. Canadian trains are made up of open coaches, with side seats and central aisle.

The "newsy" passes up and down with a large basket, selling peanuts, chewing-gum, chocolates, cigarettes and fruit. Not an ideal job, but then I fed on the train, and that meant a lot. Besides, the train was warm—warm.

In Canada even a local train may cover seven hundred miles. The trip I was put on took four days—two out and two home—with changes.

Still fairly weak from undernourishment, I found it no easy job to trundle the two great boxes in which my stock was stored, or to hoist them into the baggage van, which was my base of operations.

South-West of Calgary, set in the unbroken snow of the prairie, lies a small township called Purple Springs. We stopped there to pick up or set down a lone farmer, mahogany-faced, fur enwrapped.

ON the third trip, looking out as we slowed down with clanging bell, I saw three Royal North-West Mounties on the platform — they are now known as the Royal Canadian Police. Their bright blue and scarlet uniforms were vivid against the snow.

Their business was soon known. They were out on a man hunt, a game at which, as all the world knows, they excelled. And the man they sought, it seemed, might be on our train.

The sergeant clambered aboard and the search began. I admit I was thrilled. It was drama, the raw stuff of life, thrilling for a newcomer to the Dominion.

But the search was abortive. The bell clanged, the giant wheels spun on the frozen track, the great black locomotive, vibrating with power, moved slowly with gathering momentum.

Our way lay towards the Rocky Mountains, up, up towards the famous Crow's Nest Pass.

Looking out over the glistening desolation, I saw here and there the thin blue spirals of smoke that marked the lonely homes of the scattered farming community.

The baggage man looked, too. He said:

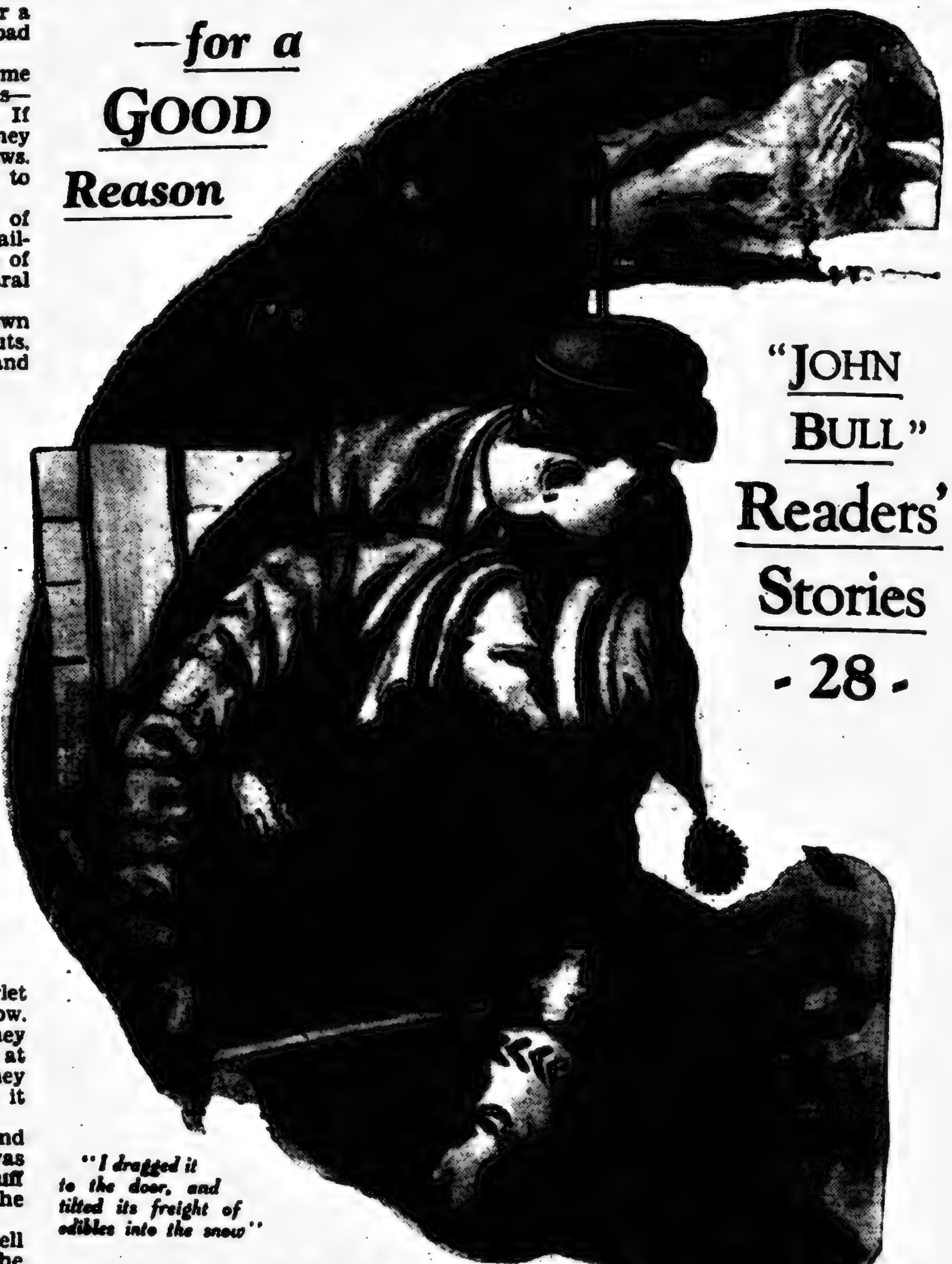
"D'you wonder murders happen sometimes, and suicides, too? All winter stuck away in a shack with nothing but the chores to keep a man's mind occupied."

And he told me of cases where hatred had grown through the long winter months, had grown to burst into the flames of passion and desperate deeds.

We already had the tale of the crime from the police. A young hired man, a Glasgow Scot, it seemed, had taken the part of a wife against her brutal husband. In the fight that was the culmination of long-suppressed anger the farmer had been killed. A typical prairie tragedy of poverty, loneliness and human degradation.

As we clattered on our way my mind became obsessed with the drama. What must it be like to be a fugitive in such a country, at that time of year?

So vast a land, with its far-flung miles, might at first sight seem ideal for flight. But, of course, its character made it just the reverse. A crowded city would offer more shelter to a fugitive.



"I dragged it to the door, and tilted its freight of edibles into the snow"

Up in the Crow's Nest we thudded upon our iron way under the stars. Then, suddenly, the train shuddered like a smitten animal and came to a halt.

We had run into snow, a common experience, but one new to me then. I clambered down to watch. The train backed slowly and then as slowly lumbered towards its enemy, butted into it, backed again.

Stamping my feet and watching, I suddenly had that sensation of awareness of another human being.

I SWUNG round instinctively, but at first, despite the starry, electric blue sky that lit the snow, I could see nothing.

Then, as I peered, I made out a dark mass wedged between two projecting boulders. I peered closer. It was a man.

He neither lay nor stood, but crouched between the cold shelter of those rocks. A dead man, I thought.

But I was wrong. It was a living man I found, a young man, *a man with ginger hair*.

I knew, just as well as though I had had evidence of finger-prints, that this was the wanted man. I knew it, I say, by that queer, instinctive knowing that no man may analyse.

For a split second I suppose I did feel something of that triumph of the successful hunter. There is cruelty and the lust to betray in all of us. But it passed in the presence of such physical suffering.

Half-frozen, but still semi-conscious, the fugitive looked up at me piteously. And when he spoke, it was with a strong Glasgow accent. But I knew already, and that confirmation meant nothing to me.

A tall, lank fellow with a sensitive face and eyes full of trouble. Not the type one associates with murder, I thought; rather the sort that does fine deeds and does them with due modesty.

The train now seemed likely to break through the snow-drift. Its locomotive sent up a melancholy hoot to drift back and forth among the giant peaks that loomed all about us.

That sound, like a defiance from some prehistoric monster in a world of ice and snow, jerked me back to my problem.

The mind works with incredible swiftness. I saw the whole problem in a flash. I could not leave a man to freeze to death. On the other hand, if I made

(Continued on page 26)

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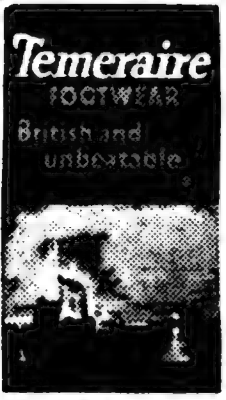

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"I SHIELD A MURDERER"—continued from page 24

The Adventurous Journey

my discovery known, I as surely sentenced him to death.

It was a terrible dilemma, for, deep down in my heart, I felt instinctively that here was no brutal murderer, but a sensitive man driven by circumstances to a desperate act.

Then I saw a third alternative, a remote chance, a just-possible.

I lumbered through the snow to the open door of the baggage van and peered inside. Both conductor and baggage man had gone forward. In the dim light of the oil lamp I saw only the piled luggage and, in the far corner, my two big boxes.

Drawing myself up, I rushed to that corner and seized a box. I dragged it to the door, opened the lid, tilted its freight of edibles into the snow, dragged it back into its place.

Two minutes later, cramped, half-frozen and only semi-conscious, the fugitive was huddled in my box.

So far, so good. But what next? I sat on the lid of the box and began to think. Had I been a fool? Was what I had done a crime? I had no idea.

Only one thing I knew: I was committed now to see the adventure through. I meant to help the fugitive, over whose head loomed the gallows, to escape.

THE end of my run was Cranbrook, a mining town. There I had to change, board an eastern train and complete the last two days of the run to Calgary.

But at Cranbrook the police would examine the train. I realised that. Snug in my box, they would never find him. There he was safe. But what was I to do with him, if not to let him out to make the best of his escape?

While I was occupied with these pressing problems, I became aware of a terrible sound from within the box. Above the roar of the train and the clatter of the wheels I could hear load groans and a knocking.

I was still green in those days. I did not understand, as I came to, that when a man's extremities are frozen the thawing involves exquisite suffering.

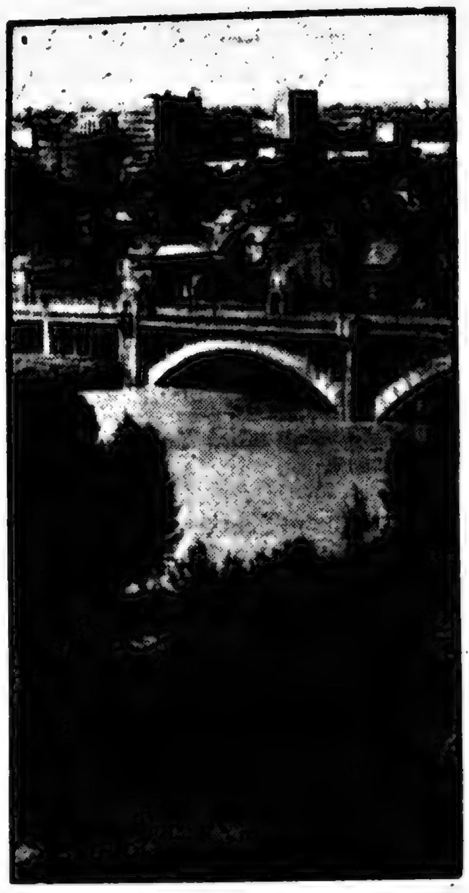
In short, the fugitive was endangering his chances of escape by the row he was making. Would the others hear?

Kneeling down as though to fix the lock, I raised the lid an inch and hissed a warning. The poor fellow was writhing in agony, his pale face distorted by pain.

But he had courage, had that young Scot, and soon his groans were suppressed.

At Cranbrook, as I foresaw, Mounties were ready to examine the train. I watched them with a fast-beating heart and something akin to sardonic glee. They would never dream of looking into "newsy's" boxes!

And that was why I hailed a tall, bronzed giant in Stetson and scarlet tunic and asked his help in handling down my boxes. He responded in the friendly way of the West. "And say," I continued, having thanked him, "I'd be real grateful if you'd just give me a hoist on to the eastbound."



A view of Calgary, where our reader's eventful journey began

He responded, and together we hoisted up the box with its human freight and I stowed it away in the usual corner.

Five minutes later, looking back, I saw the little group of Mounties against the snow. I had tricked them!

But I still had my problem, for now there was no alternative but to take the fugitive all the way back to Calgary—two days' trip. Two days in a living coffin.

BUT I managed it, keeping my willing captive in his prison, massaging his cramped limbs whenever I got the chance, feeding him with food stolen from the dining-car kitchen.

And more, in that space of time I got to know him, heard his story, understood why he had struck that fatal blow.

His boss had been an emigrant from the Ukraine; the wife, fifteen years younger, a woman from the Lowlands of Scotland. The coming of the hired man had had the inevitable result through the close proximity of the long and weary winter months.

"It wasn't easy to see the way he treated her," he told me. "More like an animal than a woman. But I could have 'held my horses' if he hadn't come back from Lethbridge with hooch and started in to knock her about."

It was all easy to understand. A hired man, brutalised by that harsh life, would have let it go at that—a man who beat up his wife: a commonplace.

But the boy from Scotland seethed. His heart went out to his desolate countrywoman. And so, in the end, he had killed for her.

When we slowed down at Calgary and I yanked down my boxes, in one of them lay concealed a fellow-creature I had come to know, to feel for and to like.

As for the fugitive, his gratitude was something never to be forgotten. But we were not yet out of the wood.

He, on his part, had to face a night in the storeroom, in his wooden prison. I, on mine, had to perform my last service for him.

IT consisted in a visit to a chemist and a strange session before dawn in the storeroom, when I clumsily achieved for that crop of ginger hair a strange metamorphosis to a beautiful black.

I let him out before dawn, handing him as much of my meagre supply of money as I could.

"Make for the coast," I advised him, "and get to the Far East."

We shook hands in silence then, and he turned and went.

What became of him? Where did he end?

Maybe he will read these lines, for it may well be that somewhere, under another name, a sturdy Scot finds life good to live.

One thing is sure: those Mounties did not get their man that time, for the crime remained unavenged by the machinery of law.

But I think, maybe, justice was done, even though the manner of the doing was irregular.

And, anyhow, looking back to that strange experience over the years, I do so without a single qualm of regret, without a single pang of conscience.

In similar circumstances I would do the same again.

NEXT WEEK:—*A miner relates the dramatic story of his narrow escape from a terrible death in a mine disaster.*

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. When the same "slip" is sent by more than one reader, prize is awarded to first opened.

BURNLEY NEWS:—"The staff had been in difficulties in recent weeks owing to a number of members being PRESENT through illness."

BOLTON EVENING NEWS:—"A COMB made from a cocoanut shell crammed with nails, bullets, glass and potash was thrown into the police station."

NORTHAMPTON CHRONICLE AND ECHO:—"Members of the Northampton Cattle Market Tavern Bowling Club spent an enjoyable time at the annual SUPPORT and smoking concert."

CONTRIBUTORS' JOURNAL:—"The *Oracle* is a new home MONTHLY published WEEKLY."

DAILY EXPRESS:—"Inter-Services Matches—Royal Navy v. Royal Air FARCE."

LOUGHBOROUGH MONITOR:—"There is a treacherously steep incline, and a railway BRIDE of hopelessly insufficient width."

IRELAND'S OWN:—"Suddenly, there was a soft FOOTBALL outside."

MELTON MOWBRAY TIMES:—"Boiler Insurance, Premiums reduced to 100 PER CENT."

TORBAY FOOTBALL HERALD:—"If they have produced the same form in Wales there should be two more useful PINTS returning with them."

THE MAGNET:—"The address is typed: Quelchy always does that sort of thing on his TRIPEWRITER."

SHEFFIELD INDEPENDENT:—"Fortunately, Mr. Roosevelt was UNARMED."

The "Greatest of These—" Fund

Little Girls in Need

Eileen and Freda

THESE two little girls—Eileen and Freda, aged ten and eight years—are as good as they are lovely. They are devoted to each other. If the one is sad, the other sheds tears with her. If the one falls down, the other picks her up and brushes her clothes.

They share their mother's troubles and anxieties, and they help her in the housework. For, three years ago, their mother contracted that terrible disease commonly called "sleepy sickness," and she now suffers from paralysis.

At the time of her illness she had no one to look after her excepting Eileen, who was then seven years old. She now attends hospital as an outpatient, but she fears there is no cure for her malady.

The children's parents separated eight years ago, and, having been brought up in comfortable circumstances, their mother finds it a hard struggle to manage on her small separation allowance.

She is at present on the verge of despair because her rent is behind, and bills are owing for bread and milk, the kiddies' school dinners, and so on.

She was left an orphan at the age of sixteen, contracted an early and unfortunate marriage, and now, she says, "I haven't a soul belonging to me."

Well, she has her little daughters, and because they are over young to be burdened with the problem of ways and means, we place them in our readers' generous hands, knowing they will respond by sending donations earmarked for Eileen and Freda. These should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given, which also applies to donations sent to the fund generally.

"Is your baby happy like me?"

No more chafing or scurf

So many mothers' minds fly straight to teething or digestion if baby is cross, when really it's painful chapping or itchy scurf that's making him unhappy.

"*Guard baby's skin constantly,*" says Nurse H. M. York, C.M.B., of London's leading lying-in hospital. "Smear a little 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly on exposed parts every time baby is changed. If chafing has already occurred, 'Vaseline' Jelly soon helps to heal." Also splendid, used every night, to keep his scalp free from scurf. *No trouble to you* — and all the difference in the world to him!

ALL THESE USES FOR CHILDREN, TOO

Growing children need "Vaseline" Jelly even more than baby. Inside nostrils to loosen *head colds*; ½-teaspoonful swallowed to ease *sore throat* or *coughing*; for *chapping*; for *burns*; for *accidents*: for *sore lips*; and *sore eyes*. The most perfect protection known to doctors. Splendid rubbed in at night to remove *dandruff!* Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, Willesden, London, N.W.10.

Trade Vaseline Mark
Petroleum Jelly

PUREST AND SAFEST OF ALL EMOLLIENTS — JARS 4½d., 6d., 9d.

2130

EVERLASTINGS

There are a number of delightful Annuals, the flowers or seed pods of which, when cut and dried, make splendid winter decorations. The seeds may be *sown now* and their cultivation is extremely easy. Ryders' offer the widest range of seeds of Everlastings in separate 2d. packets, or a specially reduced collection of 12 sorts No. C.50 for 1/6. Postage 2d. Each packet bears full cultural notes.

Ryders SEEDS

Ryder & Son (1920), Ltd., Dept. 30, St. Albans, Herts.

"It's true— this cocoa *does* help digestion!"

REAL LIFE STORIES OF IMPROVED HEALTH

MOTHERS of families have welcomed the discovery recently made by a famous scientist in a great London hospital — that Rowntree's Cocoa is so digestible it actually helps you to digest better the food you eat with it. Naturally! Children all love the delicious flavour of Rowntree's, and now it's been *proved* to have valuable digestive qualities. Let *your* family have Rowntree's Cocoa as often as they like—and remember that every time they drink it, it's *helping their digestion*, 30 cupfuls from a ¼-lb. tin, 5½d.; ½-lb. tin 10d.

~~6D.~~
NOW 5½D.
PER ¼-lb. TIN
½-lb. TIN—10d.

READ THE CASE OF JEFFREY SIMPSON

Mrs. Simpson, 82 Wyatt Park Road, Streatham Hill, says: *"Jeffrey has Rowntree's Cocoa regularly now and loves it! I read of the discovery about Rowntree's Cocoa—that it's so digestible, and helps to digest other food. I'm sure this must be good news for lots of mothers! I know it's done Jeffrey good."*

ROWNTREE'S
ELECT
COCOA

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3 FREE GIFT COUPONS IN EVERY ¼-lb. TIN

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Milk puddings made with Nestlé's Milk are twice as delicious and good. Much richer, much more nourishing. Creamier and browner. In Nestlé's all the cream and goodness of fresh farm milk are put beyond reach of harm. Whenever and for whatever purpose you need milk—Nestlé's is milk at its purest and best. Safe, sealed and signed for your protection.

NESTLÉ'S MILK

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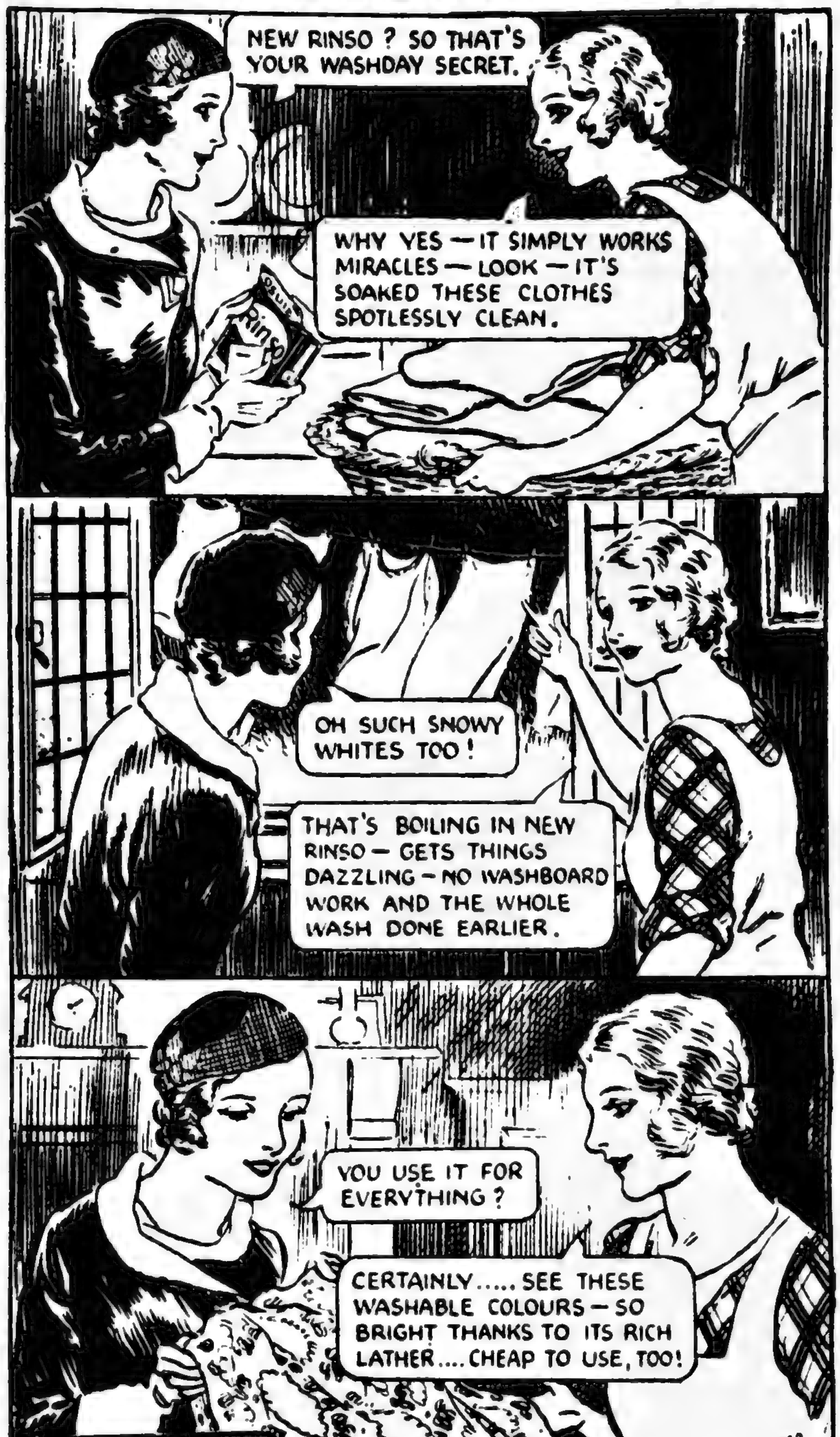
HER WASHDAY SECRET


NEW RINSO ? SO THAT'S YOUR WASHDAY SECRET.
WHY YES — IT SIMPLY WORKS MIRACLES — LOOK — IT'S SOAKED THESE CLOTHES SPOTLESSLY CLEAN.
Rinso
OH SUCH SNOWY WHITES TOO !
THAT'S BOILING IN NEW RINSO — GETS THINGS DAZZLING — NO WASHBOARD WORK AND THE WHOLE WASH DONE EARLIER.
YOU USE IT FOR EVERYTHING ?
CERTAINLY..... SEE THESE WASHABLE COLOURS — SO BRIGHT THANKS TO ITS RICH LATHER.... CHEAP TO USE, TOO!

"A FRIEND TOLD ME"

"I'm proud of my washing now I use New Rinso — clothes just beautiful, with no rubbing and scrubbing. Wonderful for soaking or boiling, and for washing colours or woollens. Such a lasting lather with Rinso — a packet does a big wash and more." Mrs. M. E. ROBERTS, 23 Gunterstone Road, West Kensington, London, W.14.

◆ ◆ ◆

Next Monday — if you went into the houses in the town where you live — you would find *hundreds more* women doing their wash with New Rinso.

How the news spreads! One woman tells another! —"You've no idea how easy washday is till you try New Rinso!" This woman *does* try it — tells *her* friends — now *every single week* thousands more housewives are using this miraculous New Rinso.

Such snowy white clothes — such lots of time to yourself on washday! What about *you*? Let New Rinso help *you* to happiness on washday too. Do your next Monday's wash with it!

Rinso
NEW RINSO

NEW RINSO — best for Boiling as well as for Soaking and Washing. At your grocers and dealers, 3½d. 6d. 10d.

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-for Spring
GET READY

SUNSHINE and shabbiness don't go together. Brighten up that bike; make that motor-cycle scintillate; smarten that saloon; touch-up that tourer. They're not long jobs or hard jobs or expensive jobs—but they'll be *good* jobs, if you use Robbialac. This famous Enamel costs so little and lasts so long, flows on so smoothly and dries so brilliantly. It's a pleasure to use and a joy to see. See to it *now*.

ROBBIALAC

The Superlative Enamel for Cycles, Motor Cycles & Cars 9

FREE LEAFLETS tell you exactly how to use Robbialac on (1) Cycles or Motor Cycles (2) Cars. Send P.C. for whichever you need. ROBBIALAC WORKS (Dept. J.B. 2.), STRATFORD, E.15.

TO RHEUMATIC AND KIDNEY SUFFERERS

It is universally admitted that a large proportion of all ills and weaknesses—from tuberculosis to a common cold—are directly due to toxins, germs, acids, or other impurities in the blood. For instance, uric acid causes rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, etc., whereas stomach acids cause dyspepsia. "Trying to get rid of the ailments without purifying the blood is merely wasting time," says a high medical authority. If you stimulate the liver, flush the kidneys, and thoroughly wash out the intestines, there will be no breeding places from which disease germs can be absorbed into the blood. Prove for yourself the truth of this by drinking before breakfast a glass of alkaline medicinal water prepared with 'Alkia Saltrates.' This produces a refreshing tonic-aperient drink that will soon neutralise and wash out the acidulous impurities which are causing the trouble. 'Alkia Saltrates' can be obtained from any chemist; try this treatment for two or three days and see how quickly your pains and ailments disappear as a plainly noticeable improvement in your health, vitality and disease-resisting power takes place.

UNTOLD AGONIES FROM INDIGESTION

"New Lease of Life in One Month"

To the real sufferer from indigestion this letter from Mr. Charles C————, of Gosport, Hants, needs no introduction :—

"After several years of untold agonies and operations for stomach trouble, duodenal ulcers, etc., which I can assure you have nearly ended in suicide, Maclean Brand Stomach Powder has given me a new lease of life after one month's treatment. I am still taking the powder, for I know it will cure me permanently of all pains.

"Everyone at home is surprised at the change it has made in me. I can enjoy life now without any fear of a recurrence. Please accept my sincere thanks for the new life your powder has given me."

No doctor will be surprised at this letter. All over the country, in all the leading hospitals, they know the formula of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and they know how amazing are the cures they effect with it themselves. Ask your doctor, he will urge you to take it at once.

But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder under that exact name, with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles, in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

THE Greatest Problem of ALL

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

Probed by

PHILIP INMAN

who is JOHN BULL's "Humanist" and always ready to help you. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted on this page.

The boy who died . . "Shall we ever see and know our child again?" is the heart cry of a grief-stricken man and woman

SOME years ago a famous London journalist wrote an article which he called "Before Sunset." It was written in intense agony, just a few days before he died, for he was suffering from a cruel and malignant disease.

Yet that article, full of courage and optimism, brought forth thousands of letters of gratitude from all over the world. And they came from people who, by reading it, had been given help and hope—by a dying man.

Let me quote just one beautiful and typical message: "What is there to fear in death? Why should we not meet it as gaily and composedly as our pains permit? It is the sunset gate of escape from them."

Now before me, as I write, are two letters. One is from a girl. She is young, she is healthy, and she should be happy. But her days are tortured by a constant foreboding of the future. She writes:

"Before me should lie a long maturity, a pleasant autumn, and a green old age. And yet, there comes to me the thought: 'What if this is not to be? What if there is only a short time left for me? . . . And afterwards—what then?'

"I am told that only the morbid dwell on such a theme. Probably I do because I lost my fiancé in a motor accident six months ago, and, frankly, the idea of death terrifies me. It is becoming an obsession. If only I knew that there was nothing to fear, I should enjoy life much more."

THE other letter is one of the most pathetic I have ever received. It comes from a woman of forty-five who is standing at the very threshold of the "sunset gate." Written in pencil, in a frail and shaking hand, she begs to be excused for not using a pen as she is bedridden. She goes on:

"I am suffering from an incurable malady. My husband and my two daughters have tried to keep the truth from me, but the other day I overheard the doctor saying that I cannot live for more than a few months. I have not told my loved ones that I know this. And every time they come into the room I am afraid that I may break down, and then they will discover that I know their secret. You see, I am such a coward, and the thought of the future terrifies me."

I am sure my readers will share the sympathy I feel for this correspondent. Her problem is two-fold. She fears the future, and there is a secret between her and the rest of her family. She knows that she is to die. Her husband and children know it, too. But they do not know that she knows.

This secret is creating a shadow between them. Then why does she not tell them, and let them face it all together? A trouble shared is always halved, and her family would understand. Love always does.

I KNEW one man who was dying of cancer who wrote and invited his friends to come and see him. And about fifty of them did so. They went briskly and smilingly down the ward to the invalid's bedside. They told him their news and their latest laughable stories.

And with all of them the dying man talked frankly of the experience that was coming to him. It was as though he was going on a trip to some place he had never before visited. And the prospect was certainly not fearsome to him.

That is the spirit with which we should face what some people call "the King of Terrors." How foolish! Death is as natural as birth.

Unquestionably that man had been helped to "face the unknown with a smile" by talking it over with his friends. He had learned with Barrie's immortal character, Peter Pan, that "To die would be an awfully big adventure!"

But there are folk who don't worry so much about the dying part. They are concerned about what comes (or does not come) afterwards.

READ this letter from a grief-stricken father, and see if I am not right:

"We have just lost our only child—a boy of twelve. You can imagine what agony we are going through. Life has indeed for us 'lost its savour.' Whenever I enter the house I know that my wife is still utterly heart-broken. It seems as though her tears will never cease.

"But worse, far worse, than all the grief is the doubt which has come to us. Humanist, is there an after-life? Does our boy still live? Do you believe that as we kneel at the altar receiving the Blessed Sacrament our son is there with us. And do you really believe that at *our* death, we shall *see and know our child?*"

Before I deal with the questions of this correspondent, may I tell him of a rebuke I once received? It came from a girl of fourteen who, for some months, had to look after her invalid mother. I saw this girl soon after the mother died.

But instead of crying as I had expected, she looked supremely happy. I asked her why. This was her answer:

"Well, when I had to look after Mummie, I used to get very frightened that I wouldn't do it properly. Now I know it's all right, because God's doing it."

Any grief that I have ever felt seemed trivial in the face of a faith like that!

As to the questions of my correspondent, I do not *think* that there is an after-life. I *know* there is. And this is not a mere belief, either of faith or creed. It is an experience gained from years of work in a great hospital.

I see death almost daily. And I see it in all its forms. I have seen it come to a little child. I have seen it come to men and women in the full flower of life. I have seen it come to the very old, quietly, as sleep comes. And I have watched the "Angel of Mercy" smooth the agony from pain-twisted brows and faces.

And I aver—there is nothing to fear. Like the author of "Before Sunset," we can meet the end "gaily and composedly."

If only my three correspondents, and also the hundreds of others who fear the "enemy," would realise that! To the young girl, life would indeed be sweeter; to the dying woman there would come peace; and to the bereaved parents, knowing that their child was still with them, would come comfort and a great hope.

DEATH, my friends, is just another and final problem to be solved. And, like many other problems, it can be compared to a recent experience I had.

A little time ago I was invited to spend the evening at the house of a friend. I had had a rather tiring day, and when I discovered that to reach his home we had to climb a long and steep hill, I did not relish the prospect. But as we tramped along, the incline seemed to fall away, and at the top I looked round and said with surprise: "I thought that was going to be a hard grind, but it wasn't as bad as it seemed."

And that is just like death.

"And afterwards?" Well, there is nothing alarming about that either. Yesterday I watched a man die.

"It seems very dark," he said: "can't we have the light switched on?"

This was done, but he still complained of the terrible darkness. But just before the end, there came a change. A look of rapture appeared on his face, and he said excitedly: "Why, I can see it now. It's wonderfully light."

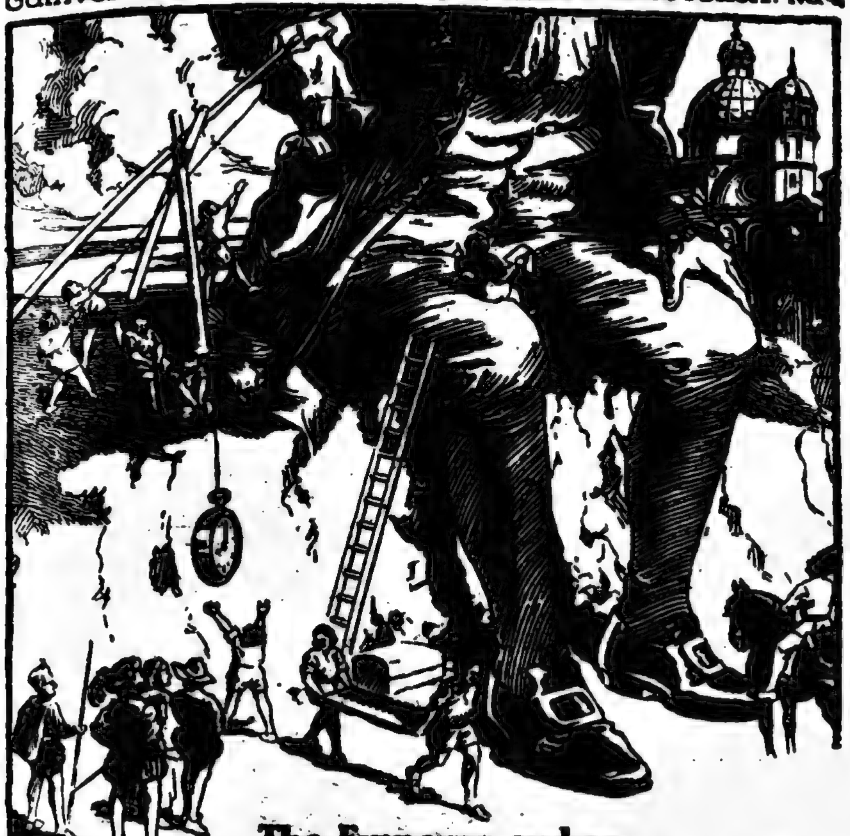
He had probed the secret into the Unknown. And he found nothing to fear!

Tuadekili, the Pythoness

She lives in a tiny hut in the mountains of North Zululand. Her bodyguard is a 20-foot python over which she exercises a supernatural control.

Attilio Gatti, the famous Italian explorer, calls her "The Weirdest Woman in Africa." Read his thrilling article, the first of a new series on Jungle Magic, in the *Passing Show*, published to-morrow, Friday, March 24.

Gulliver travels with Cherry Blossom Boot Polish. No.4.



The Emperor orders that Gulliver be searched

Before releasing him from captivity the Lilliputians decided to search the pockets of Gulliver for any weapons.

" By the Emperor's orders two officers were sent to search my pockets and I was much perturbed when they took from me my tin of Cherry Blossom Boot Polish, and thus left me without the means of keeping my shoes in good condition."

Cherry Blossom

BOOT POLISH

Black, White, Brown, Dark Tan and Tonette.
In Tins with easy opener, 2½d., 4½d. and 6d.

FAMOUS STARS WHO

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THE SAFE HAIR REMOVER FOR FACE AND BODY

THESE beautiful stars, whose skin must be absolutely perfect, have realised the value of 'Alluhr,' the NEW, SAFE HAIR REMOVER FOR FACE AND BODY. 'Alluhr' is guaranteed harmless—it contains no dangerous chemicals as so many depilatories do—it is ODOURLESS and speedy in its action. Razors cause a bristly growth—avoid this by using 'Alluhr.' It lasts up to five times as long as any other hair removers.

READ WHAT THEY SAY:

" It is completely odourless, quick and easy to use, giving very satisfactory results."

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" Alluhr is pleasant to use and would not harm the most sensitive skin."

Adrianne Allen

" Although I have a particularly sensitive skin, Alluhr suits it perfectly."

Hermione Baddeley

" I use Alluhr and every girl who takes pride in perfect grooming should do the same."

Anne Grey

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Purchase 'Alluhr' at your retailer's and if you are not satisfied and return the box within 7 days, he will refund your money IN FULL!

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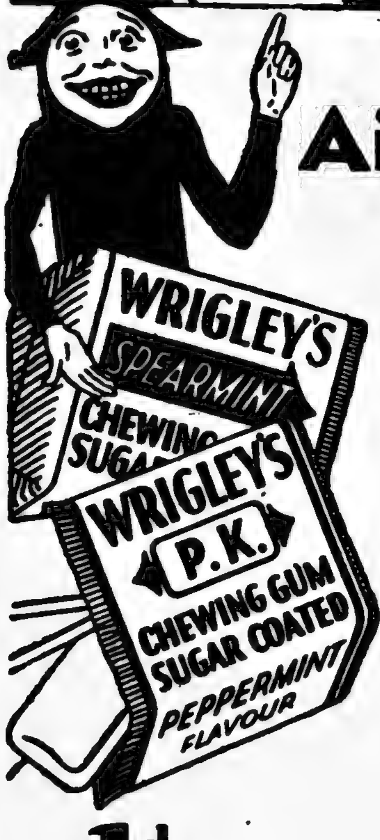
★ Price 1/- including spatula, or larger size 2/6 (5 times as much) with special fibre brush and spatula. If unobtainable locally, write :—
BRITANNIA LABORATORIES (Dept. 416), 13, Little Titchfield Street, London, W.1 ★



Aids digestion after every meal

1d PER PACKET

Spearmint also obtainable in 3d. packets of six sticks

It's after a meal that you get the full benefit of Wrigley's. It aids digestion by promoting the flow of the digestive juices and gives you a better appetite for the next meal. It sweetens the breath and helps preserve your teeth.

You will enjoy the lasting flavour of Wrigley's . . . its pure, wholesome goodness. It's good for the children, too.

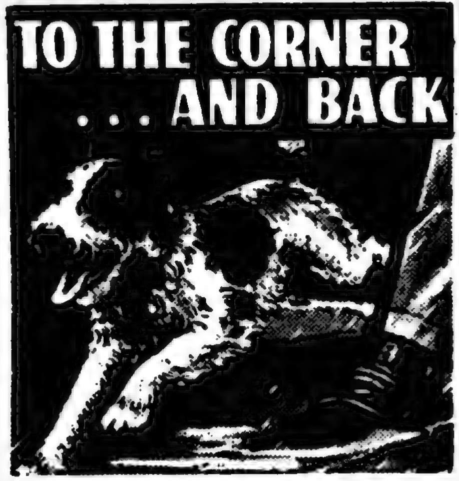
In two famous flavours — P.K., genuine double-distilled peppermint flavour, and Spearmint, pure mint flavour — the finest quality and value a 1d. can buy.

BRITISH MADE

WRIGLEY'S

E.N. 3

TO THE CORNER ... AND BACK



NO matter how cold and wet the night, you know your dog must have his evening run, and you almost feel him quietly watching for the first sign of a move. At last, his pleading eyes prove too much and a little reluctantly you take him for a quick walk "to the corner and back."

But this is not the exercise Nature intended your dog to have, nor is it sufficient to keep him fit. Lack of exercise burdens your dog with a bloodstream full of impurities, and you must not blame him if he loses condition or is rather bad-tempered in the mornings. In spite of lost exercise, you can keep your dog in fine condition by regularly providing him with his blood corrective—Bob Martin's Condition Powders.

Start TO-DAY to keep your dog always fit and happy. Provide him with Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which purify the blood, curing and preventing all blood ailments, such as **listlessness, continual scratching, dull coat, loss of appetite, sulky temper, eczema and swellings between the toes.**

Your nearest chemist, dog biscuit shop and big store sell Bob Martin's Condition Powders in 6d. packets of 9 powders. The 1/- boxes contain 21 powders.

That is why

BOB MARTIN'S CONDITION POWDERS

KEEP dogs fit!

HERE ARE MY REASONS Why I always stick to BOLENIUMS!

Because every seam is double sewn with 16 Boot Thread. Because the closely-woven dust and greaseproof material is toughest of the tough. Because the buttons are detachable for washing. Because the new exclusive Brace Buckle never lets you down! . . . And because BOLENIUM Overalls are cheaper in the long run and smarter and more comfortable all the time!

Ask your Outfitter, or write for name of nearest stockist.

BIB & BRACE 6/6

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Super-Overalls

Worn by the man who knows

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EASILY MADE AT HOME

From Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, International, and all progressive Grocers and Chemists; or send P.O. direct to—VIGGORMALT Ltd. (Dept. 4Y), Davigdor Road, Hove, Sussex.

FOR 1D PER PINT ALE OR STOUT

Trial Size 1/- PER TIN

3 Times Quantity 2/6 tin POST FREE. (Colonial or foreign, postage extra). (State for which when ordering).

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TRIPLE-CONCENTRATED EXTRACT OF RICH MALT & HOPS ONLY

NO ADULTERATION OR ADDED COLOURING

Simply add cold water FREE YEAST WITH EACH TIN

CHALIAPIN'S GREATEST HOUR

Hearing Myself Sing —in ENGLISH

NO doubt you will think that no singer could have a greater hour than the one I experienced the other day when, on my fiftieth appearance before the British public, I received at the Albert Hall an ovation that indeed made me feel proud.

All the more so because I am a young man no longer, and there is nothing more gratifying than to know that one can be growing old and still find one's fame undimmed.

A great hour? Yes. But still not my greatest. For that I must look elsewhere.

Until a few months ago I might have looked back for it to a day thirty years ago when I actually heard my own voice for the first time. That was on a gramophone record, the song that of the "Volga Boatman," which subsequently turned out to be a "best seller."

It seemed to me then, and still does, a supreme experience for a singer to be able to listen to—and criticise—one's own performance.

Yet that wonderful hour was totally eclipsed recently, when I not only heard my own voice, but saw myself act. More than that . . . I heard myself singing in English and in French—I, a Russian, who do not speak either language in at all a comprehensible manner.

I trembled...

I would choose that as the hour above all others that I would most like to live over again. And what made it all the greater was what preceded it—the moments when I felt I was attempting the impossible, and should never have achieved what I did had there not been such kind, friendly people around to help me. My heart went out in gratitude to them.

It all happened last summer, when I went to Nice to work in my first film, which was to be made in both English and French. I was cast for the name part of "Don Quixote," with five or six songs to sing.

Now, my English particularly is—well, shall I say understandable to my friends? That, anyway, was what they were kind enough to tell me, though I had no doubt that they flattered me.

There was I called upon to sing in English in a film which would be seen and heard in all probability by millions of English-speaking people. I trembled at the very thought of it. And then, as if that ordeal were not sufficient, the French version was to follow.

I soon discovered that I had even another obstacle to overcome. In the open-air studio, in which the film was made, the morning light was the best. Yet I have always so arranged my mode of living that my voice is at its best at night, and whenever I sing for recording the hour chosen is always a late one.

Another thing I found most disconcerting was not acting the story of the film in its proper sequence—such as I have always been accustimed to do when performing in opera—but going over certain parts again and again, first in one language and then in another, until the producers were satisfied with the result.

There were, too, the instructions of the producers and cameramen, which were not always easy for me to understand without explanation.

Then, most terrifying of all, those words I had to sing in English—written for me on a great blackboard.

How I ever mastered them I don't know. I had to open my mouth this way and that way, twist my tongue here and there. English, I felt sure, was never meant for a Russian tongue.

Repetition, repetition, seemingly without end—until the magic sign that all was well.

I would relax a moment, then . . . "Now in French, please." And another set of what seemed to be unpronounceable words on that blackboard, all the more difficult for me to grapple with just when my tongue had become more or less accustomed to the broader English accent.

My guardian angel

What I should have done without Mr. George Robey, my fellow actor in the film, I can't say. He was the best of friends, the most kind and patient of instructors—a sort of guardian angel who always had a whisky and soda ready for me at the end of my daily trial.

Chaliapin as "Don Quixote" in his first screen part. "When I sat through the film I felt that my hard work was well rewarded," he says

I have sat through the whole film now, and I feel that my hard work was well rewarded.

My greatest hour, however, did not come when I saw the complete film, but when I saw the first short section which the process men prepared.

After a most strenuous day, when I felt as if I had spent a lifetime curling my tongue and lips round some particularly elusive words, we arrived at the studio and were told a surprise was awaiting us. We went into the covered studio, the lights were switched out, and we waited . . . a breathless moment.

I was going to see myself as others would see me. I was going to hear myself as others would hear me, trying to sing like an Englishman and like a Frenchman. At first I felt I would like to hide—run away. Then, in a flash, I saw myself acting.

I suppose everyone who sees and hears himself in this way for the first time must have the same kind of feeling. Anyhow it is difficult to realise for a minute or two that you are really seeing yourself, and not someone rather like you.

Yet that moment paled into insignificance when I heard the voice and my first English words. For a moment it seemed incredible that it was my own voice.

...Something done

Then the realisation—everybody assured me so—that my work had not been in vain, and that the great English film-going public would *not* say: "Yes, Chaliapin can sing. Yes, he can act. But his accent? . . . I could not understand a word."

No, they would not say that, for evidently I had succeeded in my task. What matter now how difficult it had been . . . how difficult it might be to finish the rest?

I followed every sound, word and action with growing excitement . . . then the lights went up. My hour was over. No matter, the memory would remain.

Race with "Silver Ring"

The BIG JUMP

NOW that the Lincolnshire Handicap is over, Aintree's "mixed grill," with the Grand National and Liverpool Spring Cup as the chief items on the menu, is the problem of the moment.

The "National" will be worth just over £7,000 to the owner of the winning horse, and I am still of the opinion that Mrs. A. S. Bird, an American sportswoman who races in Ireland, will place this tidy sum to her credit by the aid of

HEARTBREAK HILL.

Coup de Chapeau and Kellsboro' Jack have not impressed by their recent performances, and, as a "saver," I am taking

GREGALACH.

The 100 to 1, each-way shot is the Weyhill-trained Ruin.

For once in a way Lord Derby has not got a representative in the Spring Cup. My choice is China King despite his heavy burden. Gilbert may decide that the four-year-old will do better later, and, in that case, I suggest he be backed every time he runs. Time will prove that China King is a top-notcher.

The Liverpool Hurdle will bring out some of our champions over the minor obstacles. Free Fare may win.

Don't forget to watch the Code selections during the Flat-race season. They have kept their end up over the jumps. Egremont and Mr. Flim registered a 14 to 1 "double" at Hurst Park, following Sterling Maiden at 9 to 2. Magic Bard, 4 to 1, carried on the good work at Chelmsford.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, March 23, to Wednesday, March 29.

O A Q C 93 B 94 M P U X Z R 98 T F

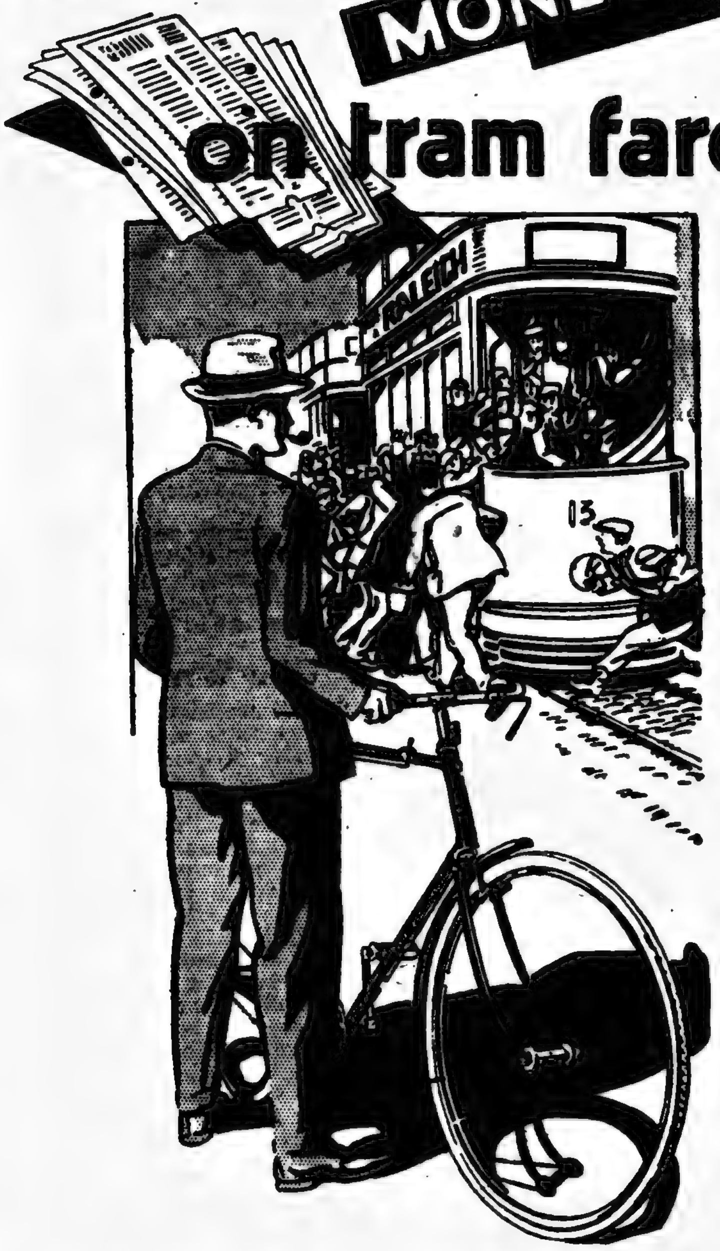
S K H J I 95 E D V Y 97 L W N 96 G

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

W94O93MY94 would read RESIDUE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. K982K98MKZ94 would read ANNANDALE.

Don't waste MONEY on tram fares



HOW much a year do you spend on travel? Asking himself this question has been the first step for many a man towards buying a RALEIGH.
The RALEIGH costs £4.19.6—little more than the lowest priced bicycle.
Yet RALEIGH DESIGN and QUALITY are UNEQUALLED. The All-Steel construction, rich enamelling, heavier chromium plating and special exclusive refinements have made RALEIGH a name apart in cycling—the standard by which all others are judged.
RALEIGH RELIABILITY, again, is universally recognised. Increased sales of 81% last year prove it. The superior resources of the LARGEST and BEST EQUIPPED cycle factory in the World explain it.
Make no mistake about it, the Raleigh is this much better—it's a bicycle you will be proud to own.

From **£4.19.6** *or 9/7 monthly (no deposit). Fitted with Dunlop Tyres, Brooks' saddle and the best of everything. Specify the Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear 20/- extra. Send for free copy of "The Book of the Raleigh."*

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the outstanding Two Valve Battery Set in modern radio

Why bother with "cheap" sets when really good radio costs so very little more? This handsome receiver represents the very finest in two-valve design. Very selective, inexpensive to run, its tone is exquisite—that exclusive Columbia tone that has never been copied! Send to-day for full details of Model 353, the highest value for 1933 in its class.

Columbia

Get this coupon off by to-night's post!
Please send me fullest particulars of Columbia Model 353
(*Write in block capitals.*)

NAME..

ADDRESS..

John Bull Mar. 25, 1933.

Cut this out and post in an unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp to Columbia Graphophone Co., Ltd., 98, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1

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★ **FREE TRIAL**
packet of Empire Blend sufficient for four pipes sent on receipt of P.C. with name and address in BLOCK capitals.

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This Natural Australian Opossum Collar is in a lovely shade of Grey. Exquisitely soft and modelled in the fashionable Bolster style. Beautifully lined & ready for fitting to coat. Size: 38 x 7in. Price 24/6 Terms: 4/- per month.

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WANTED!— A 5-Year Plan for LONDON

THE outcry against the persistence of London's slums and the outcry over the destruction of London's beauties—they both teach the same lesson.

By leaving Stepney and Limehouse while we tear down Carlton Gardens and the Adelphi we are showing ourselves to be the most criminally stupid city in Europe.

At a time when Germany and France, Fascist Italy and Soviet Russia are developing their cities for the health of the inhabitants—light, airiness, the convenience of modern traffic and artistic design all being amply considered—London still grows up piecemeal to suit its various property owners on a blindly selfish basis of personal profit.

Take Hereford Gardens, which a short time ago was a pleasing stretch of trees and grass amid the brick and asphalt of Oxford Street Thousands of people got enjoyment and pleasure from seeing them. Then a great emporium of brick and stone was built over the site. The concern it was built for went bankrupt, but the gardens were lost for ever.

And the slums remain.

Sheer madness

The worst thing about our civic madness is that there is no method in it. There is no plan about the growth of London. One could certainly forgive the loss of old landmarks erected in an age which understood building better than we do if it were in order to provide better housing for the Londoners or even a freer course for the traffic. It is intolerable to lose them simply so that someone can make or (as in the case of Hereford Gardens) lose a fortune.

Just now Mussolini is drawing up a fifteen-year plan for the development of Rome. And not of Rome alone.

Rome is to be planned in harmony with the surrounding country, with highways running out to the hills and to the sea. Hillsides, instead of being covered with jerry-built houses, are scheduled to be laid out in gardens and terraces: fields and forests must be preserved for the health and recreation of those living near them.

As the Romans do—

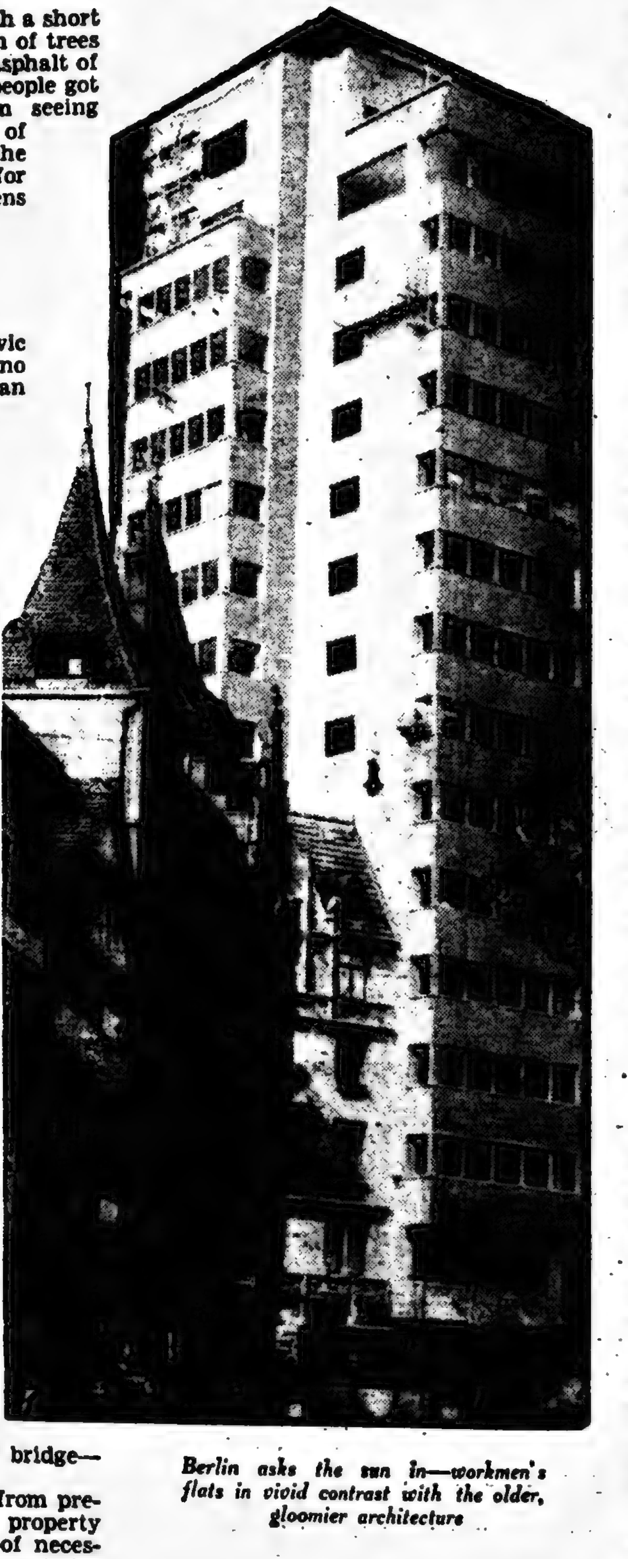
The centre of Rome is being completely rebuilt. Nine hundred acres are being developed to house a million more people. Dark alleys and unhealthy courts are being swept away, and temporary homes erected for the inhabitants on the outskirts. Two new highways north and south, four east and west, two stations, a goods yard, a monumental bridge—all figure in the great plan.

Aided by a law that lingers from pre-Fascist days, that compels property owners to sell in furtherance of necessary schemes of civic development (as they had to do to allow the first railways to be laid), the Italian Government is creating what is at once the most healthy, the most convenient, the finest, the most modern and the best preserved city in all the world.

As well as complying with the requirements of the highest sanitary and medical authority, each new house is passed by an artist and harmonises with its neighbour to make one splendid whole.

The growth of Rome is planned for fifteen years. The growth of London is not planned for fifteen weeks.

Houses condemned a generation ago as unfit for human habitation are still inhabited by thousands of families. Entire streets are bought and sold up by speculators. And motor traffic is strangled in streets laid out on the precise lines of those which Dick Whittington traversed with his cat.



Berlin asks the sun in—workmen's flats in vivid contrast with the older, gloomier architecture

by George EDINGER

It is three hundred years since Christopher Wren implored King Charles II. to let him rebuild London after the Great Fire, with "three principal routes through the City and one or two crossways to be at least ninety feet wide, others sixty feet and lane thirty feet, excluding (*i.e.*, abolishing) all narrow dark alleys without thoroughfares or courts."

Piercing the darkness

That was in the year 1667. And it has not been done yet. The streets follow the old lines of the narrow alleyways burned down in the Great Fire.

When the Emperor Napoleon III. drew up his plan, in our fathers' time, to make Paris "not the finest city that existed but the finest city that could exist," he said: "I am giving the working man a civil list for ten years." And, in fact, no one was out of work.

While the theorists boasted that they were piercing the darkness with sunlight and creating lungs for a city that stifled, the plain citizen was amazed at the stimulus that employment and trade received from the Emperor's rebuilding schemes.

Contemporary accounts are full of the free circulation of money, the flourishing of old shops, and the building of new ones. It was materially the most prosperous period in the history of France.

Give Wren a chance!

Now it would not be fair to expect such results from a rebuilding of London under present conditions, even if it be undeniable that trade would be stimulated by a scheme like the one Napoleon III. carried out in Paris in 1854, or Mussolini is carrying out in Rome at this very moment.

There are great difficulties, difficulties of finance chiefly; but the fact that it is being done in Rome shows that they are not insuperable.

The rebuilding of Paris was financed by a trifling tax on articles entering the city—other schemes have been paid for out of a tax on the improved market value of land sold for building.

Even if a systematic rebuilding of London is impossible for the moment (though it must be remembered that building was never so cheap as now), a systematic replanning is not.

There is surely as much talent at the disposal of the L.C.C. and the Ministry of Health as Mussolini or Napoleon III. could command, and, were there not, the L.C.C. might do worse than take a look at Wren's plans (they are to be found in the British Museum).

The enemy forces

Once the London of to-morrow is planned with wide thoroughfares and decent houses—allowing for open spaces, the scheduling of the buildings that are to be preserved, and, what is far more vital, those which are to be destroyed—the L.C.C. and the Ministry between them can see to it (they have the powers) that no building done in the meantime shall conflict with the final aim.

There is no single, practical or æsthetic reason why this should not be done to-day.

The forces working against it are purely those of short-sighted vested interests, and they have held up things far too long already.

If a five-year plan is drawn up now, we may still live to see a London of which we are proud replace the city in which there is so much to make us feel ashamed.

"CUT-THROAT STARS"

Is there blood-thirsty rivalry between Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer? Hollywood says there is—but is there?

Listen to Norma Shearer herself speaking. "I think we've been a little afraid to be nice to each other—a little self-conscious in each other's presence.

"But I admire and like Joan. And I believe she feels the same way about me. I think both of us have been hurt and embarrassed by the persistent stories of our rivalry and hatred."

Interesting—and ironic—isn't it?

You will get to know the real Norma Shearer if you read this week's *Picturegoer*, out to-day. There she talks to Harriet Parsons about Joan Crawford—but in doing so she reveals more about her real self than she has ever done before.

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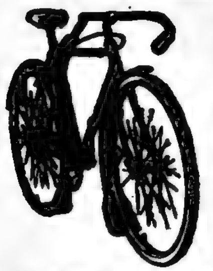

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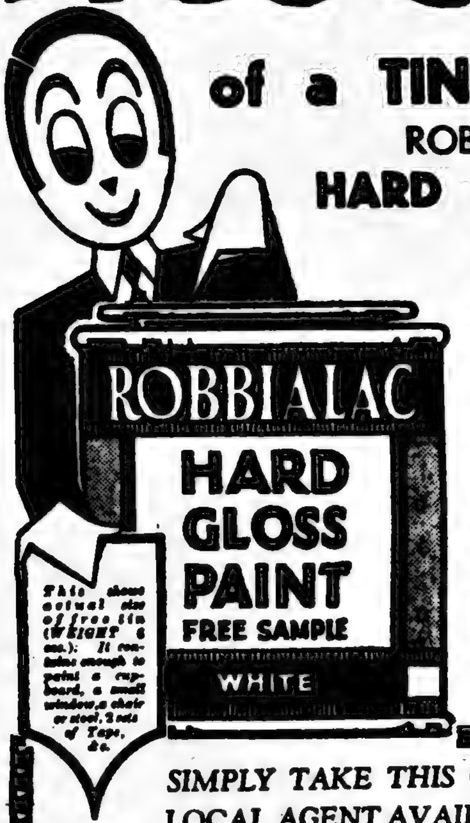
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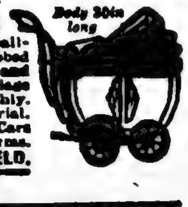
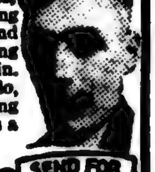


J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

STOMACH PAINS



Mr. GODFREY, 165, Ealand Road, Batley, writes: "I was suffering intense pains in the Stomach and Chest. Could not eat anything without vomiting it back again. A friend recommended Vitadatio, and I felt great relief. After taking six bottles, I am glad to say it is a fine tonic."

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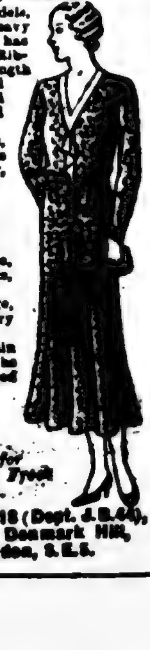

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Health experts are constantly drawing attention to the fact that much illness is due to the insufficient consumption of liquids, especially water. To keep fit everybody should drink, each morning before breakfast, a glass of hot water, but if sufferers from rheumatism, indigestion, sluggish liver and constipation will add a teaspoonful of 'Limestone' Phosphate they will not only flush the whole of the alimentary canal, but will keep down uric acid and clear away from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the indigestible waste matter, sour bile, acidity and poisonous toxins that cause ill-health and disease. All who wake with dull, aching head, have furred tongue or unpleasant taste, as well as those suffering from rheumatism, indigestion or constipation should get some 'Limestone' Phosphate from their chemist. A supply can be obtained for only two shillings, and if a teaspoonful is taken in a morning glass of hot water vigorous health will be quickly regained and maintained.

DRY RASH BURNED AND ITCHED

For Twelve Months. Very Sore. Healed by Cuticura.

"I suffered from a rash on my face that was very sore and dry. Sometimes it burned and itched so much that I thought I would go mad. I suffered with it about twelve months. After trying various ointments, getting little satisfaction, I decided to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample of each. After using them I purchased more and in about five weeks I was completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. R. Hepburn, 7, Catherine St., Jarrow-on-Tyne, Durham, Eng.

Daily use of Cuticura Soap, with touches of Cuticura Ointment as required, keeps the skin fresh and clear, hands soft and smooth and hair live and glossy. Cuticura Talcum is fragrant and refreshing, an ideal toilet powder.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1.

Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

OUR EVERYDAY HEROES

EVERY now and then there comes to light the story of a deed which is so heroic that it causes an astonished gasp of admiration.

A woman is trapped in a burning house, a man is drowning, an explosion occurs in a mine or a factory, or a child is almost under the wheels of a car, when suddenly some onlooker leaps to the rescue and becomes the hero or heroine of the hour, little suspecting till then that he or she possessed such powers of heroism.

Often such unguessed heroes are the humblest and most modest of people.

Not long ago Mrs. Alice Nelson, an elderly widow of Leeds, suddenly appeared screaming at the door of her house in Balm Road with her clothes ablaze. Instantly Harry Sellers, who was hawking in the street, rushed to her assistance, whipped off his jacket and smothered the flames. A simple act of coolness and bravery, but who would have suspected that a hawker in the street would have been the man to do it?

Or take the case of Mrs. Jessie Bowen, of Nantmel, Radnorshire. She was standing near her house when she saw a motor-cycle, about 150 yards away, skid and burst into flames.

At once she ran towards it and observed the rider, Alfred Rogers, pinned beneath it with his clothes on fire. Although the petrol tank might have exploded at any moment, she caught hold of Rogers, pulled him away, beat out the flames from his clothes with his cap, and helped him to her house.

The injured man, after hovering between life and death for many weeks, eventually recovered. Mrs. Bowen, at the cost of severe burns to herself, had saved his life.

When the s.s. *Cambrian Baroness* was lying ready to sail in a lock at Newport, a fireman rating who was climbing the pilot ladder lost his hold and fell into the lock between the vessel and the wall—a space of from two to three feet. A ladder was lowered to the water and the man caught hold of it, but as he was being hauled up his hold gave way and he fell back into the water.

Among the bystanders on the quay stood an unemployed seaman named Frank Hopkins. At once this hero offered to go down a ladder to the water, which was fifteen feet below. He went down, and, with the aid of an electric torch, caught hold of the fireman, who was now unconscious, and began to carry him up.

Saved by inches

Then, suddenly, and almost imperceptibly, the vessel began to move towards the quay wall. A voice from above screamed out a warning, and someone shouted "Let him drop!" But Hopkins stoutly refused to do this, and a few minutes later eager hands reached down and hauled both men to safety.

Barely were both on the quay when the vessel closed in to the wall!

Except when a man is awarded a medal for some special act of bravery the peace-time heroism of those who serve in the Army, Navy, Merchant Service and Air Force is usually unknown to the public. But much may be guessed by occasional facts which leak out.

For example, Flight-Lieut. C. E. Maitland has recently been engaged in deliberately risking his life in mid-air to help solve the mystery of certain airplane crashes.

Some of the tests which he has been conducting at Farnborough to help the Aeronautical Research Committee have been dangerous in the extreme. Amongst other things, he has taken up machines and put them into dangerous spins, and in more than one case it has been extremely doubtful whether the machine could be pulled out of it. The committee has paid tribute to his heroism.

For a recent example of heroism in the Navy there is the case of Lieut. Colin Singleton, who was given the Stanhope Medal, the highest award of the Royal Humane Society, for bravery in China.

At 11 o'clock one night, off Hankow, Lieut. Singleton was watching some ratings coming aboard, when one of them, Stoker O'Brien, suddenly fell back into the Yangtse River.

Dogged does it

Lieut. Singleton knew that he was the only non-swimmer on the ship, and that the Yangtse is one of the most notoriously dangerous rivers in China, with a very fast current and a powerful undertow which sucks men under so that they never come to the surface again, and with germ-infested waters.

Nevertheless, he jumped in instantly without even waiting to remove his clothes.

Twenty yards astern he caught O'Brien, who struggled violently and dragged him under, so that he had to release his hold.

Meanwhile a motor sampan came alongside, but Singleton, without a thought for his own safety, told it to go on downstream and look for O'Brien. It went on for three and a half miles, unfortunately in vain, and it was only by luck that it succeeded in finding Singleton, who was clinging to a buoy, when it returned.

And here is a story of bravery in the Merchant Service.

The s.s. *Tritonia*, of Glasgow, arrived at Buenaventura, Colombia, with a quantity of explosives aboard. While the cargo was being discharged a fire was discovered among the cases of dynamite stowed in the bridge space of No. 3 hold, whereupon most of the crew left the ship.

On reaching shore, the master decided to sink the ship and so avoid the risk of damaging the harbour through the explosion which was almost certain to occur.

Something more than ordinary courage was needed to go aboard a blazing vessel with a cargo of explosives. Nevertheless, Alexander Johnson, the chief engineer, and William Hall, the second engineer, volunteered to board the *Tritonia* and open the sea cocks.

They did so, but while they were still aboard the vessel blew up, killing them instantly.

What a terrible death it must be to be crushed by a train! Yet such a fate was deliberately risked by Arthur Devere Thomas, flagman for a party of workmen who were working on the Metropolitan underground electric railway at King's Cross.

A rousing cheer for the gallant Arthur Thomas who risked horrible death to save a workmate

One of the party, a man named Percival, who was dismantling a wooden staging fixed across the track, suddenly slipped and fell twenty feet. He lay unconscious on the track, face downwards across one running rail, with his head close to the negative rail of the electric system.

There was no time for thought, as a tyain was at that moment approaching round the curve. Thomas instantly jumped down from the platform, and, dashing across the two negative rails carrying 600 volts, he snatched up Percival almost from under the wheels of the train and held him, still unconscious, in a small recess in the wall while the train passed with only a few inches to spare!

An even more hair-raising feat of heroism was performed not long ago at Workington.

A man named Thomas Brewis was painting a chimney of the United Steel Companies, 160 feet high, when he fell backwards and hung head downwards 150 feet from the ground, suspended by his feet, which were entangled in some ropes of the bosun's chair in which he had ascended.

Pearson Fleming, a charge-hand stationed on a gantry surrounding the chimney eighty feet from its base, secured the ropes on which Brewis's chair was suspended, and then climbed up by a vertical iron ladder fixed to the chimney and supported the unconscious man's body.

V.C.s of Peace

Meanwhile Nicholas Whitehead, a painter's labourer, only seventeen years of age, climbed the ladder from the gantry and fixed a safety-belt round Brewis. The two rescuers then lifted him into the bosun's chair and secured him in it by the hook of the safety-belt. While they were doing this Fleming's body was actually inclined at an angle of 60 degrees with the vertical ladder!

Ultimately they came down the ladder steadying and supporting the still unconscious man. . .

Yes, the number of our everyday heroes—in our mines and factories particularly—is legion.

They are the V.C.s of Peace. And yet, more often than not, nobody ever hears of them. And they themselves never broadcast their good deeds.

THIS COMPLETE KIT OF THE FAMOUS "SKYSCRAPER"

YOURS for ONLY 8/6 DOWN

MOST SENSITIVE SELECTIVE & POWERFUL BATTERY SET YOU CAN BUILD YOURSELF

THE ONLY KIT YOU CAN BUILD YOURSELF EMPLOYING METALLISED S G. HIGH-MU DETECTOR AND ECONOMY POWER PENTODE VALVES

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GREAT FREE CHART

TELLS EXACTLY WHAT TO DO WITH EVERY SINGLE NUT AND SCREW

Lissen have published a 1/- Constructional Chart, giving the most detailed instructions ever printed for the building of a wireless set. You can't go wrong—every part, every wire, every terminal is identified by photographs. Everybody, without any technical knowledge or skill, can safely and with COMPLETE CERTAINTY OF SUCCESS undertake to build this most modern of radio receivers from the instructions given and the parts Lissen have supplied.

This new Lissen "SKYSCRAPER" Kit Set is the only one on the market that you can build yourself, employing a Metallised Screen Grid Valve, High-Mu Detector and Economy Power Pentode. Around these three Valves Lissen have designed a home constructor's kit the equal of which there has never been before. Why be satisfied with whispering foreign stations when you can BUILD WITH YOUR OWN HANDS this Lissen "SKYSCRAPER," that will bring in loudly and clearly distant stations in a profusion that will add largely to your enjoyment of radio? You can get the Lissen "Skyscraper" Chart FREE from any radio dealer, or by posting the COUPON below direct to factory.

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"Skyscraper" Kit, complete with Walnut Cabinet, and inbuilt Loudspeaker, as illustrated, £6 5s. Cash. Or 11/6 down and twelve monthly payments of 10/6.

LISSEN "SKYSCRAPER" 3

ASK YOUR DEALER—OR POST COUPON

To LISSEN, Ltd., Publicity Dept., Isleworth, Middx.
Please send me FREE copy of your 1/- "Skyscraper" Chart.
NAME..
ADDRESS..
J.B.38..

Relief in 5 minutes!

"COUGH VANISHED

with a rub of your ointment"

"Late one foggy night, just about the time my annual Winter cough had started, I was about to leave a friend's house after a card party, when he gave me a jar of your Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. When I arrived home, I rubbed some of it on my chest. I could feel its tingling warmth doing me good there and then! Within a day or two my cough had completely vanished, and now, at the slightest sign of a cough, I kill it on the spot with a rub of your ointment." *S. J., Finchley.*

The tingling, penetrating warmth of Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment will bring you blissful peace and freedom from pain. Deep down it reaches to the pain-racked muscles, and draws out the inflammation. Get a jar today.

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Colds are caused by germs breathed into the respiratory tract when the victim is "below par." The inhaling of the antiseptic vapour of Vapex kills the cold germs and attacks the cold at its source.

A drop of Vapex on your handkerchief and on your pillow gives day and night protection or relief.

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

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Drive out RHEUMATISM of every kind

GOUT
CRAMP
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NERVE PAINS
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Etc. Etc.

All rheumatism is caused by Uric Acid. URACE Brand Tablets are a quick, sure cure because they dissolve and remove this poison. They purify the blood, banish pain and tone up the system.

URACE

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Have you ever experienced the delights of a Sea Cruise? Fill in the Coupon on p. 25 for Free detailed pictorial Brochure of P. & O. Cruises. State numbers of Cruises in which you are most interested.

Get Rid of Acidity

Digestion cannot proceed properly if the stomach is burdened with acidity. A *rational* and *safe* means of freeing the stomach from acidity is provided by Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenge Brand of Digestive Tablets, made by Savory and Moore from a formula of the famous Dr. Jenner.

These Tablets are quite different from the ordinary antacid preparations, and contain neither bismuth nor magnesia. They owe their value to their remarkable power to absorb acidity. To sufferers from Heartburn, Flatulence, Dizziness, Palpitation (especially at night), and all the ills that arise from acidity, they are of the greatest possible benefit. They are quite harmless, having no effect whatever on the stomach itself or the digestive ferments.

A feature of the Tablets, which is attested by all who use them, is the *immediate* relief given, even in chronic cases. Their action is so beneficial that in a short time ordinary meals can be taken without fear of indigestion.

Boxes 1/3, 3/- and 5/-, of all chemists.

A FREE SAMPLE

of Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenge Brand of Digestive Tablets will be sent on receipt of a postcard. Mention "John Bull," and address Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143a, Bond Street, London, W.1. —[ADVT.]

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CORN REMOVER

Corns ended.

Why put up with corns or get only temporary relief when 'Freezone' Corn Remover will end them completely? A few drops on any corn *instantly stops the pain* and soon the corn loosens and comes right out. A 1/3 bottle from Boots', Taylor's or any good chemist will quickly remove your painful corns.

What Made Her Hair Grow?

Read Her Letter for the Answer.

"My hair fell out," writes Mrs. Hillman, "leaving only one patch. I was under hospital care for months. But my hair would not grow again.

"Then I used Kotalko —and now I have a fine, thick growth of hair, as you can see by my photograph." Men also who were bald-headed for years report new hair growths by using KOTALKO. Many testimonials from men and women.

TEST BOX

If you have dandruff, or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or entirely bald, use or copy the Coupon below.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD.,
2, Percy Street (53 W.H.), London, W.1.

Please send me post paid, Testing package of KOTALKO and Kotalko Soap with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

NAME...

ADDRESS..

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New Times, New Children

They ask "How?"—then go by the quickest route to find out for themselves. Here are schoolboys with the model of the giant plane "Do.X" they constructed

In one of the most fanciful stories ever written a man of this planet was suddenly confronted by a contemporary from Mars—and the contrast, of course, was staggering.

Yet have you ever thought that the effect would be much the same if a schoolboy of forty years ago could be brought face to face with a boy of to-day of his own age? Can't you imagine how puzzled both would be, how foreign each would seem to the other, and how completely at variance they would be in interests, outlook and knowledge?

To deal with one small aspect of a stupendous subject, can't you picture the face of Master 1893 if, hearing speech emanate from the wireless set of Master 1933, and asking what it was all about, he were told: "That's the new President of America He's making his first speech in Washington at this moment. And I made this magic box, as you call it, from some blue prints Dad brought home for me."

The modern child is as different from its prototype of forty years ago as the talkie film is from the old-time peep-show, and the magic box of wireless from the Victorian musical-box.

And it is when we notice how changed is the knowledge sought by schoolchildren generally to-day, both girls and boys alike, that we realise this difference to the full

They prepare, to-day, for the employer who is going to ask them to put a trunk call through to Birmingham, rush this letter by air mail to India, change the record on the dictaphone, and probably ask them what they think of Campbell's performance in the Bluebird

They want to know

Schoolchildren nowadays know that the knowledge gained by repeating things parrot-fashion after their teachers is neither going to get them into jobs nor keep them there.

Not only do they want to know all about the latest speed attempts at Daytona, but they expect to be told about all the stages in motor development from the day the first car left its factory to the moment Campbell passed the timing clock

And as with cars, so with aeroplanes They saw them flying over their towns six years ago, and now there are none They want to know why

They seek to find out how the ocean greyhound of to-day has grown out of the primitive coracle, the modern Pullman motor-coach from the carrier's van, the Royal Scot from the stage coach, the Schneider Trophy seaplane from the kites of the ancient Chinese.

And having found out, they want to know what the next stage is going to be in the development of each

"What?" and "When?" are not the only questions asked by the schoolchildren of to-day They would fall asleep if they were asked to answer too many questions about people like Simon de Montfort and "What happened in 1066?"

"How?" and "Why?" are nowadays far more urgent and important questions to their way of thinking.

Why did Professor Piccard go into the upper atmosphere in that strange balloon-like craft—and how? And how did the Tube railways get under London—and why?

Why, why, why?

Why does the Ministry of Health like to have building estates as near as possible to tree-dotted countryside? How did the treasures now being wrested from the tombs of the kings in Egypt get there in the first place—and, again, why?

Why is every little school-fellow liable to get a temperature when he or she has a bad cold? And how do the millions of tiny defenders in each human body wage war against the invading armies of disease?

It is not modern invention alone that has changed the outlook of our children and given them a zest for a far wider field of knowledge. Modern methods of bringing up little John and Joan have more than a little to do with it.

Forty years ago the family newspaper had to be held averted in the presence of children, in case their eyes should see a line of it. To-day they are encouraged to read the news. And excerpts from newspapers form the basis of school lessons in almost every school.

The coming assault on Everest; the efforts of Germany to wrest the railway speed record from us and our own determination not only to keep it, but to get back from it the blue riband of the Atlantic as well; the rushing of serums by air from St. Mary's Hospital, London, in an effort to conquer a fever outbreak in far-away Iraq; our plight as a result of the war—and now America's even worse plight; the last stages of the fight against slavery.

All these things they read about in the newspapers. And so they expect from their teachers knowledge that will enable them to understand about such matters.

They would far rather be able to explain them to father than have father explain them to them!

After all, don't they know much more than he does about the way a newspaper is produced and how wireless is broadcast?

The gap filled

The old adage may well be changed to "Other times, other children."

Certainly the children of to-day have a keener zest for knowledge than those of any other generation ever had, and certainly they have better teachers.

What they have lacked is a good standard children's work of reference that will be their guide in these studies that will make school lessons live and make newspaper and broadcast descriptions of countries and people and things become as vivid as first-hand experiences

And that one serious gap, as you will see if you turn to the supplement in the centre of this issue, has at last been filled.

The Human Machine

A LIVING PROOF

A MAN who knows his own mind, and who is determined to do something, sooner or later finds ways and means of doing it; and before he is through he shows the world that there are just as many opportunities to-day as ever there were.

If you doubt the truth of this, take a look at Mr. Theophilus Watson, who lives at Nelson, in Lancashire. Two years ago he became unemployed. He didn't like it, and he determined to end it.

He obtained the use of an empty workshop, and in it he installed four old looms. He knew there was a good market for towels, so he concentrated on turning out towels and nothing else; and he saw to it that every towel he made was of good quality and had a good colour scheme.

He backed his belief in himself, in his abilities, and in his opportunity—and he won. His average weekly output from this tiny mill is now something like eighty dozen towels.

He not only makes towels: he looks after his own machines, solicits his own orders, and acts as his own accountant. And he has already got beyond supplying the home market only. He regularly ships his towels to Canada, and he has recently had enquiries about them from Constantinople.

Mr. Watson refused to be conquered by the depression. He decided to regard misfortune as an opportunity for new endeavour, and he has been abundantly justified.

And up and down the country there are plenty of such people, people who refuse to be downhearted, who are energetic triers, and who conquer misfortune because they refuse to admit defeat.

Some do it in one way, some do it in another; but they all prove in their own way that to those who really determine to climb out of the rut there are no obstacles sufficiently great to stop them.

That "you never know what you can do till you try" is one of the truest "truisms" ever uttered.

NO DRUDGERY!
HARPIC

No need to scrub the lavatory-pan
A regular sprinkle of
HARPIC
keeps it clean and sanitary

HARPIC thoroughly cleanses the lavatory-pan, and also the bend in the pipe where a brush cannot reach. It thus *removes the cause* of odours. Harpic destroys germs, since its disinfectant power is greater even than that of carbolic.

In 6d., 1/- and 1/9 tins at Grocers, Chemists, Ironmongers and Stores. Send 6d. in stamps for useful Home Book to Dept. P5, Harpic Mfg. Co. Ltd., Hull.

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Great NEWS *for* CYCLISTS!

as powerful as a motor horn
ADDS TO
SPEED AND SAFETY

The Pifco Electric Horn supersedes bells. Loud, high-pitched tone. Long life and weatherproof. Easy to fix. Order to-day through your local dealer or direct from

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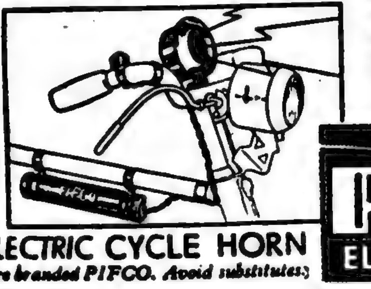
MANCHESTER, AND 150
CHARING CROSS ROAD,
LONDON, W.C.2.

FITS ANY CYCLE
Horn with Cables, Battery Container and Push Button, in Black enamel and chromium plated finish. Cplte. 6/11
Low consumption Battery to suit 9d. extra.



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Genuine Pifco Horns are branded PIFCO. Avoid substitutes.

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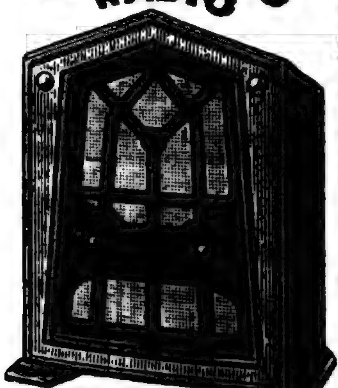

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The Graves 'Minerva' 3-Valve Receiver
Battery-operated, with Moving Coil Loud Speaker, is of proven excellence and will bear favourable comparison with sets costing several pounds more.

10/6 NOW

It is entirely self-contained, everything except the Aerial equipment being ingeniously accommodated inside the Oak finished cabinet which measures 16½in high by 14in wide. Fitted with Moving Coil Loud Speaker of the newest type and operated by a super-capacity long-life H.T. Battery. It is made under Marconi Licence and incorporates only those components whose reliability and excellence are assured. Fitted with a new pattern All-Steel Chassis, and specially designed to provide powerful long-range reception. Highly selective, and truly magnificent tone, the Moving Coil Loud Speaker giving life-like reproduction. Easy to operate, inexpensive to maintain, and simple to control. Complete in all respects, including Aerial equipment and Free Delivery. Price £8:8:0

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FROM A
MULTITUDE
OF ILLS

No VITALITY
No STRENGTH
Weak DIGESTION
Shaky NERVES

Miss Deegen says :—

"I Thank
Dr. Cassell Brand Tablets
From The Bottom of My Heart"

'When I read in the papers of the amazing accomplishments of Dr. Cassell Tablets I decided to try them.' Miss Deegen of Highbury told me to-day, 'And I gratefully add my testimony to the host of others.'

'**Dr. Cassell Tablets**' she continued, '**changed me from a weak, suffering, tired woman into a healthy vigorous being, full of life and health.**'

I asked Miss Deegen what she suffered from, and she gave me the facts of her amazing experience.

'For years I suffered from a multitude of health troubles' she said.

'**Every ounce of vitality seemed sapped from my body. Strength deserted me. My nerves were shaky and jangled, indigestion weakened my system and agonised me with pain. The awful horror of sleeplessness dragged me further into the pit of depression and despondency.**'

'I bless the day when I first read of the wonders which Dr. Cassell Tablets had performed for others. To me their experiences were a guiding light which led me on to new hope and new health.'

'**Every Tablet seemed to bring me fresh vigour and relief. Every hour I seemed to be getting better and stronger. Every meal saw me less tortured by indigestion, and every night enjoying sounder and more refreshing slumber.**'

Why suffer? Miss Deegen's experience is typical of thousands. Agonised victims of

RHEUMATIC TROUBLES
HEADACHES, INSOMNIA
GENERAL WEAKNESS
KIDNEY TROUBLE
INDIGESTION, ANAEMIA
NERVES, NEURASTHENIA
NEURALGIA, NEURITIS

All find joyous and speedy relief.

What is the wonderful secret of Dr. Cassell Brand Tablets? The fact is each tablet contains no less than

19 HEALTH INGREDIENTS

The formula consists of:

Nutrients to feed the body with immediate new health, enrich the blood and counteract weakness.

Hypophosphites to re-charge the nerve centres with the vital power which has been so seriously drained.

Nerve Restoratives to strengthen and renew every part of the nervous system, and conquer neuritic and neuralgic conditions.

Valuable Stomachics to restore digestive powers, enable you to gain more benefit from your food, prevent indigestion and improve assimilation and metabolism. Thus, attacked from every quarter, your health trouble cannot stay—it simply **MUST go!**

FREE—the Dr. Cassell Little Book of Health. Every man and woman is invited to send a postcard to-day to the Veno Drug Co. Ltd., Manchester, for an entirely FREE copy of the Dr. Cassell Little Book of Health. This is a complete guide to better health and should be in every home.

Secure from your Chemist a 1/3 bottle at once. If you are not entirely satisfied with your improved health this amount will be refunded by the Veno Drug Co, Ltd., Manchester, on receipt of empty carton.

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Introducing the NEW INVISIBLE AUDIPHONES.
NO BATTERIES, NO WIRES, NO OTHER PARTS.
Marvellous little aids. Complete in themselves. Sent for 3 days' FREE TRIAL on receipt of name and address only.
SEND NO MONEY. Price if kept, £3 12s. 6d., or instalments.
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CURES PILES

You can end the torture of irritating, painful piles this sure, quick way. Get a supply of Man Zan and use as directed. Irritation quickly ceases and pain goes for good. Persevere and you will be cured.

Go to your chemist and ask for Man Zan, the antiseptic, soothing remedy specially and solely prepared for those with pile trouble. Simple and clean to use, this unguent gets right to the seat of the trouble. Man Zan is sold in tubes, with special nozzle applicator, price 3/-, and is obtainable from chemists everywhere. For free test supply send name and address to E. C. De Witt & Co. Ltd. (Dept. R26), Croydon, Surrey.

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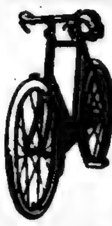
BRAND PILE REMEDY



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From MARCH 1933 To MARCH 1934.

A MINE OF INFORMATION FOR ALL SPORTSMEN

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accepted from 1/- up to any amount in accordance with rules. Commissions bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race will be on at Full Starting Price. No Limit, Win or Place.

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BEST John Bull Article

OUR READERS' CHOICE

FOR years JOHN BULL has championed the cause of right against might. Last December you published a fighting article against the tyrannical Lunacy Board of Control. Never have you done a greater public service.

Your fearless denouncement of this "Board of Official Kidnappers" and its methods aroused public opinion from Land's End to John o' Groats and earned you the support of every right-thinking man and woman.

That article made me say: "Bravo JOHN BULL!"—*C. S., Tottenham.*

The Old, Old Story

Rt. Hon. George Lansbury

George Lansbury's Christmas message, "The Old, Old Story in the New, New World," was the best article I ever read. It seemed to fit in with my own thoughts at that time, and, no doubt, with those of thousands more.

As we go through life, no matter to what Party or creed we belong, if only the Christmas feeling abounded all the year round, how grand it would be! Why should it not be?—*Wm. Belcher, Leicester.*

Without Fear . .

As a reader of JOHN BULL for twenty years, I unhesitatingly say that the feature that appears every week under the heading "Without Fear or Favour" is excellent.

I have read these leading articles since the early days of the war. They always hit the nail on the head. They are clear-cut and pointed, and prove the popular slogan—"If you see it in JOHN BULL, it is so."—*Wiseacre, St. Helens.*

With the Mormons

The JOHN BULL readers' story entitled "The Mormon Holy of Holies" will be hard to beat. It was something new, giving JOHN BULL readers a glimpse at the forbidden.

The description of the temple, or tabernacle, was so vivid that I almost felt myself inside the building. I feel sure that other readers like myself talked about the article long afterwards.—*Mrs. James Mackie, Ayrshire.*

Inspiring "Greatest Hour"

I was inspired by the "Greatest Hour" of Sir Francis Goodenough—the hour being that which we are living now, and the opportunities that may emerge from it.

How happy we should be if we could forget the might-have-beens, and use this present hour to launch out afresh.

That those who would reap in the future must sow now is what I learned from Sir Francis Goodenough's Greatest Hour.—*Joseph Craven, Castleford.*

Campbell's Example

Swaffer saw the inspiration

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to Sir Malcolm Campbell showed real appreciation of British achievement.

Sir Malcolm has returned from Daytona. His description of the run, in which he set up a new world car speed record, with hand and arm practically useless and driving conditions ghastly, makes us ordinary mortals shiver.

"You, Sir Malcolm, represent young Great Britain," Hannen Swaffer wrote. That is an inspiration and example for Young Britain to emulate.—*H. L., Gourock.*

A Shameful Traffic

"Killing a Shameful Traffic" gets my vote. For frankness and sincerity on the question of the White Slave traffic in the East I have seen nothing to come up to it.

I liked it, too, because it was educational as well as frank.—*S. J., Abercynon.*

Flood-lit Sport

"Floodlights Off Our Sports" was an article I greatly admired, because it undoubtedly played a leading part in preventing our sports from suffering a great injustice.

If flood-lit sport became general it would soon rob sport of its true meaning and turn it into mere entertainment. *W. E. Gowing, London, N.*

Little Mothers

I thoroughly enjoyed the article on "Little Mothers." How different these mites are from some adults, caring for and tending their younger sisters and brothers with as much love as a mother, putting in long hours without wages, doing all they can to help the bread-winner, and remaining in the background.

JOHN BULL focussed the lime-light on their drab lives and showed us all what little heroines so many of the children in our midst really are.

What an example to those grown-ups who look on their daily task as a burden and think forty-eight hours a week more than enough.—*E. S. Danes, Birmingham.*

Good to be English

"A.G.G."

"I am an Englishman and proud of it" is a very old saying. But not until I read "It's Good to be English To-day," by A. G. Gardiner, did I realise how proud I should be to be an Englishman to-day.

The article described how other countries are suffering from political wars and other forms of discontent. Liberty is dead in some of these.

But England, whatever its faults, is still "The Land of the Free."—*A. R., Birkenhead.*

Moral of Two Cities

In "The New Tale of Two Cities," the prosperity and go-ahead spirit shown by Leicester, as compared with the depression and unemployment in Middlesbrough, was a direct call to the whole nation to make the effort needed to bring "our little old island" back to the days when she could hold her own with any other nation in the world.

Just as Leicester is forging ahead, so will she, in years to come, prove that "push and pep" are far from monopolised by the American nation.—*B. I., Cambs.*

A Pulpit Scandal

The article I liked best was entitled "Banned from His Pulpit." It revealed how a young curate who had served his country in the war and tried to serve it in peace by preaching disarmament was shamefully dismissed.

You cannot expect to fill the churches when things like this happen, especially as the young curate was respected by his parishioners.

I sincerely hope the injustice you exposed will be the cause of the Rev. L. E. Roberts being reinstated.—*L. W., Hackney.*

Root of Happiness

His recipe for happiness

Canon R. J. Campbell's piece of homely wisdom, "Fed up with Life," was an inspiration to me.

It convinced me money and position are but secondary factors in life, while love, high thoughts and noble purposes are the basis upon which happiness can be built. — *Eros, Rhondda.*

* * *

"The Town with its Back to the Wall" was an object-lesson in courage and comradeship displayed in the hopeless fight against depression and starvation.—*W. G., Bedminster.*

Sir Wyndham Childs' "Weekly Informations" must save thousands of people from losing their hard-earned savings.—*"Cinders," Norwich.*

If every man and woman read "The Human Machine" and "Homely Wisdom" in JOHN BULL each week, and acted accordingly, what wonderfully contented lives they would lead.—*C. C., Everton.*

EXPERT SOCCER FORECASTS

Selections for March 25

FIRST DIVISION.
(1) NEWCASTLE v. Arsenal.
(2) Portsmouth v. Wednesday.
(3) SHEFFIELD U. v. Sunderland.
(4) WOLVERHAMPTON v. Manchester C.
(5) MIDDLESBROUGH v. Blackpool.
(6) LIVERPOOL v. Blackburn.
(7) LEICESTER v. Leeds.
(8) HUDDERSFIELD v. Birmingham.
(9) Chelsea v. W. B. ALBION.
(10) BOLTON v. Derby.
(11) Aston Villa v Everton.

SECOND DIVISION.
**(1) TOTTENHAM v. Lincoln.
(2) BRADFORD v. Swansea.
*(3) PLYMOUTH v. Notts County.
(4) BURNLEY v. Bradford City.
(5) Charlton v. Millwall.
(6) GRIMSBY v. West Ham.
(7) Manchester U. v. Bury.
**(8) FOREST v. Port Vale.
(9) Oldham v. Fulham.
(10) PRESTON v. Chesterfield.
*(11) STOKE v. Southampton.

SOUTHERN SECTION.
(1) Watford v. BRENTFORD.
(2) NORWICH v. Luton.
**(3) ALDERSHOT v. Swindon.
(4) SOUTHEND v. Northampton.
**(5) BRIGHTON v. Newport.
(6) BRISTOL R. v. Boscombe.
(7) CARDIFF v. Torquay
(8) C. PALACE v. Bristol C.
(9) Gillingham v. Coventry.
(10) Q. P. RANGERS v. Orient.
(11) Reading v. Exeter.

NORTHERN SECTION.
(1) SOUTHPORT v. Gateshead.
(2) ROTHERHAM v. Darlington.
(3) York v. Tranmere.
(4) ACCRINGTON v. Doncaster.
*(5) BARROW v. Hartlepools.
(6) Carlisle v. Halifax.
(7) CHESTER v. Barnsley.
(8) Crewe v. Wrexham.
(9) Mansfield v. Stockport.
(10) N. Brighton v. HULL.
(11) ROCHDALE v. Walsall.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
(1) Cowdenbeath v. CELTIC.
**(2) MOTHERWELL v. Airdrie.
*(3) ST. MIRREN v. Dundee.
(4) Falkirk v. Hamilton.
*(5) PARTICK v. E. Stirling.
(6) QUEEN'S PARK v. Kilmarnock.
(7) AYR v. Third Lanark.
(8) Clyde v. ABERDEEN.
**(9) HEARTS v. Morton.
(10) St. Johnstone v. Rangers.

SPECIAL STAR CODE.

Probable winners are set in capitals. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks, and next best with one.

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div. I.—9 (*A*): Div. II.—1 (*H*); Northern Section—5 (*H*); Scottish League—9 (*H*) would indicate West Bromwich Albion, Tottenham Hotspur, Barrow and Hearts.

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published; 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, March 28.

Spring Time—the Happiest Memory it Brings Me.

Banish Wrinkles

This New Easy Way

Round
eyes & mouth
-on forehead
& neck

The amazing discovery of 'Biocel' by Prof. Dr. Stejskal of the University of Vienna has made possible what a few years ago would have been a miracle. Biocel is a vital element extracted from carefully selected young animals. When tested at the University of Vienna on a large number of women from 55 to 72 years of age, wrinkles completely disappeared in 6 weeks. (See full report in Vienna Medical Journal).

Biocel is now combined with other skin-nourishing ingredients in Tokalon Skinfood (Rose Colour) according to the exact formula of the Professor. Applied at night Tokalon Biocel Skinfood nourishes and rejuvenates the skin while you sleep. Sagging facial muscles are toned up; sallow faded cheeks become fresh, clear and youthful. In one month you can look at least 10 years younger.

FREE: By arrangement with the manufacturers, any reader of this paper may now obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing the new Tokalon skinfood creams (rose for the evening, white for the day). It contains also trial packets of Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" Powder. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, and other expenses. Address: Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 422 B) Chase Rd., London, N.W.10

Spend a Cruising Holiday!
Fill in the Coupon on p. 25.

EADE'S PILLS

relieve your

RHEUMATISM

or your

MONEY BACK

RELIEF! Or we bear the cost of the treatment! If you suffer from rheumatism, rheumatic gout, gout, sciatica or lumbago, or any such pains, buy a 3/- bottle of Eade's Pills from any chemist to-day. If after you have taken three-quarters of its contents you are not satisfied that they are doing you good, you can return the bottle with its remaining contents and original wrapper to George Eade Ltd. (Dept. I.K.), 232, Goswell Road, London, E.C.1, and—**YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED.** This offer will remain open for one month and applies only to 3/- size bottles of Eade's Pills. Eade's Pills are the most famous remedy for rheumatism in the world. They have 87 years' reputation in every country and clime, and their thousands of testimonials are the wonder and envy of the medical fraternity.

£50 REWARD will be paid to anyone proving that Eade's testimonials are not unsolicited appreciations from the public. Read this one—

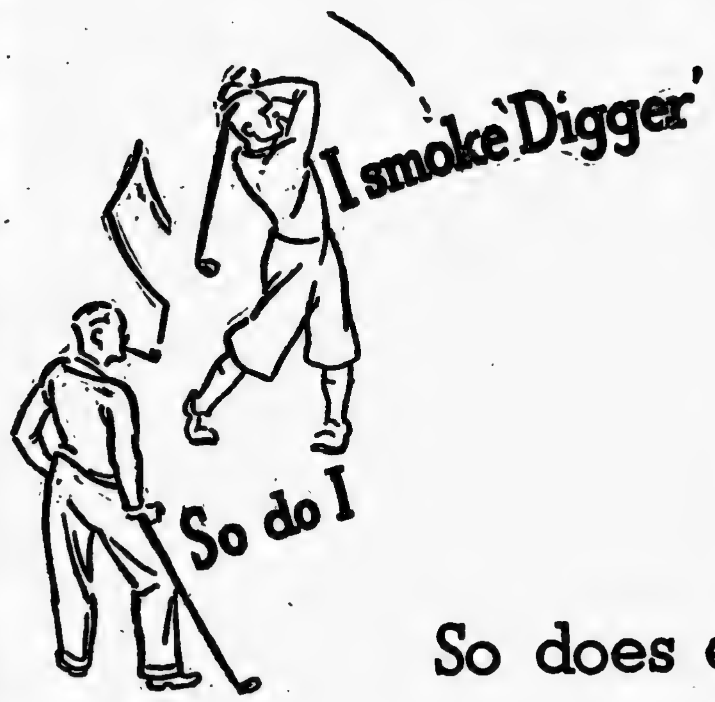
22, Bartholomew Street, Newbury, 27th Jan., 1933.

Sirs,—Your pills did my rheumatic gout more good in 24 hours than my doctor did in a month.

G. E. WHITEHORN.

87 YEARS' REPUTATION. 3/- and 1/3 a bottle from all chemists. Refuse all substitutes.

FREE! Booklet on the treatment and diet for rheumatism, also free sample of Eade's Anodyne, which is most useful when used in conjunction with Eade's Pills. All post free on application to above address.



So does every man who wants a cool, lasting smoke

PLAYER'S "DIGGER" MIXTURE EMPIRE GROWN

PLAYER'S DIGGER MIXTURE

8D PER OZ.

P.D.14.

Only ONE MINUTE!

—and Germolene

Brand OINTMENT

Brings BLESSED SKIN RELIEF

Starts Rapid Healing

For a
Tiny RASH . . or an
Obstinate SORE . . .

DON'T go on trying old-fashioned methods, throwing good money after bad, in the HOPE of getting cured—someday! Get Germolene Ointment's unique ASEPTIC action to work, right away! There's nothing else like it—that's why it gives such extraordinary results when EVERYTHING else has failed. And that's why you MUST specify "GERMOLENE."

Germolene

Ointment

is the Ointment that:

1 Soothes at a touch; starts rapid healing IMMEDIATELY.
2 Gently EJECTS, germs and poisons; never burns them out.
3 Heals the worst wound in record time—without scars!

For CUTS, BURNS, SCALDS, RASH, ECZEMA, ULCERS, BAD LEGS & ALL SKIN ILLS

Get—

Germolene

Brand

ASEPTIC OINTMENT—1/3 & 3/-

FREE!

Send a postcard to the Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, 16, for the Germolene Booklet on the Treatment of Skin Troubles—obtainable free.

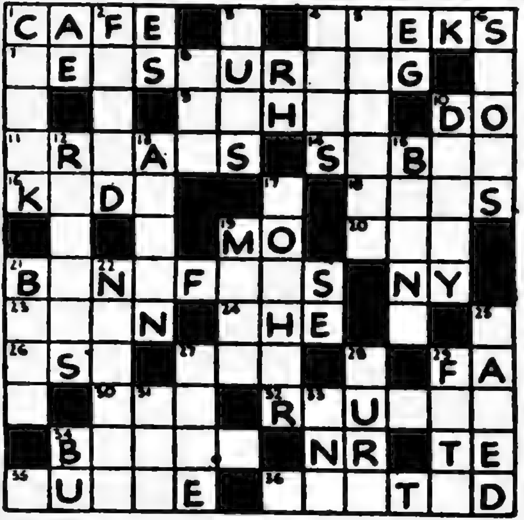
GIANT 2-IN-1 CROSSWORD PRIZE!

£100 A YEAR FOR LIFE AND
£500 Cash
OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £1,250
£100 BETWEEN ALL RUNNERS UP
£100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP WHO HAVE SENT TWO SIXPENNY ENTRIES IN THE SAME ENVELOPE

SOLVE the puzzle below and your huge reward may be this week's 2-in-1 prize of £100 a Year Life Pension and a lump sum of £500. Prizes for Runners-up amount to £200 as announced, and you can add £5 to any prize you win by registering by Thursday, March 30, as instructed for "John Bull's" new free weekly "Crossword Gazette." Notice that a new Rule permits you to enter the two coupons below AND two from our new guide to Crossword success.

AND UNLIMITED £5 BONUSES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 206—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, MARCH 30.



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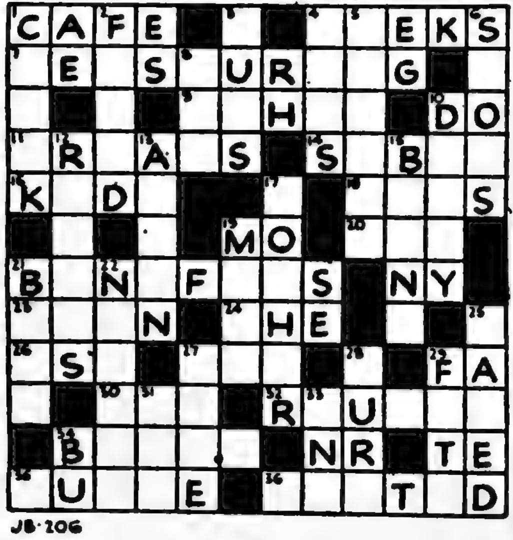

JB·206

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and

enclose P.O. value.... No. ....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 2 Squares
6D.

SIGNED ....

ADDRESS..

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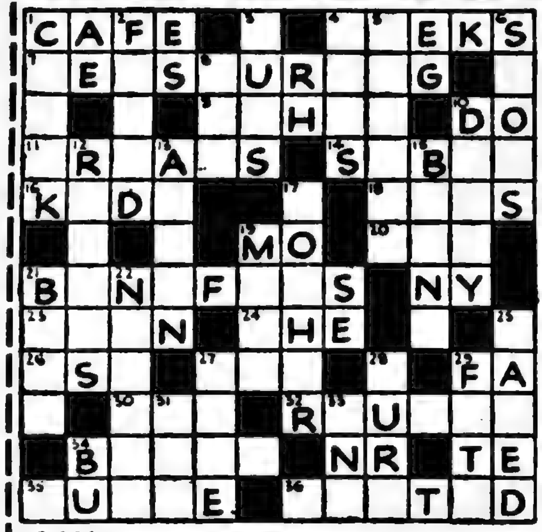
"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 206—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, MARCH 30



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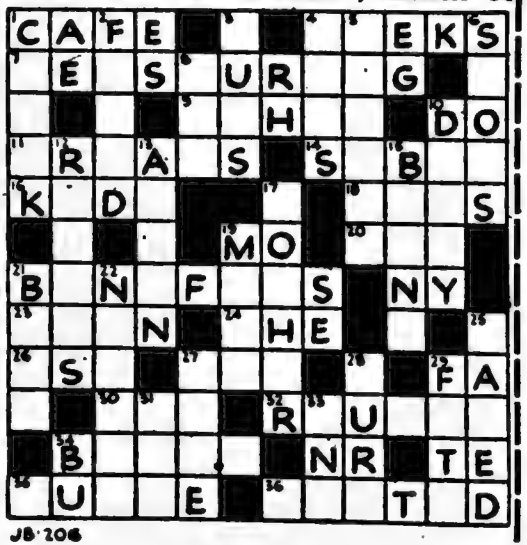


JB·206

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and

enclose P.O. value.... No. ....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 4 Squares
1/-

SIGNED ....

ADDRESS..

....

ADDRESS ENTRY— "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 206,
57, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

If entering two Double Entry Forms cut them out separately—add name and address to each.

Win an extra £5!

QUALIFY WITH THIS BONUS COUPON

A big Extra Bonus of £5 will be added to any prize you win in Crossword No. 206, provided that by Thursday, March 30, you have registered as a reader of "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." Entrants registered for "Bullets" Bulletin, with which "Gazette" is enclosed, are already qualified and must not re-register.

I enclose 6d P.O No. ......crossed "& Co." and payable to "John Bull," covering postage on 12 weekly issues of the new free weekly "Crossword Gazette"

NAME ....

ADDRESS..

POST TO-DAY TO "CROSSWORD GAZETTE" DEPT., 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2. Do not enclose with Crossword entry.

N.B. If preferred, give above details on plain paper.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of £100 a year and £500 cash (or a lump sum of £1,250 cash) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 6, 1933, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday April 13, 1933.

CLUES ACROSS

1. Restaurant
4. Are often worn by Welshmen
7. Giving fresh confidence
9. Theatre attendant
11. She puts them on her face
14. Wooden shoe
16. Young goats
18. Obtains
20. To do this appeases hunger
21. Advantages
23. Ould Oireland
24. Commonest word in language
26. Serpent
27. Golfers start from this
30. What Peeping Toms do
32. Why her cheeks became red
34. Can be trained with care
35. Is commonly heard in court
36. Fortunes are, on races

CLUES DOWN

1. Sometimes takes part in race
2. Describes many film stars' charms
3. Father often lets out
4. Fibs
5. Make angry
6. Are taken with a camera
8. An amount of money
10. Silly
12. America has the greatest of these
13. Often describes someone terror-stricken
15. What wise boss sometimes gives staff
17. Usually waiting for father
19. Tiny tot
21. She's happy when she has one in her eye
22. Pinched
25. Worrying makes her look this
27. Goes flat when punctured
28. Neglected wife is apt to be this
29. A gala
31. Amuses undergraduates
33. First number

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form: send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, March 30, 1933.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry-forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page, plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 13, 1933. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, April 25, 1933, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared, £1,250 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

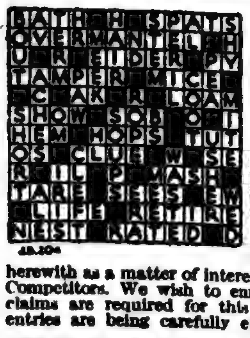
6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

ENTRY FEE.

With 2 squares send Postal Order for 6d. With 4 squares send P.O. for one shilling See Rule 1.



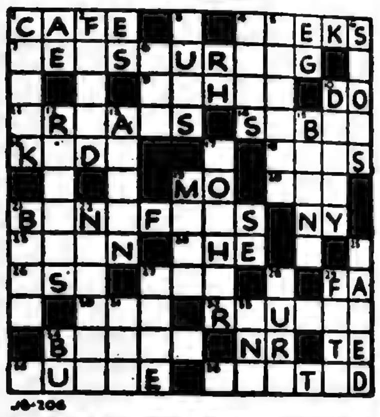
JB·204

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 204

Winners in 203 on page 14. Result of 204 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 204 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasize that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW.

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



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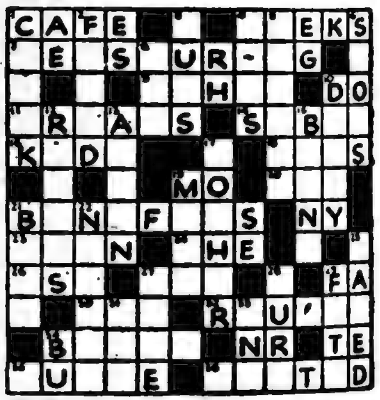

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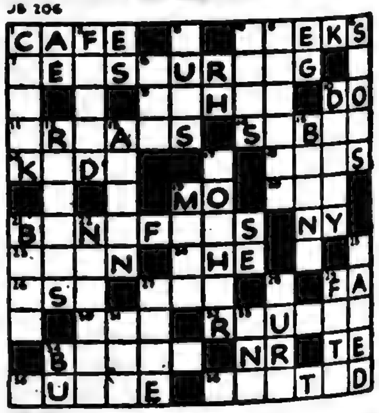
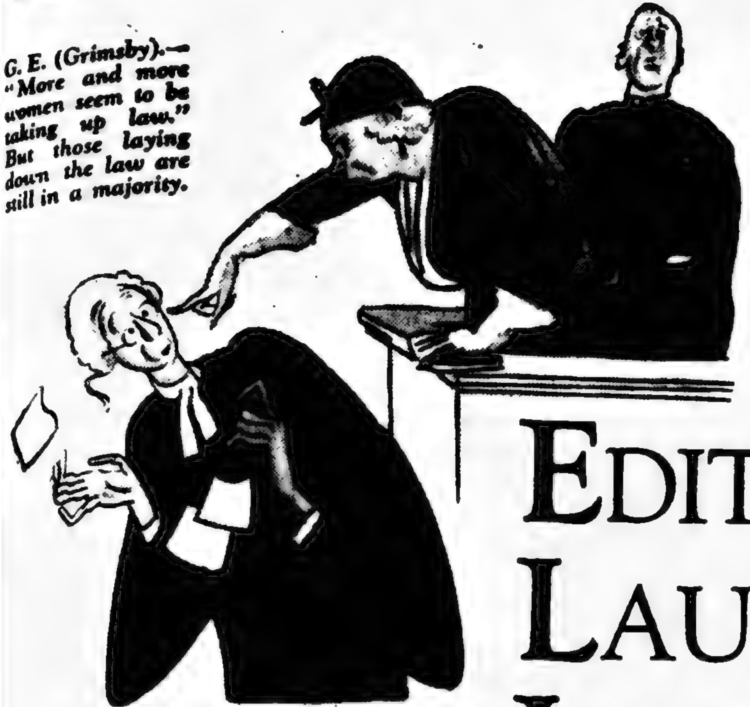


JB·206

JB 206

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents



G. E. (Grimsby).—"More and more women seem to be taking up law." But those laying down the law are still in a majority.

IF you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. JOHN BULL does the rest. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

J. O. (Sale).—"Is bullfighting dangerous or not?" It's a toss-up.

D. N. (Dover).—"The B.B.C. dance music is good." Hall-marked.

T. N. (Rochester).—"Some prison sentences are very elastic." Long stretches.

W. N. L. (Barnet).—"Mountaineering is a silly sport." But some people can't Everest.

E. C. (Barnet).—"How can I prevent my feet from falling asleep?" Don't let them turn in.

ARTIST (Chelsea).—"I have never been able to paint the sea." Try water-colours.

D. B. (Portsmouth).—"A girl should never look round in the street." No. She should diet.

MISS B. M. (Bridlington).—"I'm going to sing 'Far Away.'" Your consideration is commendable.

F. B. (Clovelly).—"Will the domesticated dog ever disappear?" Yes, when we whistle to it.

A. S. (Edinburgh).—"Bad-tempered men make miserable husbands." So do bad-tempered wives.

MISS J. N. (Evesham).—"I am sick of having arms around me." You are a gunsmith's daughter?

K. M. (London, S.).—"When I sang before the prisoners I was heartily applauded." Clapped in jail.

F. R. (Cambridge).—"The average English housewife can't make bread." Won't it rise to the occasion?

R. N. (Esher).—"There is nothing to stop a dentist practising in his private house." In the drawing-room.

R. P. (Reigate).—"A man fell from an upper window and landed unhurt on a hedge." Resting on his laurels.

R. T. S. (Hammersmith).—"Electricity is perfectly safe in the home." But one gets a shock when the bill comes in.

H. L. (Scarborough).—"I would like to see all bill-posters put in jail." You mean all the people who post bills to you?

PHYLLIS W. (Camborne).—"I told the young man that I believed in saving my kisses." And he added to your collection?

MRS. T. (Derby).—"To reach a fine old age people should live on dry toast, oatcakes and cold water." Do you call that living?

MISS K. (Bath).—"I spend hours before the mirror every day admiring my beauty. I suppose you'd call it vanity?" No, imagination.

J. D. (Totnes).—"I am going to spend a few well-earned weeks in a village where there is no postal service." We shall enjoy the rest.

CURIOUS (Chingford).—"Is it true that over a thousand different plays have been produced since 1930?" Well, the titles have been different.

D. N. (Highgate).—"A large proportion of the human body is composed of phosphorus." No wonder some people flare up so readily!

G. H. J. (Oxford).—"Very few people can say exactly how tall they are." Amateur skaters, however, frequently measure their length.

W. L. (Staines).—"Your commissionaire wouldn't let me see you, though I said it was a matter of life and death." We've been pestered by assurance agents before.

D. K. M. (Mayfair).—"A man was recently seen in Regent Street wearing flannel trousers, spats and a top-hat." We can only suppose that this was all of his wardrobe he could lay hands on owing to domestic Spring-cleaning.

B. R. (Chelsea).—"Love is odd." It even turns two into one.

G. M. (London, S.).—"I speak as I think." Yes, but oftener.

R. W. (Glasgow).—"The average weather forecast leaves me cold." And wet.

J. L. (Bow).—"The other day a bird actually perched on my head." A woodpecker?

HISTORIAN (Cambridge).—"This era will be known as an age of change." Mostly small change.

MRS. K. (Hull).—"The modern girl has always to be gadding about at night." To find her mother?

K. C. (Eccles).—"Our vicar preached on the subject of 'Economy.'" So you saved your collection money.

MISS C. (Kensington).—"It takes courage for a girl to wear some of the new evening frocks." Backbone!

H. K. (Preston).—"Trouble knocks at everyone's door." He knocked at ours the other day and borrowed our lawn-mower.

H. A. (Hull).—"I have lived in fifteen different houses and they all had even numbers." Odd!

A. M. (Harrow).—"My small son wails pitifully when he has the stomach-ache." He'll probably grow up to be a crooning tenor.

J. B. (Hastings).—"A competition for the best-shaped nose was held here recently." A large number turned up, we expect.

BIRD-LOVER (Kew).—"Who doesn't like to see birds on the window-sill?" The man who has just planted seeds in the window box.

G. H. (Bristol).—"An uncle of mine is taking me to London to see the Boat Race on the first of next month." As a birthday treat?

T. H. M. (Walthamstow).—"Whilst travelling in the train I met my tailor and landlord." Yet another argument in favour of road travel.

ECONOMIST (Edinburgh).—"Fifty pounds may be an important sum or an unimportant one." It's all a question of whether a man is earning it or his wife is spending it.

H. T. (Clifton).—"A dentist's knowledge must cover a wide field." Hundreds of achers, in fact.

S. W. (Peckham).—"My baby boy was born at sea." He should make a good politician when he grows up.

R. T. (Cardiff).—"I have a perfect right to hit the man." But be careful he hasn't a beautiful left.

EVA (Elstree).—"How can I have my revenge on a man for continually pestering me for my photograph?" Send him one.

M. P. (Westminster).—"I make all my notes for speeches while travelling in the train." You do manage to express your thoughts.

INVENTOR (Windsor).—"All my experiments on the road with motor-cars have ended with fine results." You must learn to respect the police.

G. N. (Brighton).—"Many local police forces will soon be fitted out with pocket radio sets." If you want to know the fat stock prices, ask a policeman!

N. H (Abingdon).—"A new British car can turn corners at seventy miles an hour." This is obviously not what prosperity is returning in.

N. P. (Epping).—"The picnic season will soon be here." Why, have you seen a mosquito?

R. E. (Grendon).—"It never pays to jump to a conclusion." Try telling that to a Grand National jockey.

D. B. (Scarborough).—"I like bagpipes if they are played at a distance." Just out of earshot, you mean?

P. K. L. (Barton).—"You can't beat eggs as a stimulating drink." But you must beat them to make a drink.

E. B. (Colne).—"My wife says I talk a lot of rot in my sleep." Then how does she know that you are not awake?

G. N. (Clerkenwell).—"There was a fire at a London railway station last week." But not in the waiting-room grate!

H. M. (Dover).—"The cuckoo has left the sunny shores of Africa and is now on its way to this country." The cuckoo!

SWEET SEVENTEEN (Leeds).—"How can I ensure looking a perfect picture?" By always being in a happy frame of mind.

G. M. (Cardiff).—"I've noticed that the best things in life usually come in threes." Somebody else will soon notice it, also—on pages 42 and 43 we offer £10 a week for life, £1,000 and a Motor-car for a *Bullet*!

F. K. (Derby).—"There is no need for the average husband to tell his wife everything." No, she already knows it.

T. L. (Highgate Village).—"He is the most conceited boy I know." Does he congratulate his parents on his birthday?

T. R. (Exeter).—"I am continually having shooting pains in my head." Don't worry, it is probably only blank ammunition.

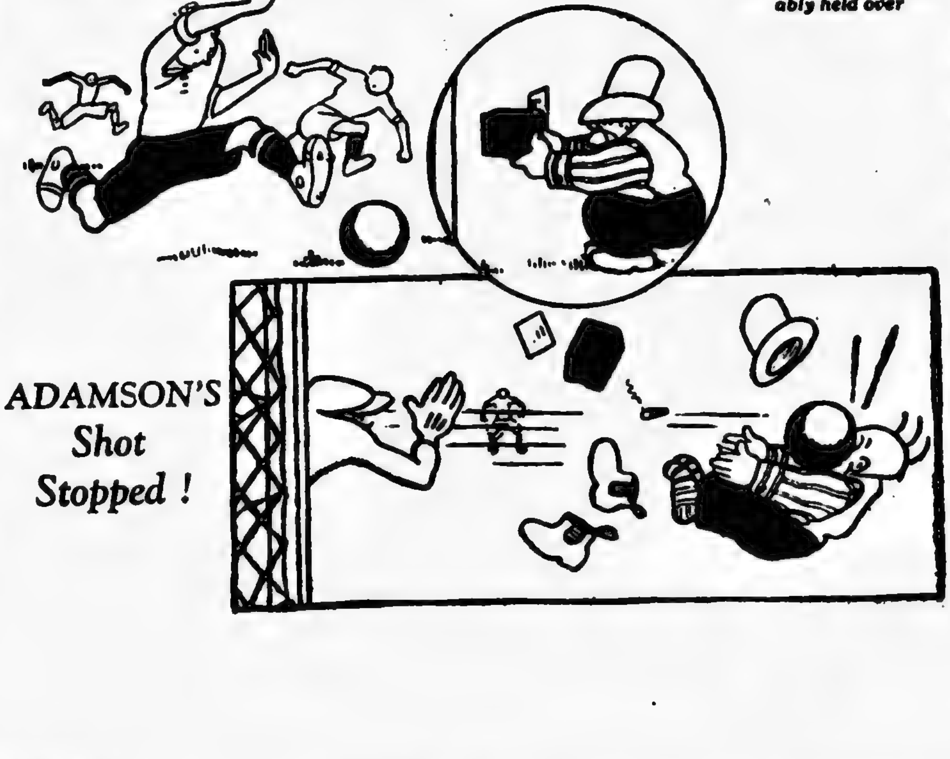
D. L. S. (Westminster).—"You couldn't throw a stone from my window without striking a prominent politician." We shouldn't want to.

W. M. (Hammersmith).—"A man in America tried to explode a stick of dynamite under his wife's chair." Apparently he was tired of her blowing him up.

PATIENT (Durham).—"I will go on writing until there is no point on my pen." We stopped reading after the first paragraph as there was no point in your article.

F. C. (Southampton).—"When a French artist and a photographer fought a duel to decide which one should make a girl's portrait, the artist won." So it ended in a draw.

Many replies unavoidably held over



ADAMSON'S Shot Stopped!

RHEUMATISM

WHEN EVERY HOUR IS AN HOUR OF PAIN!

Round the clock again in chronic pain—mid-day, midnight, the same crippling agony making life just a horror to endure.

Think for a moment. The swelling of the joints that comes with rheumatism, the stiffness, chronic pain in the back, are caused by excess of uric acid and other impurities and poisons in the blood. No amount of ointments rubbed on the skin can clear away these pain-causing poisons imprisoned within the system. You must stimulate the kidneys to perform their filtering and cleansing work, and free the system from the real cause of your pain.

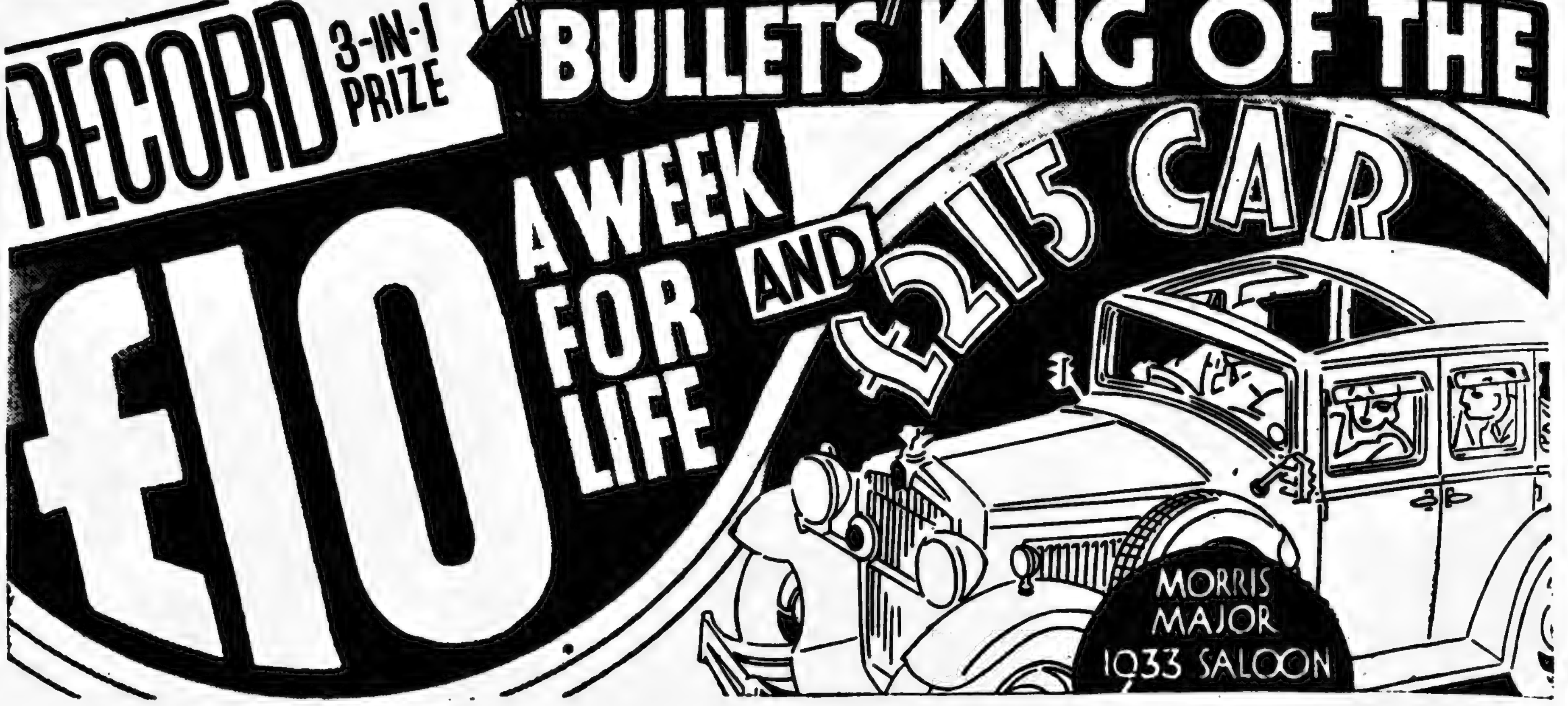
There is no quicker, more certain way of doing this than by adopting a short course with the world-famous De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills.

KIDNEY TROUBLE

If you feel the least twinge of pain or stiffness in muscles or joints; if your back is aching or you fear cold in the kidneys, get a supply of this world-famous remedy. Two at night and one before meal-times will soon put you right and end your serious health danger. You can see their effect in 24 hours: this is our guarantee.

If you are a long-time suffererer from rheumatism, chronic backache, kidney trouble, bladder weakness, impure blood, uric acid troubles, etc., you will find in De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills a wonderful remedy. Good for young or old, and women at all times. They are sold by chemists everywhere, only in the white, blue and gold box, price 3/-, or the more economical, 5/- family size. Refuse all substitutes. Most certainly there is nothing just as good.

DE WITT'S BRAND KIDNEY & BLADDER PILLS



Capture This Giant Three-In-One Prize

BEFORE you to-day stands the most sensational offer in all the long history of *Bullets!* Here is the prize of a lifetime indeed!

If yours is the best *Bullet* entered in this week's Record Contest, a huge Life Pension of £10 a week, a four-figure fortune of £1,000 and a luxurious £215 motor-car will be your stupendous reward for a few well-chosen words!

Should your choice be a single lump sum, JOHN BULL will write for you a cheque for the colossal amount of 5,000 Guineas—by far the greatest payment ever made for a *Bullet*.

Those magic words, "You Have Won——" will be wired to the new *Bullets* Champion on Friday, April 21—and there is no reason why yours should not be the name on that thrilling telegram from JOHN BULL.

Think what that electrifying message would mean to you and those who depend on you! Picture yourself the eighth *Bullets* Pensioner, with a fortune at the bank and a fine new motor-car of your own, looking back at these pages and congratulating yourself on having grasped this opportunity whilst it was within your reach!

But remember—you can only be amongst the 13,069 winners in this historic contest if your entry is in by Saturday, April 8.

NEW "BULLETS" CHAMPION WANTED

FOUR words have changed the whole life of the man below—you see him paying a visit to the bank at which he calls each week with his Saturday cheque from JOHN BULL.

IDLAND
BANK
IMITED

He draws £12 from "John Bull" every Saturday

Not many weeks ago he was Mr. A. W. Rice, chauffeur, living over his employer's garage at 22, Queen's Mews, Bayswater.

To-day he is Mr. A. W. Rice, gentleman of independent means, enjoying life in his fine new home at 30, Grove Park, Kingsbury.

The four words which made him our sixth *Bullets* Life Pensioner were: A HIGHWAYMAN—PESSIMISM—HOLD *Yourself* UP!

He wrote them on a coupon such as you see in these pages to-day—and in return JOHN BULL is posting him a £12 cheque every Friday evening as long as he lives.

Imagine yourself in an elegant new house of your own, your wife happy as Mrs. Rice in her ideal, labour-saving kitchen, your children provided for, a big income for life assured, and everything in the garden lovely.

Then you will realise how Mr. Rice is feeling to-day, freed from the wearisome waiting for a call to the wheel and able to afford a car of his own whenever he needs one.

Every moment you spend on envying Mr. Rice, however, is a wasted moment. Here before you to-day a greater prize than he secured is well within your reach.

Soon his big Pension Prize will be eclipsed by the award of a Record 3-in-1 First of £10 a week for life, £1,000 Cash and a £215 Motor-car—or the staggering lump sum of 5,000 Guineas.

On Friday, April 21, a telegram we shall despatch from Long Acre will bring some other competitor the honour of the *Bullets* Championship—and the satisfaction of receiving for a few well-chosen words the biggest payment ever made.

Spend an entertaining evening with these pages, enter some good *Bullets* by Saturday, April 8, and you may be the "Bulleteer" to bank £1,000, begin drawing £10 a week for life, and revel in the joys of the luxurious Motor-car which completes *Bullets* King of the Giants.

Remember—this is a prize which will not be divided, and it awaits your entry for a few days only. Your tide of opportunity is at the flood, so take it whilst you can!

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. [illegible] usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £[illegible] awarded to the First Prize Winner in Competition No. [illegible] will be displayed in the window of Mr. [illegible], Newsagent, Calder Grove, Nr. [illegible]

OVER £990 CASH AND 50 RADIO SETS AWARDED

FIRST PRIZE, £750, COMPETITION No. 884

Mr. G. ANDERSON, 21, Dene Road, Bates Cottages, Seaton Delaval, Northumberland.

Example:—HURRY UP, SPRING

Bullet:—YOU SOFTEN BUDGET'S "JOLTS."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. L. BAXTER, Etching Hill, Rugeley, Stafford.

Example:—Remember, De Valera

Bullet:—*Revenue* Is Sweet, Too!

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. W. STANSBURY, 98, Prospect Road, Longwood, Huddersfield.

Example:—Pushing Young Man

Bullet.—"Regulate Applicants' Queue, Sir?"

10 PRIZES OF RADIO SET AND £5:

F. CHANDLEY, 2, Friars Road, Sale, Manchester.
Run Of Luck—"Switchback" Life Oddly Evens.

A. W. GALPIN, Highlands, Bouverie Avenue South, Salisbury.
Father Sneezed And—Had "Spot Upon Spot."

C. HARCOURT, 60 Studland Road, Hanwell, W.
Office Nuisance—The "Hero" With 'Flu.

E. HODGSON, Threshfield, Skipton, Yorks.
Helping Britain—Proudly, In "Modest Way."

Mrs. W. MYTTON, The Haven, Cliff Road, Falmouth.
Risking All—Surgeon, On "Sure Hand."
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

N. J. OWEN, 61, Lascelles Avenue, Harrow.
With Clenched Fists—"Any Opening For Hands?"

F. V. PEARSON, 27, Rookery Road, Knowle, Bristol.
Hurry Up, Spring—My Slugs Are Ravenous!

J. A. SALT, 51, Limekiln Lane, Poulton, Wallasey.
Her Consolation—Bossing Men, Not Man.
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

G. W. SHEPPARD, 74, Brockhurst Road, Gosport.
Risking All—Together, Often "Wins Happiness."

Mrs. M. SMITH, 35, Alderwood Crescent, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
With Clenched Fists—Neighbour "Knocks Out" Rachmaninoff.

10 PRIZES OF RADIO SET AND £2 10s.

F. ALLEN, 63, New Tythe Street, Long Eaton, Notts.
Remember, De Valera—"Little Pig" Wants "Market"!

W. WYNNE GRIFFITH, 4, Cleveland Place West, Bath.
As A Rule—"Iron Hand" Breaks Itself.

A. HEWITSON, 16, Winifred Street, Workington, Cumberland.
At Every Door—Dud Director's "Handle" Useful.

G. JONES, 47, Colchester Road, Southend.
Higher Wages — Raise Standard — Lessen "Battle."

G. KENNEDY, 18, Deneburn Terrace, The Grove, Consett, Co. Durham.
Hurry Up, Spring—You Magician, No Tricks!

J. PICKFORD, St. Asaph Avenue, Kinmel Bay, N. Wales.
"Here's Health!"—Cost Champion Other "Pots."

H. SHERLIKER, 48, Ellison Fold Terrace, Darwen.
Helping Britain—Is Our "First Course."

Mrs. J. SKILLING, 38, Harrington Road, Workington.
Helping Britain—Travel Easier, *Ploughed* Fields.

Mrs. H. WALKER, 82, Wharton Street, South Shields.
Her Consolation—Talking—His, Needn't Listen.

A. L. WILLIAMS, 1, Castle Square, Haverfordwest.
Her Consolation—When "Cup's Full," Tea.

A list of 500 2s. 6d. Winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

30 Winners of Radio Set and £1.—E. A. Barnes, Peterborough; F. D. Beare, Andover; Mrs. W. F. Boletr, Langley, Birmingham; J. E. Branaghan, Blackpool; K. Brickell, Bournemouth; A. Carey, Exeter; Mrs. E. Crossley, Leicester; R. Davis, Broxbourne; R. P. Dawson, Seahouses, Northumberland; W. Gray, Margate; Miss M. Gordon, Glasgow; J. F. Hedges, Southport; L. Howard, Hove; R. B. James, Stourport; C. F. Landin, Gainsborough; I. Macnee, Glasgow; I. M. McLeod, Liverpool; A. E. Manning, Bedford Street, London, W.C.; J. Ness, Fort William, N.B.; W. A. Pickard, Preston; J. A. Raeburn, Glasgow; T. W. Redmore, Liverpool; E. Rogers, Wigan; Miss O. Stear, Bodmin; Miss I. Sundburg, Exeter; S. Tye, Coleford; F. C. Wall, Bournville, Birmingham; P. E. West, Redhill; A. E. Wilding, Parbold, near Wigan; F. H. Winter, Portsmouth.

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision in any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

3 PAPERS FOR ½d.

For more than 200 weeks that bright little weekly, *Bullets Bulletin*, has been giving competitors practical help to the prize-list.

Now *Passing Show's* new *Complete Courier* and *John Bull's Crossword Gazette* have been incorporated with *Bullets Bulletin*—and still you have only to pay the mere ½d. postage to receive this three-fold budget of valuable competition hints every Thursday.

POST THIS COUPON TO DAY!

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed "& Co." payable to *John Bull*) to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin*, commencing with next available issue.

Name ....

Address ....

....

Post to: "BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS, LTD., 39, BEDFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.2.

[Do not enclose this coupon with "Bullets."]

GIANTS AWAITS A FEW WORDS!

AND £1,000 CASH

. . . OR ONE RECORD LUMP SUM OF 5,000 GUINEAS

ENTER BY SAT. APRIL 8

13,068 OTHER PRIZES	£200	£50	£40	£30	£25	£20	
	£18	£16	£14	£12	£10	£8	£6	5 of £3
	50 of £1	1,000 of 2/6	2,000 'RED SEAL' TARGETS	10,000 'TARGETS'			

How to Win "Bullets" Record First

FROM the forty ***Examples*** given below, select those which most appeal to you and jot down all the rough ideas that strike you in connection with them. Bear in mind that each comment must have a close bearing on the *Example*.

Unusual phrasing is essential for a successful *Bullet*, so add a word here, take one out there, and polish your phrasing until you have a neat and telling comment which conveys your meaning clearly in TWO, THREE or FOUR words added to the *Example*.

Suppose, for instance, you were considering the *Example* PEACEFUL WORLD. You might at first note down the words *Would Repay Men Who Fought And Died*. Then, developing this thought further and improving the phrasing, you might readily produce the *Bullet*, PEACEFUL WORLD—REMEMBERING THOSE "MEN ASLEEP."

Before you start, make a careful study of the winning *Bullets* on the opposite page, noting their varied styles and simple words. Then go ahead with your own efforts! Congratulations to the new *Bullets* Champion will go by telegram on Friday, April 21—but that magic message can only be yours if your entry is in by Saturday, April 8.

ADD 2, 3 OR 4 WORDS TO ANY "EXAMPLE" BELOW

PEACEFUL WORLD
PROSPERITY FOR ALL
OLD AND NEW
STILL
IN THE DAY'S BATTLE
WITH A SMILE
MAGIC WAND
PLAINLY
HURRY UP, GENEVA
IN FUTURE
A JOB
IF ROOSEVELT'S WISE
THE SEEDS
FROM THE FIRST
THINKING PEOPLE
AMONGST THE DEBRIS
VOICE THAT IS STILL
RISING SUN
DOWN IN THE PIT
RETURNS
FOR LOVE OF HER
WHEN WE LOSE
THE WISER WAY
TO THE LAST
THE HOME TEAM
HIS BEST PAL
BABY'S FIRST
BRISTLING WITH DIFFICULTIES
CAUSE OF THE DEPRESSION
LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN
FOR SERVICES RENDERED
PANIC IN THE PUB
TO BREAK THE RECORD
SCRAP THOSE GUNS AND
WOMAN WHO'S WAITING
BLOODHOUND OF THE LAW
INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH
TO BRIDGE THE GULF
REINS OF GOVERNMENT
BRITANNIA'S SPRING-CLEANING

NOTE.—In our last issue, the "Example" given as "Ministering Appeal" for Competition No. 887 should have read "Ministering Angel."

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(888) Closing SAT., April 8
P.O. No.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 42. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed..............................

Address..............................

CUT OUT EACH COUPON SEPARATELY.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(888) Closing SAT., April 8
P.O. No.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 42. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed..............................

Address..............................

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

USE THESE BIG NEW COUPONS

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(888) Closing SAT., April 8
P.O. No.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 42. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed..............................

Address..............................

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR Words.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(888) Closing SAT., April 8
P.O. No.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 42. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Signed..............................

Address..............................

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(888) Closing SAT., April 8
P.O. No. ....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 42. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d.

Signed..............................

Address..............................

Enter full name and address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(888) Closing SAT., April 8
P.O. No. ....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 42. With 6 Coupons send P.O. for 3s.

Signed..............................

Address..............................

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

[illegible] Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 888, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

The GREATEST OFFER ever made

ALL-BRITISH CLOTHING

"No foreign stuff for me"

TWEED COAT only 235 2d. packets

BRITISH-MADE solely by British labour from sturdy North of England Tweed. Lounge jacket cut in new Spring Style. Three buttons on cuffs. Very attractive heather pattern. Chest measurements: 32, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 42. Take measurement *over* waistcoat.

PULLOVER only 45 2d. packets

A WARM LIGHT AND SNUG-FITTING GARMENT from a famous Leicestershire firm. Made solely by British labour. V neck—no sleeves. In grey, blue and fawn.

grey FLANNELS only 125 2d. packets

BRITISH-MADE solely by British labour from a specially fine, hard-wearing All-British flannel of good mid-grey shade. Latest style, full-cut, belt loops and buttons, two sidepockets. Sizes: Legs, 28 to 33 inclusive; Waists, 30 to 40 (even numbers). When ordering please state waist and inside leg measurement required.

ALL *THREE* GARMENTS for 375 2d. packet fronts

IT WON'T TAKE TEN YEARS to get the unemployed back to work if you take advantage of this stupendous offer.

Two more examples of "SPORTS" All-British Gifts

SOCKS · · 25 2d. Packet Fronts

Full-length all-wool socks. British made with very comfortable but long-wearing ribbed knit. Black, Navy, Army Grey, or Heather. Sizes 10", 10½" or 11".

MUFFLERS . 75 2d. Packet Fronts

Wide all-wool fleecy mufflers 5 ft. long. Fast dyed in the colours of any Club in the English League, Scottish League, Rugby League or Speedway League. Tell us which colours you want.

B.D.V SPORTS CIGARETTES

5 for 2d

NOW ALSO IN CARTONS 10 for 4d.

(Each 4d. Carton contains 2 packet fronts).

GODFREY PHILLIPS, LTD., PROPRIETORS

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JOHN BULL'S

STUPENDOUS NEW

£1·1·0 PRESENTATION

to every reader

THE WONDER ENCYCLOPEDIA *for* CHILDREN

NOW turn over to the next page

THE WONDER ENCYCLOPEDIA *for* CHILD

JOHN BULL'S

SENSATIONAL NEW

£1·1·0 PRESENTATION

TO-DAY, "John Bull" makes a sensational announcement of tremendous importance to every family. It offers to every reader a magnificent Presentation £1 : 1 : 0 first edition entirely new WONDER ENCYCLOPEDIA FOR CHILDREN—a stupendous, original work—the first of its kind to be produced—a work that can be obtained nowhere else.

Nearly 12,000 Marvellous Illustrations.

Yours for the asking! This amazing volume has been specially prepared for "John Bull" for exclusive Presentation to its readers. The production of this colossal edition is costing over £50,000.

Here, in one large fascinating volume, containing a special introduction by Dr. Cyril Norwood, Headmaster of Harrow, is the wondrous knowledge of all time and all things—over 760 large pages of specially chosen, glazed paper containing more than 300,000 words in **large clear type** — millions of facts — nearly 1,200 marvellous illustrations—the most wonderful single-volume library for children ever devised—a work which parents, too, will read with pleasure and interest.

An "Open Sesame" to a Myriad Treasures

This unparalleled work is the "Open Sesame" to the enthralling story of our great universe and all that it holds and means. *It takes the children on a never-ending voyage of discovery into dazzling wonderlands of knowledge.* The wonders of the heavens—the marvels of animal life—the secrets of Nature, the history, progress and achievements of mankind from the dawn of life right up to the present time; things to make and do—all about hobbies and pets—great stories from all nations—here in simple words and vivid pictures your children will find the most fascinating array of knowledge ever assembled in one volume.

Get this great work for your children *now*, and give them every possible chance in life. It paves the way to success—broadening the mind and adding new interest to life.

Produced for lifetime service in heavy stiff covers bound in red morocco-grained art cambric cloth, decorated in gold and bearing an impressive embossed design on the front, the volume has burnished dustproof top edges toned to harmonise with the binding, a beautiful frontispiece in colours and end-papers specially designed for children by a famous artist. The actual size of the volume is 10¼ inches deep by 7¼ inches wide. In page area the new Wonder Encyclopedia is by far the biggest book offer that "John Bull" has ever offered to its readers. It weighs over 3½ lb.

Act at Once

This is the unparalleled work which forms "John Bull's" stupendous new Presentation to every one of its readers. Don't miss this splendid opportunity to secure this WONDER ENCYCLOPEDIA. Use your Application Forms on the right AT ONCE!

This offer is open for a limited period only and must be seized immediately. *All applications from this announcement must be received by not later than Thursday, March 30th.*

All You Have to Do

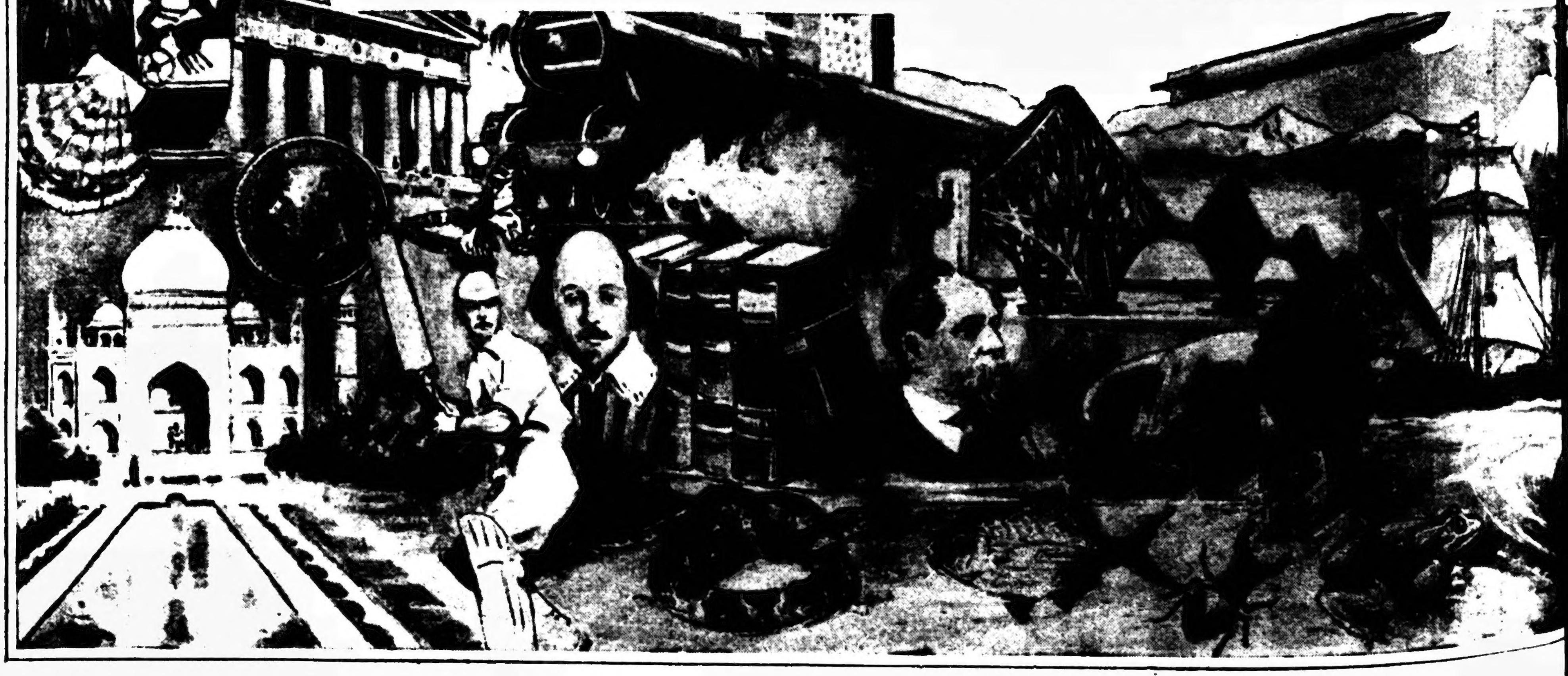
First read the simple conditions on the right, then post without delay Form "A" together with the label to "John Bull." On receipt of Form "A" with label attached bearing a halfpenny stamp, you will receive your Presentation Voucher on which you are asked to affix Tokens cut from the LEFT-HAND bottom corner of the back covers of 12 successive issues of "John Bull." Only tokens as described commencing with No. 44 or subsequent to that number will be accepted. As soon as your voucher is despatched arrangements will be made for your Presentation volume to be specially set aside and reserved in your name.

In addition, it is a condition of this offer that if your newsagent has not already received from you a written order to deliver "John Bull" every week, you should hand Form "B" to him at once.

Important

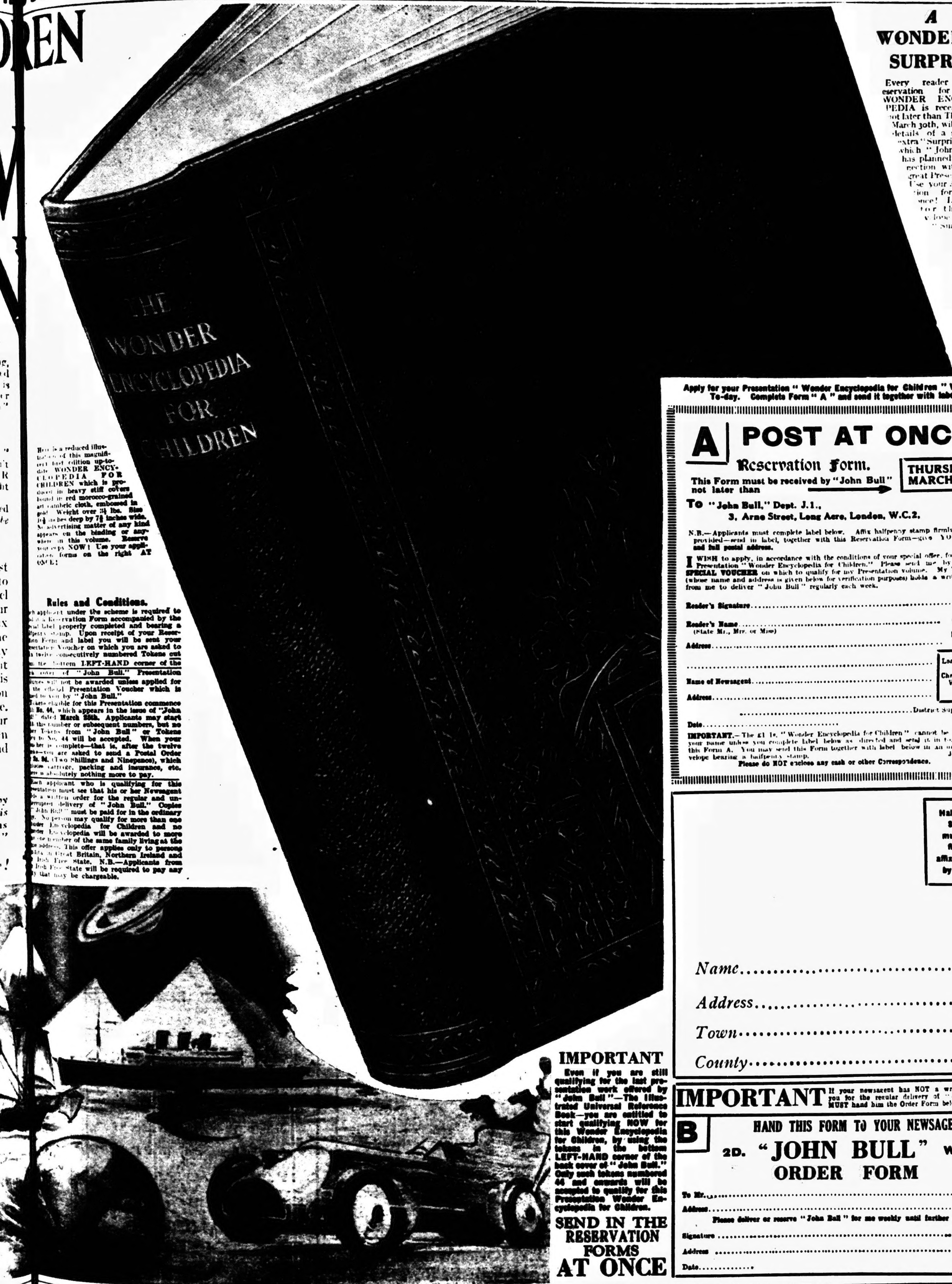
To every applicant whose Reservation Form is received by not later than Thursday, March 30th, "John Bull" is sending an envelope marked "Surprise"—this contains details of a very special Surprise Gift. Take "John Bull's" advice—don't miss it!

HURRY! Use the forms on right before it is too late!



A WONDERFUL SURPRISE

Every reader whose eservation for this WONDER ENCYCLOPEDIA is received by not later than Thursday, March 30th, will be sent details of a splendid extra "Surprise" Gift which "John Bull" has planned in connection with this great Presentation. Use your Application forms at once! Look out for the envelope marked "Surprise."



Here is a reduced illustration of this magnificent last edition up-to-date WONDER ENCYCLOPEDIA FOR CHILDREN which is produced in heavy stiff covers bound in red morocco-grained art cambric cloth, embossed in gold. Weight over 3½ lbs. Size 10½ inches deep by 7⅞ inches wide. No advertising matter of any kind appears on the binding or anywhere in this volume. Reserve your copy NOW! Use your application forms on the right AT ONCE!

Rules and Conditions.

ch applicant under the scheme is required to d in a Reservation Form accompanied by the al label properly completed and bearing a lfpenny stamp. Upon receipt of your Reservation Form and label you will be sent your esentation Voucher on which you are asked to x twelve consecutively numbered Tokens cut m the bottom LEFT-HAND corner of the k cover of "John Bull." Presentation umes will not be awarded unless applied for the official Presentation Voucher which is ued to you by "John Bull."

Tokens eligible for this Presentation commence h No. 44, which appears in the issue of "John ll" dated March 25th. Applicants may start h this number or subsequent numbers, but no er Tokens from "John Bull" or Tokens r to No. 44 will be accepted. When your cher is complete—that is, after the twelve ns—you are asked to send a Postal Order 2s. 9d. (Two Shillings and Ninepence), which ludes carriage, packing and insurance, etc. re is absolutely nothing more to pay.

Each applicant who is qualifying for this sentation must see that his or her Newsagent ds a written order for the regular and uninterrupted delivery of "John Bull." Copies "John Bull" must be paid for in the ordinary y. No person may qualify for more than one nder Encyclopedia for Children and no nder Encyclopedia will be awarded to more n one member of the same family living at the e address. This offer applies only to persons iding in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Irish Free State. N.B.—Applicants from Irish Free State will be required to pay any y that may be chargeable.

Apply for your Presentation "Wonder Encyclopedia for Children" Voucher To-day. Complete Form "A" and send it together with label.

A POST AT ONCE!

Reservation Form.

This Form must be received by "John Bull" not later than → **THURSDAY MARCH 30**

TO "John Bull," Dept. J.1.,
3, Arne Street, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

N.B.—Applicants must complete label below. Affix halfpenny stamp firmly to space provided—send in label, together with this Reservation Form—give YOUR **name and full postal address.**

I WISH to apply, in accordance with the conditions of your special offer, for a £1 1s. Presentation "Wonder Encyclopedia for Children." Please send me by return a **SPECIAL VOUCHER** on which to qualify for my Presentation volume. My Newsagent (whose name and address is given below for verification purposes) holds a written order from me to deliver "John Bull" regularly each week.

Reader's Signature..

Reader's Name...
(State Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

Address...

....

Leave Blank

Checked and Verified.

Name of Newsagent...

Address...

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J.B. [illegible]

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JOAN: Why does an onion make us cry?
ALICE: Why do we sneeze?
PEGGY: Is a shooting star really a star at all?

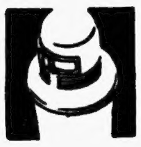
SYBIL: What makes the kettle sing?
DENNIS: Why is the sky blue?
BETTY: Why does paper curl up when heated?

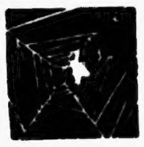
TONY: Why is there a slight gap between portions of a railway line?
WALLACE: Why are there three balls hanging outside a pawnbroker's shop?

MARION: Why does boredom make us yawn?

BERT: What is the only four-footed creature who can fly?

NORMAN: Why do Thermos Flasks keep hot things hot and cold things cold?
CLARE: How far can a bird fly in a day?



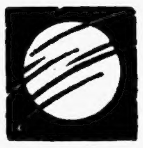


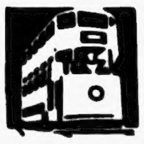
HENRY: How does the spider catch the fly?
MURIEL: Why have we 2 eyes?

ALAN: How can a camel go so long without food or drink?

DAVID: Why don't we feel the earth spinning round?

VI.: What makes the stars twinkle?





LILIAN: Why is a tram so called?

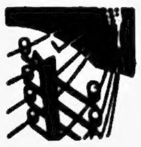
ELEANOR: What causes an eclipse of the sun?

RALPH: Why is there a striped pole outside a barber's shop?
DON: What happens to the sea when the tide goes out?

ARTHUR: Why does a cat always fall on its feet?

MADGE: Where do birds go in winter?

BOB: Why do the telegraph wires hum?
EDNA: Why can a cat see at night?
WILL: Why do we blink our eyelids?



Mr Mason
Hermit Walk
London

NOEL: Why should we always stamp letters in right-hand corner of the envelope?

NORA: Why do we need salt in our food?

LIONEL: What is the Plimsoll Line?

SYD.: Where does rain come from?

PHILIPPA: What sea creature can sing and bark?
BEATRICE: Where does snow come from?

ERNIE: What causes an echo?

VICTOR: When is a stag called a "Royal Hart"?
IRENE: Can birds talk?
JOHN: Why are summer days longer?

REX: What is the largest bird?

PHYLLIS: How is "Mickey Mouse" made to move?

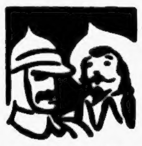
LOTTIE: Why do we smile?

SUSIE: What causes lightning?

CAROL: Why do we catch cold?

GRETA: Why are hedgehogs covered with prickles?

ETHEL: What is the difference between an adder and a grass snake?



DICKIE: What were Roundheads and Cavaliers?

JIMMIE: Is there a man in the moon?

AUDREY: Why does a dog walk round before lying down?
JOYCE: Which is the biggest ship in the world?

NICK: What makes our feet go to sleep?

ANNA: Where does a rainbow end?

NORMA: Why does a red rag make a bull angry?

DUGGIE: Why do pipes burst in winter?

TOMMY: Why does our hair go grey?

MARIE: How do worms eat?

LEN: Why can't we see stars in daylight?

HARRY: Do parrots understand what they are saying?

PATTY: How does a gas meter work?

HELEN: Why can we float on water?

MADELEINE: Why is the sea salt?

JEAN: How deep is the Ocean?

DOT: How does a fly walk upside down?

JOE: Do dragonflies sting?

SILVIA: Can fishes close their eyes?

STAN: Where does the sun go at night?

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